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# THE NEW YORKER

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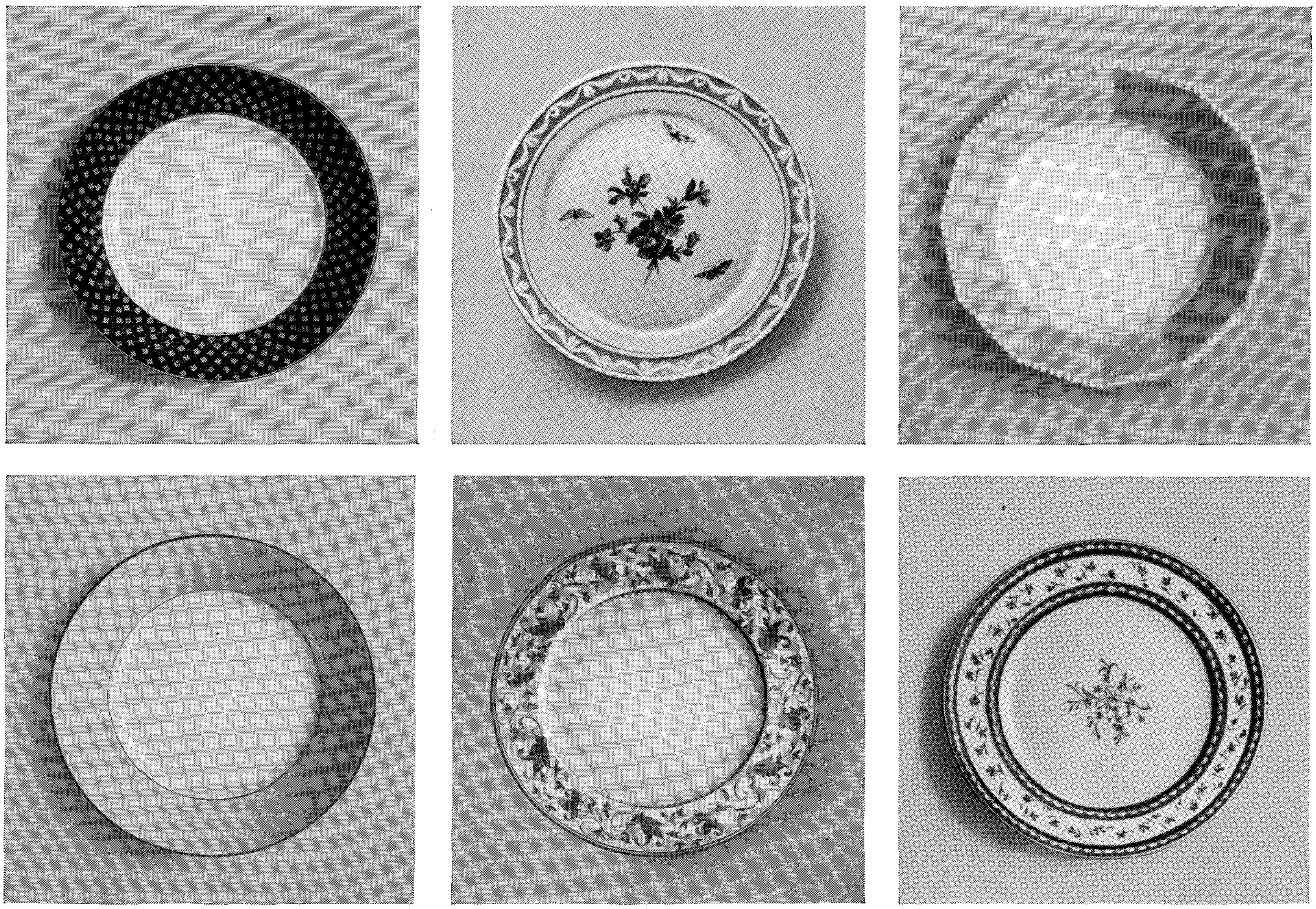

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**The Chalk Garden**—A comedy of manners that has style, wit, and substance, and a cast that does beautifully by all three qualities. Gladys Cooper, Siobhan McKenna, Betsy von Furstenberg, and Percy Waram have the leading roles in Enid Bagnold's play, and the set and costumes are by Cecil Beaton. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 31.)

**The Desk Set**—Shirley Booth is, as usual, magnificent in this comedy about automation or something, but the play really hasn't much else to recommend it. It employs, along with Miss Booth, Dorothy Blackburn, Frank Milan, Byron Sanders, and Elizabeth Wilson. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Diary of Anne Frank**—An extremely moving account of the life of a fourteen-year-old girl in hiding in Holland because of the Nazis. In this memorable drama by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett, Susan Strasberg is remarkable as the young heroine, and Joseph Schildkraut and Gusti Huber, as her father and mother, are superlative, too. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Fallen Angels**—This revival of Noel Coward's 1925 exercise in bibulous drawing-room foolishness becomes a very funny business when Nancy Walker cocks a snook at Coward's dialogue and reduces the affair to slapstick. She gets solid assistance from Margaret Phillips and Alice Pearce. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Great Sebastians**—Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse have concocted a comedy melodrama about modern Czechoslovakian politics that Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne play for considerably more than it is worth. The cast also includes Ben Astar, Simon Oakland, and Eugenia Rawls. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 25.)

**A Hatful of Rain**—Although Michael V. Gazzo's play about a young drug addict and his heroic wife is occasionally flat and inexpert, Ben Gazzara and Shelley Winters are very good in the leading roles. With Frank Silvera, Anthony Franciosa, and Henry Silva. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Janus**—Margaret Sullavan is certain to delight almost everybody in Carolyn Green's slight and fairly simple-minded comedy concerning adultery and its effect on the tax rate. Robert Preston and Claude Dauphin support her stoutly. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Lark**—Julie Harris makes a wonderfully executive but still quite touching Joan of Arc in Lillian Hellman's trenchant adaptation of Jean Anouilh's play. Boris Karloff, Christopher Plummer, Theodore Bikel, and Joseph Wiseman are all praiseworthy in subsidiary roles. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Matchmaker**—Thornton Wilder's knockabout comedy is very good indeed, and Ruth Gordon is most happily cast as its star. Loring Smith, Eileen Herlie, and Arthur Hill are among those whose matches are made. The play was directed by Tyrone Guthrie. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
|  |  |  |  | 22 | 23 | 24 |
| 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 |

**Middle of the Night**—Edward G. Robinson's fine acting does a lot to overcome the rather flat and stenographic quality of Paddy Chayefsky's play about a middle-aged man and a young girl. Gena Rowlands, Anne Jackson, and June Walker are in the supporting cast. Joshua Logan produced and directed. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**No Time for Sergeants**—Ira Levin's adaptation of Mac Hyman's novel about a Georgia boy who almost wrecks the Air Force is one of the most hilarious low comedies you've ever seen. Andy Griffith is triumphant in his first New York appearance, and there are also exceptional performances by Myron McCormick, Roddy McDowall, Royal Beal, and Howard Freeman. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Ponder Heart**—Joseph Fields' and Jerome Chodorov's adaptation of Eudora Welty's novel about the Deep South has only an intermittent resemblance to the original, but it is still often very funny. David Wayne is superb at the head of the cast that includes Una Merkel, Sarah Marshall, Juanita Hall, Don Hanmer, and Will Geer. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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**Tiger at the Gates**—Helen of Troy and all that in one of the really substantial plays of the season. Written by Jean Giraudoux and translated by Christopher Fry, it has in its cast the splendid likes of Michael Redgrave, Walter Fitzgerald, Diane Cilento, Leueen MacGrath, and Morris Carnovsky. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, April 7.)

**Time Limit!**—This play about an American officer who goes over to the Chinese Communists for reasons of his own is a not entirely successful mixture of melodrama and political theory. Arthur Kennedy and Richard Kiley are expert in the leading roles, however. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?**—George Axelrod's comedy about a Hollywood screenwriter who sells his soul for various rewards, including a blonde, is alternately quite funny and very foolish. The accomplished cast includes Orson Bean, Jayne Mansfield, Martin Gabel, and Walter Matthau. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Long Runs**—**bus stop:** A group of troubled travellers are snowbound in a roadside diner in this play by William Inge. Now with Barbara Baxley, Kent Smith, Elaine Stritch, and Albert Salmi. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, April 7.) . . . **cat on a hot tin roof:** Tennessee Williams' play about a man who finds it very hard to get along in a hostile world. Patricia Neal (substituting for Barbara Bel Geddes, who is expected to return on Tuesday, March 27) and Burl Ives have the leading roles in a cast directed by Elia Kazan. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **inherit the wind:** A variant on the Scopes trial, with Paul Muni, as Clarence Darrow, and Ed Begley, as William Jennings Bryan. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the teahouse of the august moon:** All about the Americanization of Okinawa. At present, Eli Wallach and Gene Blakely are representatives of the warring cultures. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, March 24.) . . . **witness for the prosecution:** Agatha Christie's exercise in mystery melodrama. The play has a cast of thirty, headed by Francis L. Sullivan, Patricia Jessel, Una O'Connor, Gene Lyons, and Robin Craven. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

### MUSICALS

**My Fair Lady**—Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the book and lyrics, and Frederick Loewe, who composed the music, have turned Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion" into one of the most fascinating musicals you ever saw. Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews head a cast that includes Stanley Holloway, Cathleen Nesbitt, and Robert Coote; Oliver Smith and Cecil Beaton designed the sets and costumes, respectively; Hanya Holm staged the dances; and Moss Hart is the director. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Pipe Dream**—This Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, based on John Steinbeck's novel "Sweet Thursday," has its stirring moments, but altogether it will probably prove something of a disappointment to admirers of this famous pair. Helen Traubel, William Johnson, and Judy Tyler are the highly engaging stars. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Long Runs**—**damn yankees:** George Abbott's and

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
|  |  |  |  | 22 | 23 | 24 |
| 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 |

Douglass Wallop's adaptation of the latter's novel "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant." Gwen Verdon is a lady from Hell, Ray Walston her sinister boss, and Stephen Douglass her reluctant mortal admirer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FANNY:** Life on the Marseille waterfront, as interpreted by S. N. Behrman and Joshua Logan from a movie trilogy by Marcel Pagnol. With Ezio Pinza and Walter Slezak. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)... **THE PAJAMA GAME:** Love and union troubles in a pajama factory. John Raitt, Eddie Foy, Jr., Helen Gallagher, and Julie Wilson are among the principal garment workers. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **SILK STOCKINGS:** A musical version of "Ninotchka," for which Cole Porter wrote the songs. Hildegarde Neff and Lawrence Brooks now head the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, April 14.)

### OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

**Mr. Wonderful**—A musical, with Sammy Davis, Jr., Jack Carter, Pat Marshall, and Olga James. Joseph Stein and Will Glickman did the book, and Jerry Bock, Larry Holofcener, and George Weiss the music and lyrics. Produced by Jule Styne and George Gilbert, in association with Lester Osterman, Jr., and directed by Jack Donohue. Opens Thursday, March 22. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:50. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Little Glass Clock**—Eva Gabor and Reginald Gardiner in a comedy by Hugh Mills that has been imported from London. Staged by Alan Schneider and presented by Richard Aldrich and Richard Myers, in association with Julius Fleischmann. Opens Monday, March 26. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Mister Johnson**—A play adapted by Norman Rosten from Joyce Cary's novel of the same name. Earle Hyman, William Sylvester, Gaby Rodgers, and Josephine Premice are in a cast directed by Robert Lewis. Produced by Cheryl Crawford and Mr. Lewis. Opens Thursday, March 29. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

### OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

**Amato Opera Theatre**—Starting Friday, March 23: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Tuesday, March 27, at 8:15. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

**Cherry Lane Theatre**—A double bill made up of Shaw's "The Admirable Bashville" and "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets." (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

**Circle in the Square**—A revival of "The Cradle Song," by Gregorio and María Martínez Sierra, in an English translation by John Garrett Underhill. José Quintero is the director, and Lola D'Annunzio and Betty Miller have the leading roles. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

**Fourth Street Theatre**—Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya," with Franchot Tone, Signe Hasso, George Voskovec, and Clarence Derwent. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. OR 4-5710. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

**President Theatre**—"The Beautiful Changes," a play written and directed by Howard Liebling, with Ruth Altshul and Daniel Gordon. (President Theatre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5595. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

**Provincetown Playhouse**—Henrik Ibsen's "Rosmersholm," presented by the Provincetown Repertory and staged by John F. Grahame. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Thursday through Sunday at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Sunday, March 25.)

**Shakespearewrights**—"Romeo and Juliet," directed by Brian Shaw. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-2277. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

**Theatre de Lys**—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. The cast is headed by Lotte Lenya and Scott Merrill. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

### BALLET

**New York City Ballet**—Tentative schedule of final performances—Thursday evening, March 22: "Four Temperaments," "Illuminations," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "The Concert."... ¶ Friday evening, March 23: "Serenade," "Prodigal Son," "Pas de Dix," and "Pied Piper."... ¶ Saturday matinée, March 24: "Swan Lake," "The Still Point," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Fanfare."... ¶ Saturday evening, March 24: "Serenade," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," "Firebird," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Sunday matinée, March 25: "Swan Lake," "Souvenirs," "Allegro Brillante," and "Bourrée Fantasque." ... ¶ Sunday evening, March 25: "Four Temperaments," "Scotch Symphony," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Western Symphony." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

## NIGHT LIFE

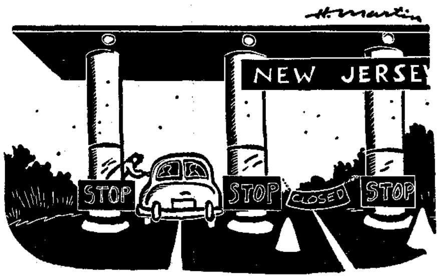
(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

### DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

**Ambassador**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Chauncey Gray's veteran varsity opens up in the Embassy Club, one of our most elaborate town houses, at ten, along with a rumba band; the music before then is strictly for dining, not dancing. Closed Mondays.

**Biltmore**, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—At four, when James Kirk starts unstringing his harp, the Palm Court becomes a sanctuary for commuters and their shopping bags, and for junior misses and their dates. Mr. K. is there every day but Sunday, and Mondays through Fridays he's also audible from seven to nine in the Madison Room. No dancing in either place.

**El Morocco**, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The goldfish here have no intention of ever trying to get out of their favorite bowl. Dancing to Charles Holden's orchestra and Freddy Alonso's rumba band.



**Pierre**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, Lucille and Eddie Roberts, those smooth old practitioners, are reading minds and anything else that's offered them for scrutiny; the perfectly beautiful Gloria De Haven (chaperoned by De Haven *père*, an ancient and honorable vaudevillian) is doing the singing. All hands appear at dinner and supper. There's also first-rate party music by Stanley Melba's band and a trio. Sunday, there'll be only a dinner show; Monday, the room will be a closed shop. On Tuesday, March 27, Lilo, a bilingual interpreter of the lays of that ancient Parisian philosopher, Cole Porter, will replace the Roberts and De Haven families.... ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet or a reasonable facsimile makes music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the ornate Café Pierre.

**Plaza**, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Ted Straeter, the epitome of impeccability, leads his dance band and glee club through their high jinks, and Mark Monte's group tootles in between. Their outpourings are briefly interrupted at dinner and supper to let Richard Hayman get all that could be expected out of any harmonica and Edith Adams to break in her songs-and-funny-sayings act, which needs breaking in. Closed Sundays.... ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, much favored by devotees of the art of dining and dancing in state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Cristof Kayloff's orchestras after eight-thirty.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's string orchestra hums away at teatime every afternoon in the handsome Palm Court. No dancing.... ¶ In the lofty Edwardian Room, the LeFleur group brightens one corner at the dinner hour. No dancing.

**Roosevelt**, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—One little, two little, three little Lombardos, and several big ones, pipe sweetly on the bandstand of the huge Grill. Closed Sundays.

**St. Regis**, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, a reasonable likeness of heaven on earth, is enlivened all evening by the tinkling of Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's small bands. After the theatre, Monique Van Vooren celebrates in song her graduation from Broadway showgirl to East Side glamour girl. Closed Sundays.

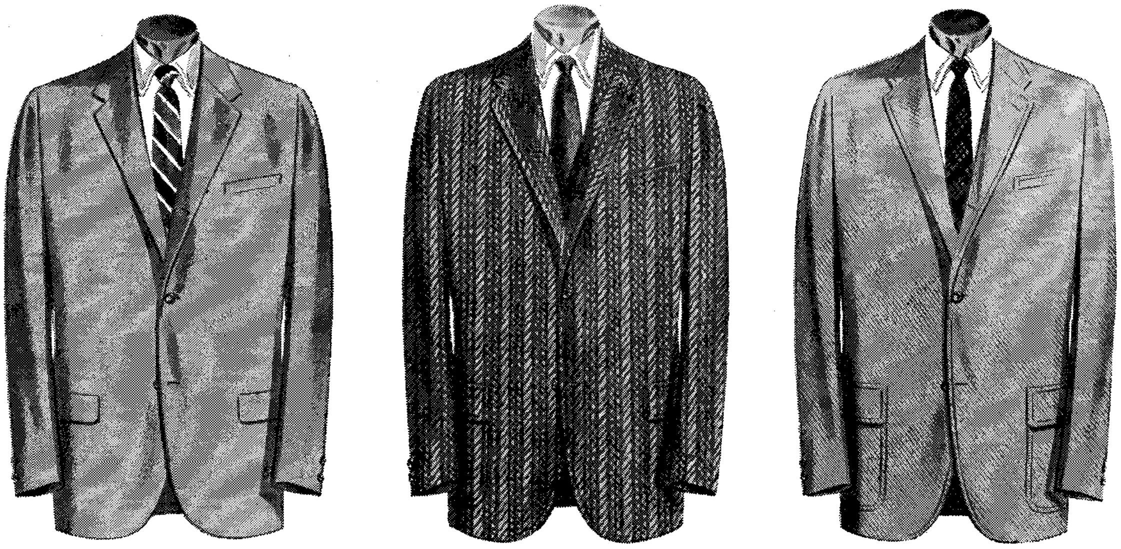
**Savoy-Plaza**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day, Irving Conn's cohorts play in the Café Lounge for dinner and supper, not to mention tea dancing.

**Statler**, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra, in which Louis Bellson and Charlie Shavers are the most important enlisted men, sounds as hale and hearty as ever in the Café Rouge. The only trouble is that they don't play enough. Closed Sundays.

**Stork Club**, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Like Chinatown, Grant's Tomb, and the Flea Circus, this is a tourist attraction that seems never to lose its charm. Two jug-and-string bands alternate on the rostrum.

**Versailles**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—An acceptable variation on an old Versailles theme—boys meet girls onstage. The most neatly turned witticisms in the baby revue here belong to Larry Daniels; the most neatly turned ankles belong to Neile Adams, whose singing and dancing are also commendable. They all perform at dinner and supper; Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra function for dancing after nine.

**Waldorf-Astoria**, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The sound and the fury of Benny Goodman's band are as irresistible as ever, and the dancing it induces is as aboriginal. Among his versatile followers are Urbie Green, Hank Jones, Mousie Alexander, Budd Johnson, Jimmy Maxwell, and Mel Davis, and the clear voice of Mitzie Cottle joins in from time to time. The band is picnicking in the Empire Room, where Nat Brandwynne's more velvety dance tunes are also available. Closed Sundays.... ¶ After eight, in a clearing in the tangled thicket of Peacock Alley, there's dance music by Jozsi Ribari's Mittel-europa band and Joe Harnell's brisk new trio until one. Sundays, Mischa Borr's orchestra,



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

which performs from eight to twelve, is the whole deal.

**NOTE**—The Rainbow Room, far above the madding crowd, is open for cocktails from four-thirty to nine. Languid non-dance music bubbles up now and then, and not a single taxi horn is heard. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

## SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): An extremely plush parlor wherein Addison Bailey strokes a piano during cocktails and dinner and after the theatre. Paul Morse is the Sunday driver.... **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): *Toujours la politesse* is the motivation of Cy Walter's piano, but it's *politesse* with a zing. He's in the bar for cocktails and dinner, and again after the theatre. Closed Sundays.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The only change in this recently reopened oasis is the disappearance of the sunken living room. The candy-stripe décor, the bland piano of Kurt Maier, and the Fancy Dan clientele all seem refreshed by their long holiday. Mr. Maier is on point duty from eight to ten, and from eleven to the end. Closed Mondays.... **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): In the executive-suite genre, except when Renato Rossini applies himself and his guitar to smoldering Iberian music. He appears from nine to one. Closed Sundays.... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Addicts of Goldie Hawkins' previous playpens should feel very much at home in his latest one. The salient features are a long bar, checked tablecloths, local firemen visiting one table after another, the hustle-and-bustle piano of the owner, and the romantic piano of Wayne Sanders. The music starts at six every night of the week.... **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): This tiny diners' club becomes, at midnight, a runway for top-grade understudies from current musicals. Kevin Scott, of "Fanny," and Dee Harless, of "Silk Stockings," are singing there now; as of Tuesday, March 27, Janet Hayes, of "Damn Yankees," will replace Miss Harless. Ralph Strain and Carl Norman, both of whom understand the principles and purposes of mood music, take turns at the piano from seven o'clock on. The first is off Sundays; the second is off Mondays.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The Spanish rodeo set forth here is all quite jolly, and rather a relief from the mambo. Dancing for the visitors, too. Closed Sundays.... **LITTLE BOHEMIA,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): From seven-thirty until early morning, there are musicians (now stationary, now peripatetic) whose bowings and scrapings provide the perfect seasoning for Wiener schnitzel and hot borsch. Closed Sundays.... **LE VOUVRAY,** 132 E. 61st St. (TE 8-5383): The stilly night is interrupted only by the venerable violin of the circumambulatory William Adler, who has walked the floor for many a dinner party in his time. Closed Sundays.... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The locale is Hungary, the state of mind is one-big-happy-family. It is, in addition, a preserve for the nearly extinct zimbalon, two examples of which are often operated in tandem. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the plain-spoken bar of the Hotel Earle, Laurie Brewis, the London edition of the show-tune encyclopedia, is at the piano after eight. No music Mondays.... **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Anyone not out in the pantry making fudge in this meeting place of gregarious youth is apt to bob up onstage singing along with whoever is at the Steinway.

## SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Enid Mosier and her West Indian steel band offer a reasonable explanation of why cruise passengers don't want to come back home. The rest of the cast comprises Jorie Remes, a *diseuse* so broody that she probably wouldn't even take yes for an answer, and Joey Carter, a fairly facile young wit. The proceedings are uplifted by the ardent pulsings of Jimmy Lyons' trio and the piano of Bart Howard and Otis Clements....¶ Alex Fogarty does quiet cocktail and dinner piano in the lounge, except Saturdays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The tails of three famous blind mice (television, radio, and the movies) are being cut off by the wonderfully sharp carving knife of Igor & H. There is other intelligent amusement by Mya Angelou, a calliope who has just been flown in from San Francisco, and Eve Roberts, an indigenous songbird. Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for dancing. Closed Mondays.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Two added baggage-smashers are breaking this room up into even smaller pieces—Kaye Ballard, a hellion on wheels, who lives in a topsy-turvy world of her own, and Sylvia Syms, whose songs beckon the latent lotus-eater in us all, and often the latent laughter. Phil Leeds, a more diffident newcomer, is also quite comic. The resident company includes Tiger Haines, the manic court jester; the Three Flames, those manic musicians; Jimmie Daniels, a worldly balladeer; Bruce Kirby, utility comic; and Hazel Webster, the Village's pet pianist. Closed Mondays.... **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Julius Monk, a well-remembered *conférencier*, is now operating one of the most compact off-Broadway revues on record (June Ericson, Dody Goodman, Jack Fletcher, Gerry Matthews, all of whom have been on or near Broadway before) in one of the smallest cellars on record. The spirit is one of mockery; the words are to the wise. Piano duets by Murray Grand and Sam Keen are the backdrop. The rumble starts at ten-thirty, and keeps on going, Mondays excepted.... **CAMEO,** 139 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-5285): Mel Tormé starts singing his tongue-twisting arpeggios at nine-thirty, and Corky Hale, his right-hand girl, twangs her harp at the head of his trio. Stan Free is the industrious interlude pianist. Closed Sundays. A crate of new minstrels should be arriving on Monday, March 26.... **BYLINE ROOM,** 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): Mabel Mercer's kingdom of her own. The *spécialités du royaume* are knowledgeable piano (Sam Hamilton and/or Bob Printz) from the cocktail hour on and, after the theatre, Miss Mercer's calm, persuasive projection of ballads that have extrasensory perception. Sundays are her holidays.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DUPLEX,** 55 Grove St. (WA 4-2730): Tender is the night when Lovey Powell, a wisp of a girl, speaks softly of love in her tiny aerie. Brooks Morton supplies comprehending piano; Butterfly McQueen supplies flighty humor. Closed Mondays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): In the bar, where Bob Downey and Harold Fonville have been at the twin pianos these many years, there are also songs by Karen Anders and humor by Robert Keefe. Sundays, there are ancient movies instead of Miss Anders, and Mondays, there are amateur nights instead of Mr. Keefe.... **BEVERLY CLUB,** Beverly Hotel, Lexington Ave. at 50th St. (PL 3-3717): Bobby Short, who has sung his light, fantastic songs in supper clubs from his native Hollywood to Helsinki, is at last keeping New York up late. His upbeat piano is a tremendous help; the pillars across the room are not, so a table down front is almost a necessity. Closed Sundays.

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## MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

**EDDIE CONDON'S,** 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Shock therapy by the wayward horn of the mighty Wild Bill Davison. He gets Solid South support from Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Pee Wee Russell, George Wettling, and once in a while even from Mr. Condon, whose vocals are all sotto-voce and tableside. Ralph Sutton's piano and Buzzy Drootin's drums keep the intermissions piping hot. Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the interest. Closed Sundays.... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Jonah Jones' quartet starts chortling right after dinner; there's also the trio topped by Dorothy Donegan, whose triphammer piano may have been the downfall of the walls of Jericho. The extracurricular byplay of these performers is not up to their music. Sundays, the floor is held by Jack Elliott and his new-era trio, who are all work, no byplay, and not in the least dull boys. There's cocktail and dinner piano every night, too.... **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): The present season of weekend romps ends on Friday and Saturday, March 23-24, when the Matt Dennis and Teddy Wilson trios and the Max Roach-Clifford Brown quintet will play a series of exhibition games. On Friday, March 30, Oscar Peterson's trio, the Modern Jazz Quartet, and the Kai Winding-J. J. Johnson quintet, modernists all, will arrive for a ten-day stay.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The anvil chorus here is provided by some old-time Villagers. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris and his band (Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Lee Blair, and Sonny White) sound like nighttime on Rampart Street, which is the way 52nd Street sounded in its vintage years. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays.... **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Billy Taylor's pianoforte variations on the music of tomorrow tumble head over heels from a fertile mind; Eddie Heywood's piano is sturdy, solid, and much more set in its ways. The trios pertaining to these two gentlemen are all that they should be. This music starts around nine-thirty; the Heywoods are off duty Sundays, the Taylors Mondays. Johnny Mehegan, Juilliard *cum laude*, is the Steinway modernist from six to nine-thirty in the evening, except Saturdays.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The trios of Eddie Davis and Bernard Peiffer and the Art Farmer-Gigi Gryce quintet are here now; on Thursday, March 29, Dinah Washington, Johnny Smith's quartet, and Al Belletto's sextet will replace the incumbents. There are jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are home in bed.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Jutta Hipp, a transatlantic import who speaks our avant-garde idiom like a native, is having her first go at an American piano. Her trio sets to at ten, and Monday is their sabbath.... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): A perilous night at sea, midway between Scylla and Charybdis. At one time or another, Ken Kersey, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Sol Yaged, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Benny Moten, and Claude Hopkins are almost certain to see action. The row begins at 1 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays, and at 7 P.M. other days, and ends at 3 A.M.... **CAFÉ**

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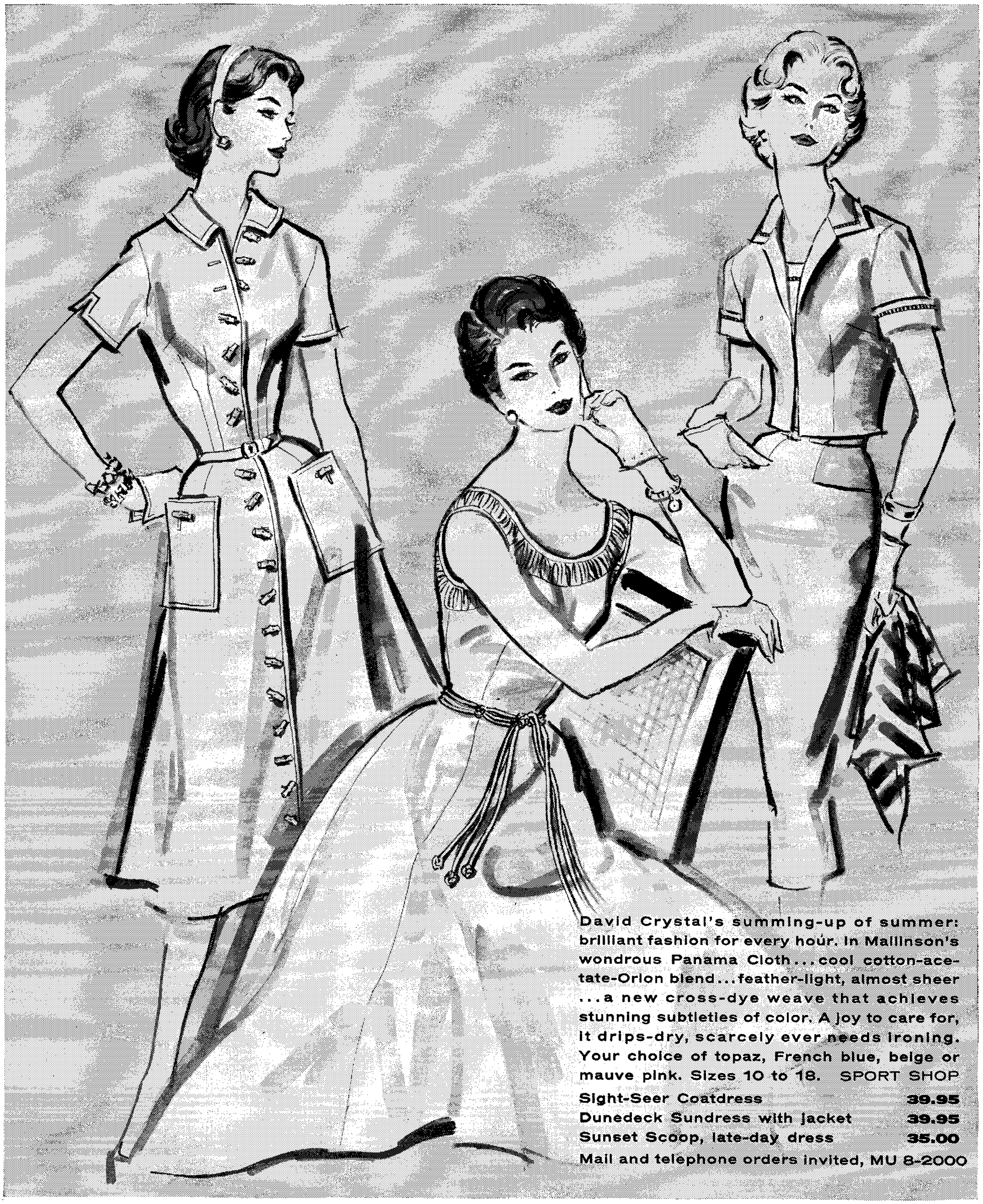

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

**BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): Splinter groups anxious to get their side of today's music before the public. Jimmy Smith's trio and Sal Salvador's quartet are having their say now. On Friday, March 23, the Mitchell-Ruff duo will succeed the Salvador foursome, and on Thursday, March 29, the Smith trio will take its leave. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Friday and Saturday, March 23-24, the grill will be brought far above room temperature by such early settlers as Bobby Hackett, Buck Clayton, Billy Butterfield, Coleman Hawkins, Bud Freeman, Vic Dickenson, Joe Marsala, Hank Duncan, Cliff Jackson, Sonny Greer, and Jimmy Rushing. Curtain at eight-thirty. Dancing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The forecast for Friday and Saturday, March 23-24, is winds of gale force (mostly from the Southland), among them Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five, Russell Moore, Eddie Barefield, Don Kirkpatrick, and Tony Parenti.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES

**LILI ARLIOTI**—Broadly patterned abstractions, primarily figure studies, in a first exhibition in this country by a contemporary Greek artist; through Wednesday, March 28. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

**PIERRE BONNARD**—Twenty-three pictures, ranging in date from 1896 to 1946, on loan from private collections and museums; through April 7. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

**BYRON BROWNE**—His twenty-sixth annual show is built around a still-life-with-newspaper theme; through Saturday, March 31. (Grand Central Moderns, 120 E. 57th St.)

**MARC CHAGALL**—About half the oils and gouaches on exhibit (the earliest was painted in 1910 and the latest in 1953) have been lent by private collectors, and practically all are having their initial showing in New York; through April 14. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**EDWARD CORBETT**—Abstract paintings, sober and tasteful in color, though a little reticent in expression; through Saturday, March 24. (Borgenicht, 61 E. 57th St.)

**STEFANO CUSUMANO**—Hazily romantic, stylized oils, painted in broad strokes and bands of color; through Saturday, March 24. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

**ARTHUR DOVE**—The first showing as a group of twenty oils and two pastels (1910-44), recently discovered by the Dove estate; through Saturday, March 31. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

**JULIO GONZÁLEZ**—Running simultaneously with the big show at the Museum of Modern Art, this contains a group of sculptures, as well as a number of designs for works left unfinished at his death; through April 7. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

**JOHN HULTBERG**—Solidly constructed abstract oils, painted in a compartmented style of considerable originality; through Saturday, March 31. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

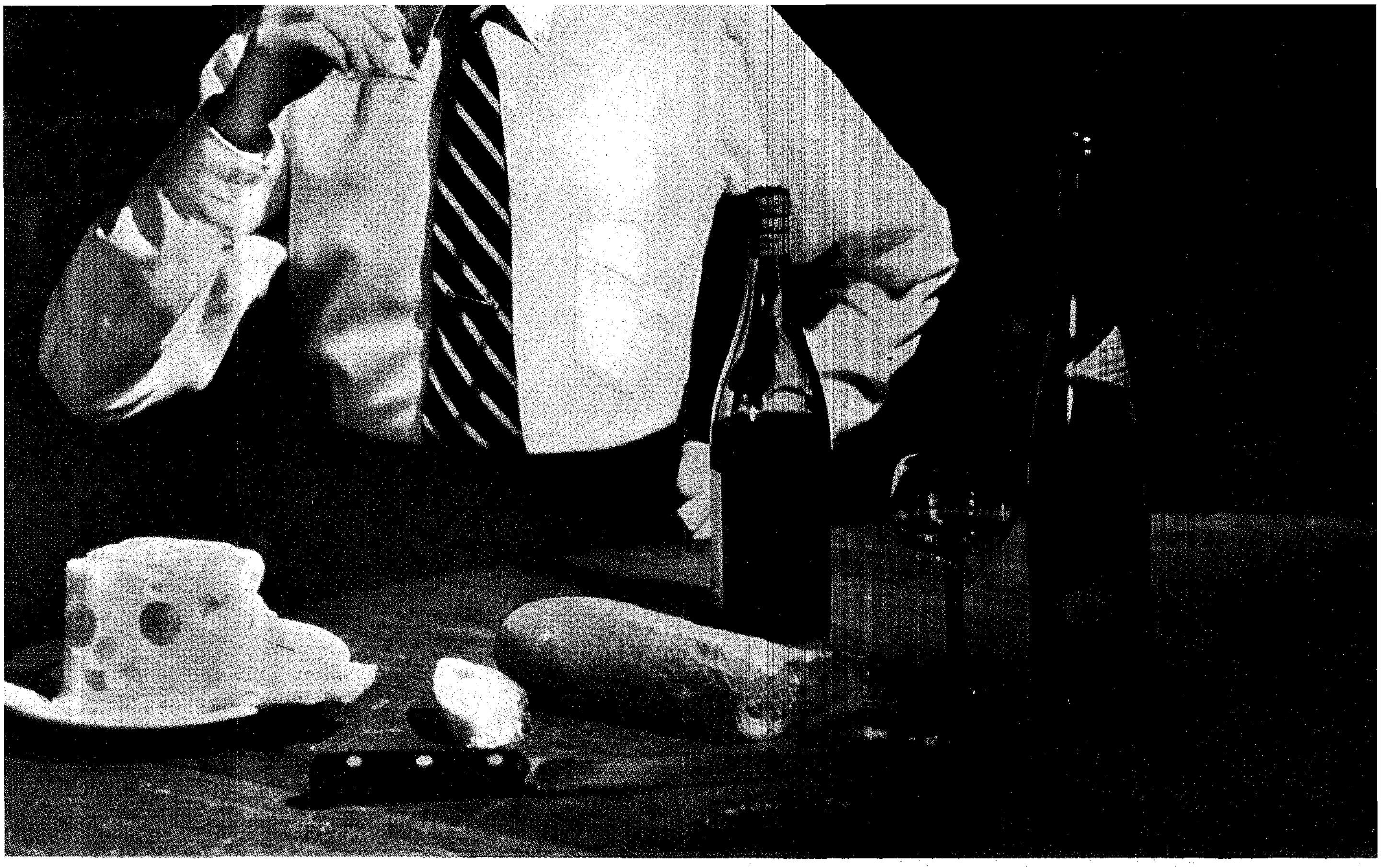
**FRANZ KLINE**—Paintings, mainly in black on white, that show a good deal of controlled power; through Saturday, March 31. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

**FUMI KOMATSU**—A young Japanese painter who is having her second exhibition here within a year; through Saturday, March 31. (Gallery 75, 30 E. 75th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

**SIDNEY LAUFMAN**—Brush drawings on rice paper, in the Japanese manner and principally of trees; through April 7. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.)

**EUGENIO LUCAS Y PADILLA**—Paintings and drawings by a nineteenth-century Spanish artist whose work has often been confused with Goya's, though it is engaging enough in its own right; through Saturday, March 24. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

**ETHEL MAGAFAN**—Semiabstract landscapes, done



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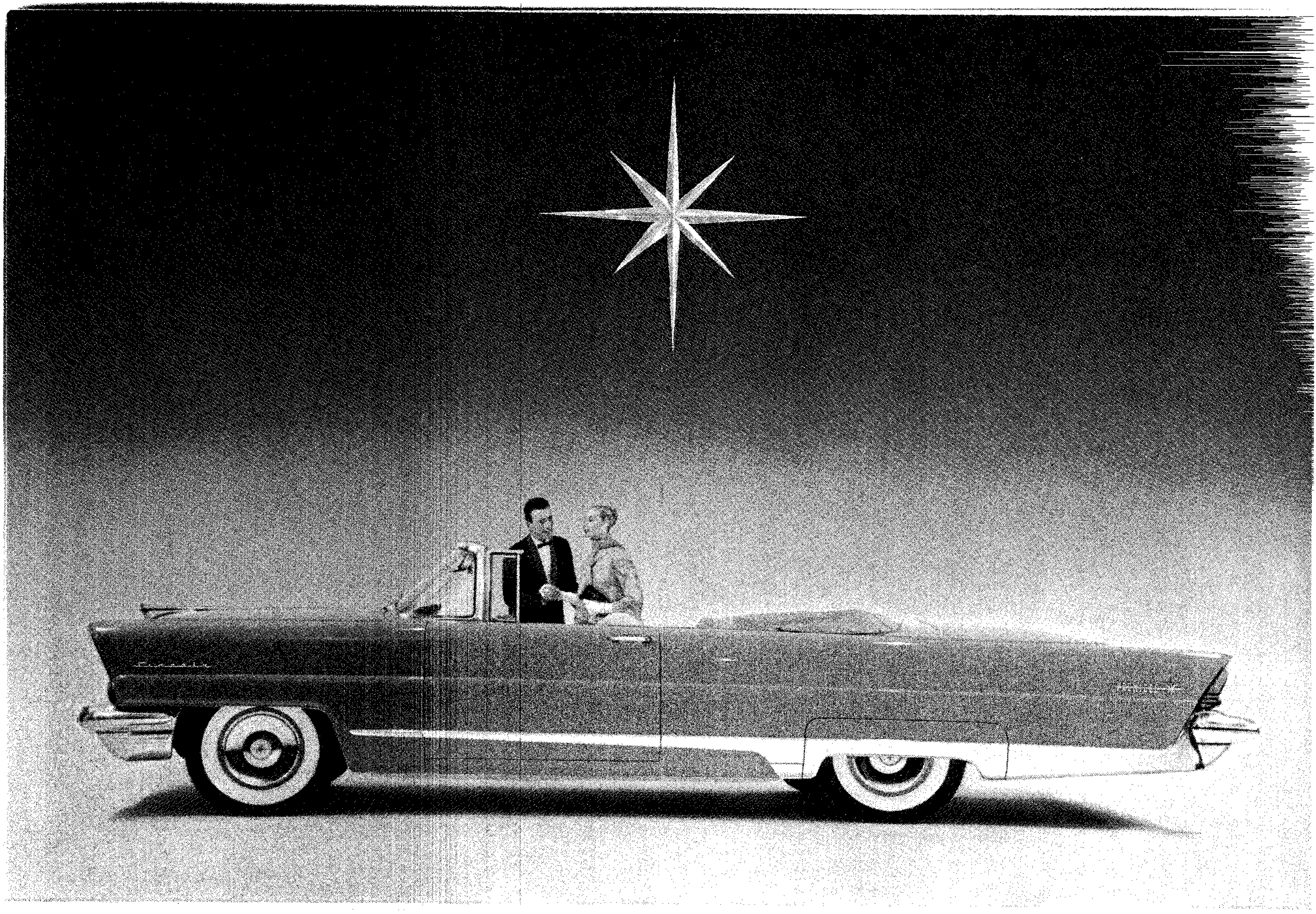

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**Charles Oscar**—Gently evocative abstract paintings, rich in color and nicely balanced in design, in a promising first solo showing; through Saturday, March 24. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

**Alfonso Ossorio**—Twenty-three oils executed between 1954 and the present time; through April 7. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

**Picasso**—Ten paintings of women (1932-49), many of which have never been exhibited before, and a couple of sculptures in bronze; through April 7. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St. Weekdays, *11 to 5:30.)*

**Andrée Ruellan**—Paintings of circus subjects, Paris scenes, and still-lifes, in addition to drawings, chiefly of figures; through Saturday, March 24. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**David Smith**—Sculptures in welded metal (plus some drawings) signalizing some interesting new developments in both style and subject matter; through Saturday, March 31. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

**Moses Soyer**—Dancers, painted with a kind of sombre suavity, in his first exhibition in seven years; through Saturday, March 31. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

**Elizabeth Sparhawk-Jones**—New paintings, with a curious, generally effective mixture of Expressionism and fantasy; through April 7. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.)

**Hedda Sterne**—Adroitly simplified, very rhythmically organized abstractions, often suggesting modern industrial motifs; through Wednesday, March 28. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

**Polygnotos Vagis**—Smoothly archaic sculptures, in stone mostly, by a Greek artist long resident in this country; through Wednesday, March 28. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

**Sol Wilson**—Provincetown scenes are prominent among his 1955-56 oils, which include landscapes, interiors, and coastline views; through Saturday, March 24. (Babcock, 38 E. 57th St.)

**Sculptures**—Twenty-three sculptors who have acted as jurors for past Village Art Center shows are represented in an invitation exhibition. Included are José de Creeft, Nathaniel Kaz, Ivan Mestrovic, and Hugo Robus. Through Thursday, March 29. (Village Art Center, 39 Grove St. Daily, 1 to 6.)

**Collages**—Eighty-five items make up a survey extending from the first collages by Picasso, Schwitters, and other early modern masters to examples by such younger men as Motherwell and Marca-Relli; through Saturday, March 31. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

**Drawings**—Works by old and modern masters, ranging from Tintoretto and Callot to Matisse and Modigliani; through Saturday, March 31. (New Gallery, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

**Americans; Group Show**—Oils by Edward Dugmore, Marca-Relli, Joan Mitchell, John Ferren, James Brooks, and Georgio Cavallon; through April 7. (Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.)

**Americans and Europeans; Group Shows**—At the **Art Center of the Congress for Jewish Culture,** 25 E. 78th St.: A painting or sculpture apiece by forty artists, among them Marc Chagall, Chaim Gross, and Sigmund Menkes; through April 30. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.) . . . **Viviano,** 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Afro, Renato Birolli, Max Beckmann, Kay Sage, and others; through Saturday, March 24.

**New York City Center Gallery,** 131 W. 55th St.—The March exhibition comprises fifty-six paintings selected by a jury from the three hundred that were submitted. The first prize was awarded to David Goldstein. Through Friday, March 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

**Some of Next Week's Openings**—At the **Alan,** 32 E. 65th St.: Jack Squier; starting Tuesday, March 27. . . . **Babcock,** 38 E. 57th St.: Herman Maril; starting Monday, March 26. . . . **Durlacher,** 11 E. 57th St.: Sidney Nolan; starting Tuesday, March 27. . . . **Hansa,** 210

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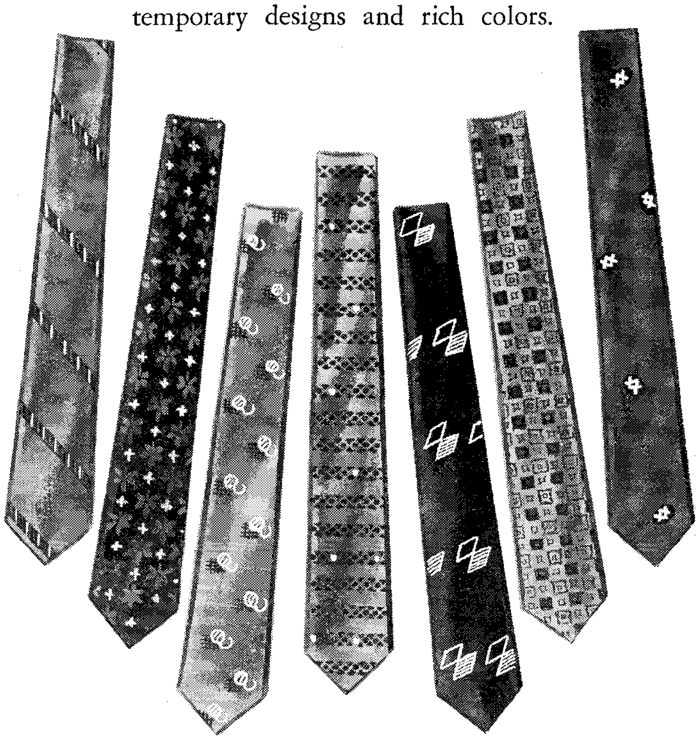

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Central Park S.: Jean Follett; starting Thursday, March 29. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)... **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Karl Schrag; starting Monday, March 26.... **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57th St.: Minna Citron; starting Monday, March 26. ... **SAIDENBERG**, 10 E. 77th St.: Juan Gris and Henri Laurens; starting Thursday, March 29.... **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: Kenneth Armitage; starting Monday, March 26. ... **ZABRISKIE**, 835 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: John Sennhauser; starting Monday, March 26. (Weekdays, noon to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

## MUSEUMS

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Paintings, drawings, and prints by five major American artists who have died within recent years—Lyonel Feininger, Walt Kuhn, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, John Marin, and B. J. O. Nordfeldt—taken from the Museum's collection and on loan from several sources, including the artists' estates; through April 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures, paintings, and drawings by Julio González (1876-1942), the Spanish sculptor known for his pioneering work in brazed and welded metal; through April 8. (A good complement to the exhibition is the González show at Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)... ¶ A review of paintings, drawings, lithographs, and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec; through May 6. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway—Prints, illustrated books, and other examples of work done during the past four years by advance students in graphic arts at Yale University; through April 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Selection VI," composed of paintings and sculptures by Cézanne, Seurat, Bonnard, and others, mostly from the Museum's permanent collection; through April 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**JEWISH MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition covering fifty years and including oils, gouaches, temperas, pen-and-ink sketches, lithographs, and woodcuts by Max Weber, in honor of his seventy-fifth birthday; through May 31. (Open Thursday, March 22, from 1 to 5; Sunday, March 25, from 11 to 6; Monday, March 26, from 1 to 4; and Thursday, March 29, from 1 to 5.)

**MORGAN LIBRARY**, 29 E. 36th St.—Twenty-eight drawings and twenty-one oil sketches by the seventeenth-century Flemish master Peter Paul Rubens; through April 28. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

**WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of a hundred and one oils, temperas, water colors, and drawings by Morris Graves, many of them never shown before in New York; through April 8. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**METROPOLITAN OPERA**—Thursday, March 22, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Risë Stevens, Lisa Della Casa, Hilde Gueden, and Otto Edelmann.... ¶ Friday, March 23, at 8:15: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English), with Eleanor Steber, Mildred Miller, Patrice Munsel, Cesare Valletti, Frank Guarrera, and John Brownlee.... ¶ Saturday, March 24, at 1: "Parsifal," with Margaret Harshaw, Set Svanholm, Paul Schoeffler, and Otto Edelmann.... ¶ Saturday, March 24, at 8:15: "Il Trovatore," with Herva Nelli, Jean Madeira, Gino Penno, and Ettore Bastianini.... ¶ Monday, March 26, at 8: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Lucine Amara, Roberta Peters, Brian Sullivan, Jerome Hines, and Theodor Uppman.... ¶ Wednesday, March 28, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Lisa Della Casa, Dolores Wilson, Cesare Siepi, and Martial Singher. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 29, at 8:15: "Il Trovatore," with Zinka Milanov, Nell Rankin, Gino Penno, and Ettore Bastianini. . . . ¶ Friday, March 30, at 1: "Parsifal," with Astrid Varnay, Charles Kullman, Paul Schoeffler, and Jerome Hines. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, March 31, at 2: "Manon Lescaut," with Licia Albanese, Jussi Bjoerling, Frank Guarrera, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 31, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Eleanor Steber, Risë Stevens, Hilde Gueden, and Otto Edelmann.

**New York City Opera Company**—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, April 15—Wednesday evening, March 28: "Troilus and Cressida" (in English). . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 29: "Rigoletto.". . . ¶ Friday evening, March 30: "La Bohème.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 31: "Fledermaus" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 31: "Carmen." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30.)

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**Philharmonic-Symphony**—At Carnegie Hall, Guido Cantelli conducting—Thursday, March 22, at 8:45, and Friday, March 23, at 2:30 (both with Walter Gieseking, piano); Saturday, March 24, at 8:45 (no soloists); Sunday, March 25, at 2:30 (with Walter Gieseking); and Thursday, March 29, at 8:45; Friday, March 30, at 2:30; and Saturday, March 31, at 8:45 (all with Martha Lipton, mezzo-soprano, and the Westminster Choir).

**Boston Symphony**—Final performances of the season here—Charles Munch conducting, with Leonard Rose, cello. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, March 23, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 24, at 2:30.)

**American Chamber Orchestra**—Robert Scholz conducting. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, March 24, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

**Emory Glee Club**—Malcolm H. Dewey directing this university group from Georgia. (Town Hall. Thursday, March 22, at 8:30.)

**Colby College Concert Choir**—Peter Re directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 24, at 3.)

**Helvetia Maennerchor**—A Swiss male chorus, directed by Paul Isler, with Fernando Corena, bass. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 24, at 8:30.)

**Bach Choir of Bethlehem**—Ifor Jones directing a performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor, with Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Eunice Alberts, contralto; John McCollum, tenor; Mack Harrell, baritone; Vernon de Tar, organ; and members of the Philadelphia Orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 27, at 7:30.)

**Oberlin College Choir**—Robert Fountain directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 31, at 2:30.)

### RECITALS

**Marais and Miranda**—Ballad singers. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Thursday, March 22, at 8:30.)

**Galimir Quartet**—With Patricia Neway, soprano, and others. The last in a series of three programs. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Thursday, March 22, at 8:40.)

**Irmgard Seefried**—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 24, at 8:30.)

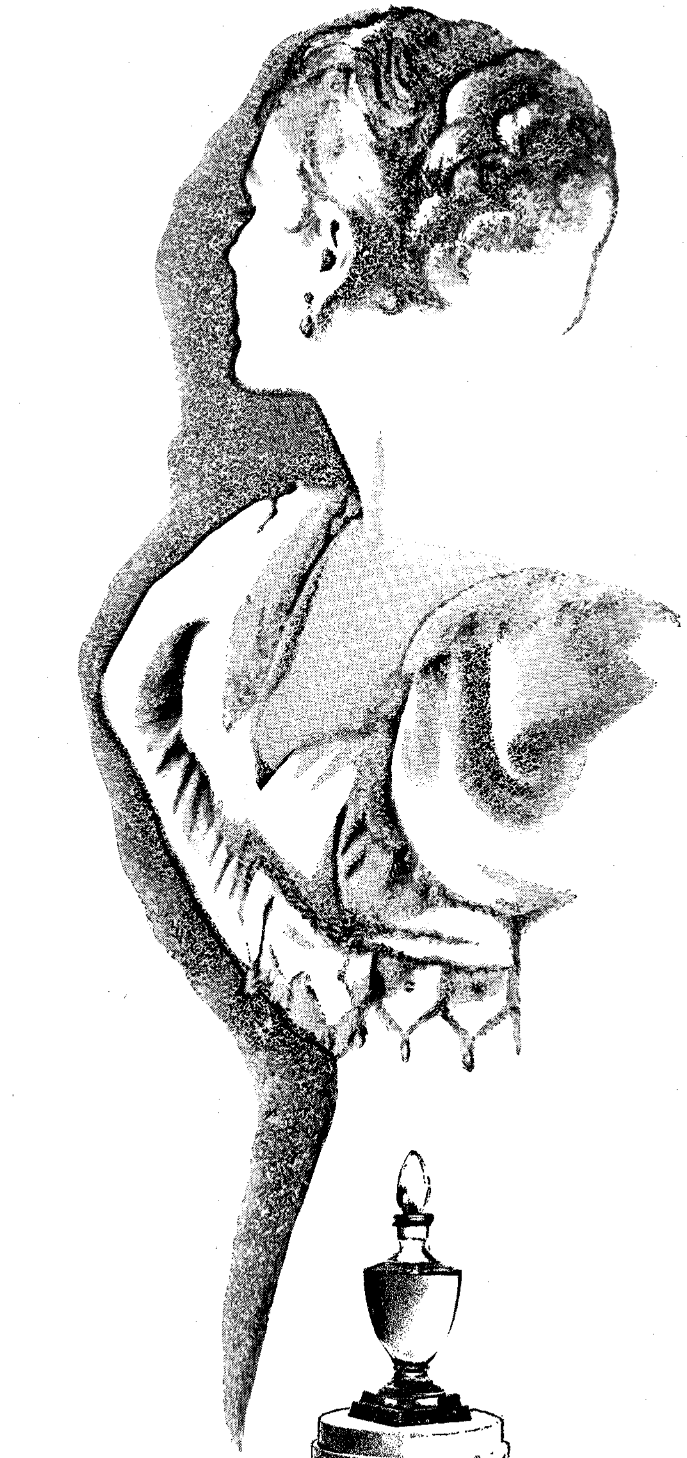
**Budapest String Quartet**—An all-Beethoven program. (Society for Ethical Culture Auditorium, Central Park W. at 64th St. TR 4-5200. Saturday, March 24, at 8:30.)

**Roland Hayes**—Tenor. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, March 24, at 8:40.)

**Laurence Watson**—Tenor. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 25, at 2:30.)

**Music in Our Time: 1900-56**—The last in a series of eight concerts (each followed by a discussion period, presided over by one or more composers) will involve Alec Templeton, pianist and composer; the Bobby Donaldson Jazz Artists; and Teo Macero and Mr. Donaldson, composers. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, March 25, at 5:30.)

**Claremont String Quartet**—With Frank Brieff, violin. The last in a series of three programs. (Museum of Modern Art Auditorium, 11



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W. 53rd St. Monday, March 26, at 8:30. For tickets, call CI 7-3841.)

**Mieczyslaw Horszowski and Alexander Schneider**—Piano and violin, in the second of two programs of Mozart sonatas. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Monday, March 26, at 9.)

**New York Pro Musica Antiqua**—A program called "The Virgin in Medieval and Renaissance Music." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. Call TR 9-5512 Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5. Thursday, March 29, at 8:30.)

**Rudolf Firkusny**—Piano. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, March 31, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

**Zino Francescatti**—Violin, in a recital postponed from Saturday, March 17. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 31, at 8:30.)

**Carlos Montoya**—Guitar, in a flamenco program, with Trianita, dancer, and Anita Sheer, guitarist and singer. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 31, at 8:45.)

### MISCELLANY

**Benefit Concert**—Mack Harrell, baritone; Rosina Lhevinne, piano; William Primrose, viola; and the New Art Wind Quintet. A benefit for the Josef Lhevinne Scholarship. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, March 28, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 39.)

**Jazz Concert**—Thelonius Monk, Oscar Pettiford, the Art Farmer-Gigi Gryce quintet, and others are expected. (Town Hall. Friday, March 30, at 8:30.)

## SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

**Boxing**—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, March 23: Charles Humez, of France, vs. Ralph Jones, middleweights, 10 rounds.... ¶ Friday, March 30: Cherif Hamia, of France, vs. Carmelo Costa, featherweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

**Hockey**—Stanley Cup Playoffs: Rangers vs. Canadiens. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 24, at 8:30; Sunday, March 25, at 7; and, if necessary, Thursday, March 29, at 8:30.)

**Indoor Polo**—Saturday, March 24: A semifinal match in the Al Parsells Memorial Tournament and a non-tournament match. ...¶ Saturday, March 31: Two semifinal matches in the National Twelve-Goal Championship Tournament. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Games begin at 8:30.)

**Racing**—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays, except Good Friday, at 1:30; through Tuesday, April 17. The Bowie Handicap, Saturday, March 24, and the Barbara Frietchie Handicap, Saturday, March 31.

## FOR CHILDREN

**Concerts**—By the **little orchestra society**: The final children's concert of the season. Thomas Scherman will conduct a program including Igor Stravinsky's "The Emperor's Nightingale," with marionettes. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, March 24, at 11. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.) ... **city symphony orchestra of new york**: Franz Bibo conducting, with Doris Freedman, twelve-year-old pianist, and Paul Zukofsky, fourteen-year-old violinist. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Sunday, March 25, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

**Play**—The Salome Gaynor Theatre presenting "Hans Clodhopper." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 24, at 3.)

**Dance Recital**—The Henry Street Playhouse

Dance Company in "St. George and the Dragon." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. Call TR 9-5512 Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5. Saturday, March 31, at 3.)

**Hayden Planetarium,** Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—How time, calendars, and the seasons are related to the earth's motions in space is demonstrated in the current show, "Our Spinning World." Starting Tuesday, March 27, there will be an additional feature, "Easter in the Heavens," concerning the significance of the moon in setting the dates of Easter and Passover. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays, except Good Friday, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Good Friday at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30.) . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium, starting at 8, take place every night except Monday.

**Movies**—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

**Note**—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12 and during the same hours on Good Friday.

## OTHER EVENTS

**United Nations**—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (which is now tentatively scheduled to adjourn Friday, March 30), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene Mondays through Fridays at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

**Poetry Readings**—Robert Frost reading from his own works. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, March 22, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, March 25, at 8:40.)

**New York Botanical Garden,** Bronx Park—The main feature of this year's Easter display will be a cross of Easter lilies elevated above a carpet of lavender, pink, and white primulas. Tulips, narcissi, hyacinths, and other spring flowers will also be on view. (Opening day, Friday, March 23, from 2 to 4:30, and daily thereafter, 10 to 4:30; through April 15.)

**The Empire State**—An exhibition of made-in-New York products, pointing up the state's economic, commercial, and industrial history. Included are an antediluvian Kodak, ageless but far from noiseless Remington typewriters, detached collars, a 1932 jukebox, and Lord knows what else. Through April 29. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

**Auctions**—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday through Saturday, March 22-24, at 1:45: Part I of the sale of items from the collections of the Metropolitan Museum of Art—American, English, and French furniture and decorations; astronomical instruments; chess sets; silver and porcelains; Gothic and Renaissance sculptures, architectural elements, and stained glass; and Near Eastern and Chinese art. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 27, at 1:45: Autographs and historical documents of Washington, Jefferson, Napoleon, and others; from the collection of the late Helen Fahnestock Hubbard. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, March 27-28, at 8: Part II of the Metropolitan Museum of Art sale—Nineteenth-century paintings, including genre subjects and works of the Barbizon school, together with pieces by Dutch, Flemish, and other artists of the sixteenth through the eighteenth centuries. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 24.

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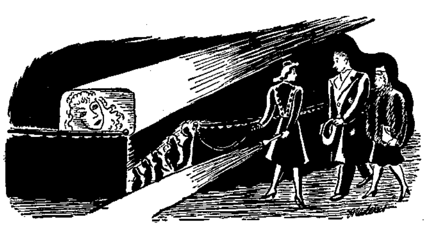
# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## MOTION PICTURES

### FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



**Diabolique**—A chilling description of the machinations of a wife and a mistress who combine forces to eliminate the object of their affections, since he has begun to get on their nerves. The picture winds up on an implausible note, but that isn't too severe a handicap, and the acting is first-rate throughout. Henri-Georges Clouzot directed it, Vera Clouzot and Simone Signoret play the lethal ladies, and Paul Meurisse is the unwanted gentleman. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Showings at 12, 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10. Extra performances at midnight on Saturdays. No one will be admitted after the film starts.)

**The Divided Heart**—A poignant English film, based on fact, involving a small Yugoslavian boy, the German couple who have raised him from babyhood, and his mother, who turns up and wants to reclaim him. Michel Ray is excellent as the boy, and so are Cornell Borchers and Armin Dahlen as his foster parents. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; March 22.)

**I Am a Camera**—Julie Harris's performance as an elfin English girl not too long on morals makes this movie quite buoyant. Miss Harris is supposed to be on the loose in Berlin in 1931, but the serious political aspects of Germany at the time aren't stressed a great deal. She is assisted by Laurence Harvey, Shelley Winters, and Anton Diffring. An English film. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; March 23-26.)

**I'll Cry Tomorrow**—Susan Hayward in a lachrymose run-through of the autobiography of Lillian Roth, which has to do with a talented musical-comedy actress who drank more than was good for her. Miss Hayward cuts loose with perhaps too much enthusiasm, but she sings some good old songs very nicely. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting March 28, tentative.)

**Letters from My Windmill**—Marcel Pagnol's adaptation of three stories by Alphonse Daudet, which deal with life in Provence, particularly life as lived by priests in the area. The priests represented here—whether trying to stave off the Devil as he tempts one of them to speed up a series of Masses before a feast or raising funds for a monastery by the manufacture of an elixir—are all marvellously comical, and the actors, among them Henri Vilbert, Rellys, and Daxely, are delightful. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

**Marty**—A warm and touching account of the trials and tribulations of a bashful Bronx butcher whose pursuit of a lady he fancies is interrupted by his friends and his family. Ernest Borgnine is splendid as the hero, and Betsy Blair is most helpful as the heroine. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Nemo, B'way at 110th, RI 9-9914; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting March 27.)

**Oklahoma!**—Very large, very loud, and by no means as attractive as the original. The magniloquent figures most on view are Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones, and Gene Nelson. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Mondays through Thursdays at 2:30 and 8:30; Fridays at 2:30, 5:40, and 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 2:30, 6, and 9:30; and Sundays at 1:30, 5, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

**Richard III**—Shakespeare's version of how the last of the Plantagenets made his murderous way to the throne of England. As the monarch, Sir Laurence Olivier indulges in quite a bit of florid acting. The picture, however, displays some fine medieval tableaux. With Sir Ralph Richardson, Sir John Gielgud (commoners are at a premium in this film), Claire Bloom, and Pamela Brown. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Mondays through Fridays at 2:30 and 8:30; Saturdays at 2:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 11:30; and Sundays at 2:30, 5:30, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

**The Rose Tattoo**—Anna Magnani's magnificent interpretation of a dishevelled Italian lady of the bayous who is obsessed with the memory of her deceased husband and upset by her yearning for an extremely alive truck driver. Adapted by Tennessee Williams from his own play, the picture is further bolstered by the acting of Burt Lancaster, as the lout who has caught Miss Magnani's eye. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128.)

**The Sheep Has Five Legs**—Fernandel triumphant in six roles: as the father of quintuplets and as each and every one of the sons, too. Funny, and French. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; March 23-26.)

**Summertime**—Some stunning views of Venice make an admirable background for this tale of an Akron, Ohio, spinster who journeys to the Adriatic to be edified by the storied wonders of Italy and winds up having a fling with an Italian antiques dealer. Katharine Hepburn is quite diverting as the spinster, and Rossano Brazzi is estimable as the gentleman who makes her abandon her reserve. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Nemo, B'way at 110th, RI 9-9914; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting March 27.)

## REVIVALS

**Born Yesterday** (1950)—Judy Holliday in the Garson Kanin comedy about a junkman's paramour who takes up political science. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; March 24.)

**Bread, Love and Dreams** (1954)—The frustrations of a middle-aged marshal of the police (Vittorio De Sica) in pursuit of a village doxy (Gina Lollobrigida). An Italian film. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting March 27, tentative.)

**Carmen Jones** (1954)—Oscar Hammerstein's way-down-South version of the Bizet opera. Dorothy Dandridge and Harry Belafonté play the lovers. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; March 23-24.)

**Citizen Kane** (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

**Crime and Punishment** (1935)—Harry Baur in a French treatment of one of Dostoevski's novels. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through March 25.)

**Fantasia** (1940)—Disney's mixture of Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

**Holiday** (1938)—The Philip Barry piece. With Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through March 28.)

**Key Largo** (1948)—An adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play, with Humphrey Bogart and Edward G. Robinson. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; March 25-27, tentative.)

**The Purple Plain** (1955)—An English exercise that casts Gregory Peck as a flier brooding about his widowed state and Win Min Than as a Burmese girl (which, indeed, she is). (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through March 24.)

**Saratoga Trunk** (1945)—Edna Ferber's story concerning love in New Orleans and railroads in upper New York. Ingrid Bergman and Gary Cooper. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; March 27-28.)

**Treasure of Sierra Madre** (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; March 22. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; March 25-27, tentative.)

**The Wages of Fear** (1955)—Two trucks full of nitroglycerin making a three-hundred-mile journey across some rough South American roads. In French and English. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

**You Can't Cheat an Honest Man** (1939)—Circus life, with W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen, and Charlie McCarthy. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through March 28. . . . ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; March 24.)

**Museum of Modern Art Film Library**—Two programs in a series of films entitled "The Goldwyn Cycle"—Through March 25: "The Winning of Barbara Worth" (1926), with Ronald Colman and Gary Cooper. . . . ¶ Starting March 26: "Bulldog Drummond" (1929), with Ronald Colman and Joan Bennett. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

## THE BROADWAY AREA

### FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

**Astor**, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Meet Me in Las Vegas," Cyd Charisse, Dan Dailey.

**Bijou**, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
**RICHARD III.**

**Capitol**, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through the afternoon of March 28: "The Benny Goodman Story," Steve Allen, Donna Reed.
From March 28, at 8:30: "Alexander the Great," Richard Burton, Fredric March, Claire Bloom. (Opening night will be a benefit for B'nai B'rith.)

**Criterion**, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Slightly Scarlet," John Payne, Arlene Dahl.

**Globe**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through March 28: "Sins of the Borgias," Martine Carol, Pedro Armendariz.

**Mayfair**, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through March 26: "All That Heaven Allows," Jane Wyman, Rock Hudson.
From March 27: "Patterns," Van Heflin, Everett Sloane.

**Music Hall**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Serenade," Mario Lanza, Joan Fontaine.

**Paramount**, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Anything Goes," Bing Crosby, Donald O'Connor, Jeanmaire.

**Rivoli**, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
**OKLAHOMA!**

**Roxy**, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Carousel," Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones.

**State**, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Last Hunt," Robert Taylor, Stewart Granger.

**Victoria**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Man with the Golden Arm," Frank Sinatra, Eleanor Parker.

**Warner**, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama Holiday." (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 2:40, 7:30, and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

**World**, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Dark River" (in Spanish), Adriana Benetti, Hugo Del Carril.

# NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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## EAST SIDE

**Art**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 27 (tentative): "La Ronde" (in French), revival, Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux; and "The French Touch" (in French), revival, Fernandel.
From March 28 (tentative): **I'LL CRY TOMORROW.**

**Academy of Music**, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
Through March 26: "Helen of Troy," Rossana Podesta, Jack Sernas; and "Target Zero," Richard Conte, Peggie Castle.
From March 27: **MARTY**; and **SUMMERTIME.**

**Gramercy**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 26 (tentative): "Make Me an Offer," Peter Finch, Adrienne Corri; and "The Angel Who Pawned Her Harp," Felix Aylmer, Diane Cilento.
From March 27 (tentative): **BREAD, LOVE AND DREAMS** (in Italian), revival; and "Ugetsu" (in Japanese), revival.

**Beverly**, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
March 22: **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE**, revival; and "The Facts of Love," revival, Gordon Harker, Betty Balfour.
March 23-26: **THE SHEEP HAS FIVE LEGS** (in French); and **I AM A CAMERA.**
From March 27: To be announced.

**Lexington**, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
**THE ROSE TATTOO**; and "The Houston Story," Gene Barry, Barbara Hale.

**Trans-Lux 52nd St.**, Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Doctor at Sea," Dirk Bogarde, Brigitte Bardot.

**Sutton**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Ladykillers," Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker.

**R.K.O. 58th St.**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through March 26: "Helen of Troy," Rossana Podesta, Jack Sernas; and "Target Zero," Richard Conte, Peggie Castle.
From March 27: **MARTY**; and **SUMMERTIME.**

**Fine Arts**, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
**DIABOLIQUE** (in French).

**Plaza**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"House of Ricordi" (in Italian), Marta Toren, Danielle Delorme.

**Baronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through March 25: "Adorable Creatures" (in French), Daniel Gelin, Martine Carol.
From March 26: "The Return of Don Camillo" (in Italian), Fernandel, Gino Cervi.

**York**, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)
Through March 23: "The Bottom of the Bottle," Joseph Cotten, Van Johnson; and "The Deep Blue Sea," Vivien Leigh, Kenneth More.
March 24: **YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN**, revival; and **BORN YESTERDAY**, revival.
March 25-27: "Forever Darling," Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz; and "The Vanishing American," Scott Brady, Audrey Totter.
From March 28: "King of Kings," revival (with added sound track), H. B. Warner.

**Beekman**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through March 26 (tentative): "Make Me an Offer," Peter Finch, Adrienne Corri; and "The Angel Who Pawned Her Harp," Felix Aylmer, Diane Cilento.
From March 27 (tentative): **BREAD, LOVE AND DREAMS** (in Italian), revival; and "Ugetsu" (in Japanese), revival.

**68th St. Playhouse**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through March 28: "East of Eden," revival, Julie Harris, James Dean.

**Loew's 72nd St.**, 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
**THE ROSE TATTOO**; and "The Houston Story," Gene Barry, Barbara Hale.

**72nd St. Playhouse**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 27 (tentative): "Ugetsu" (in Japanese), revival; and "Three Forbidden Stories" (in Italian), revival, Eleonora Rossi Drago, Gino Cervi.
From March 28 (tentative): "Lease of Life," Robert Donat, Kay Walsh; and "Four Ways Out," Gina Lollobrigida.

**Trans-Lux Colony**, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through March 24: "Forever Darling," Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz; and "The Vanishing American," Scott Brady, Audrey Totter.
March 25-26: "The Happy Time," revival, Charles Boyer, Louis Jourdan; and "Dead Reckoning," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Lizabeth Scott.
March 27-28: "Dance Little Lady," Terence Morgan, Mai Zetterling; and "The Detective," revival, Alec Guinness, Joan Greenwood.

**Trans-Lux 85th St.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
March 22 (tentative): "The Deep Blue Sea," Vivien Leigh, Kenneth More.
March 23-24 (tentative): "A Star Is Born," revival, Judy Garland, James Mason.
March 25-27 (tentative): **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE**, revival; and **KEY LARGO**, revival.
From March 28: To be announced.

**R.K.O. 86th St.**, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through March 26: "Helen of Troy," Rossana Podesta, Jack Sernas; and "Target Zero," Richard Conte, Peggie Castle.
From March 27: **MARTY**; and **SUMMERTIME.**

**Orpheum**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
**THE ROSE TATTOO**; and "The Houston Story," Gene Barry, Barbara Hale.

## WEST SIDE

**Waverly**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
March 22: **THE DIVIDED HEART**; and "A Day to Remember," Stanley Holloway, Joan Rice.
March 23-24: **CARMEN JONES**, revival; and "The View from Pompey's Head," Richard Egan, Dana Wynter.
March 25-26: "The Bottom of the Bottle," Joseph Cotten, Van Johnson; and "Daddy Long Legs," revival, Fred Astaire, Leslie Caron.
March 27-28: "Artists and Models," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis; and "The Big Knife," Jack Palance, Ida Lupino.

**8th St. Playhouse**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
**THE WAGES OF FEAR** (in French and English), revival.

**5th Ave. Cinema**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through March 28: **YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN**, revival; and **HOLIDAY**, revival.

**Sheridan**, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
**THE ROSE TATTOO**; and "The Houston Story," Gene Barry, Barbara Hale.

**Greenwich**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through March 24: **THE PURPLE PLAIN**, revival; and "Interrupted Melody," revival, Eleanor Parker, Glenn Ford.
March 25-27: "On the Riviera," revival, Danny Kaye, Gene Tierney; and "Anything Can Happen," revival, José Ferrer, Kim Hunter.
From March 28: "The Bottom of the Bottle," Joseph Cotten, Van Johnson; and "The Deep Blue Sea," Vivien Leigh, Kenneth More.

**R.K.O. 23rd St.**, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through March 26: "Helen of Troy," Rossana Podesta, Jack Sernas; and "Target Zero," Richard Conte, Peggie Castle.
From March 27: **MARTY**; and **SUMMERTIME.**

**Terrace**, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through March 24: "Forever Darling," Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz; and "The Vanishing American," Scott Brady, Audrey Totter.
March 25-26: "Big House, U.S.A.," revival, Broderick Crawford, Ralph Meeker; and "Ten Wanted Men," revival, Randolph Scott, Jocelyn Brando.
March 27-28: **SARATOGA TRUNK**, revival; and "The Happy Time," revival, Charles Boyer, Louis Jourdan.

**Guild**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Touch and Go," Jack Hawkins, Margaret Johnston.

**55th St. Playhouse**, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
**CITIZEN KANE**, revival.

**Trans-Lux Normandie**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
**FANTASIA**, revival.

**Little Carnegie**, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Don Juan" (in German), Cesare Danova.

**Paris**, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
**LETTERS FROM MY WINDMILL** (in French).

**Loew's 83rd St.**, B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
**THE ROSE TATTOO**; and "The Houston Story," Gene Barry, Barbara Hale.

**Thalia**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through March 25: **CRIME AND PUNISHMENT** (in French), revival; and "The Eternal Husband" (in French), revival, Raimu.
From March 26: "Gigi" (in French), revival, Danielle Delorme; and "Pit of Loneliness" (in French), revival, Edwige Feuillère, Simone Simon.

**Riverside**, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
"Helen of Troy," Rossana Podesta, Jack Sernas; and "Target Zero," Richard Conte, Peggie Castle.

**Olympia**, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
**THE ROSE TATTOO**; and "The Houston Story," Gene Barry, Barbara Hale.

**Nemo**, B'way at 110th. (RI 9-9914)
Through March 26: "Helen of Troy," Rossana Podesta, Jack Sernas; and "Target Zero," Richard Conte, Peggie Castle.
From March 27: **MARTY**; and **SUMMERTIME.**

**Coliseum**, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through March 26: "Helen of Troy," Rossana Podesta, Jack Sernas; and "Target Zero," Richard Conte, Peggie Castle.
From March 27: **MARTY**; and **SUMMERTIME.**

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- More than half of the individual owners are women.
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*FROM THE ANNUAL REPORT*
*TO 355,000 SHARE OWNERS*

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**A new "better-living" program for employees:** To assure that the people of General Electric will continue to share in the Company's progress, an improved pay-and-benefit program was worked out in 1955, and related five-year contracts were signed with most of the unions representing General Electric employees.

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**New plants and facilities in 28 states:** Since 1945, General Electric has been basically rebuilt and has invested more than a billion dollars in expansion and modernization. We will spend another $500 million in the next three years to help provide even finer products, more and better jobs, and increased earnings.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC
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This is *Atlantis* – the first group of fabrics in the Odyssey Thaibok series designed by Carmen Graham. In an imaginative new approach to color, Thaibok merges the richness of the East with Grecian purity. The fabrics are woven of natural fibers of great strength – linen, silk, Rami and Egyptian cotton. There are five other groups in the series, equally brilliant, equally vibrant in range of color.

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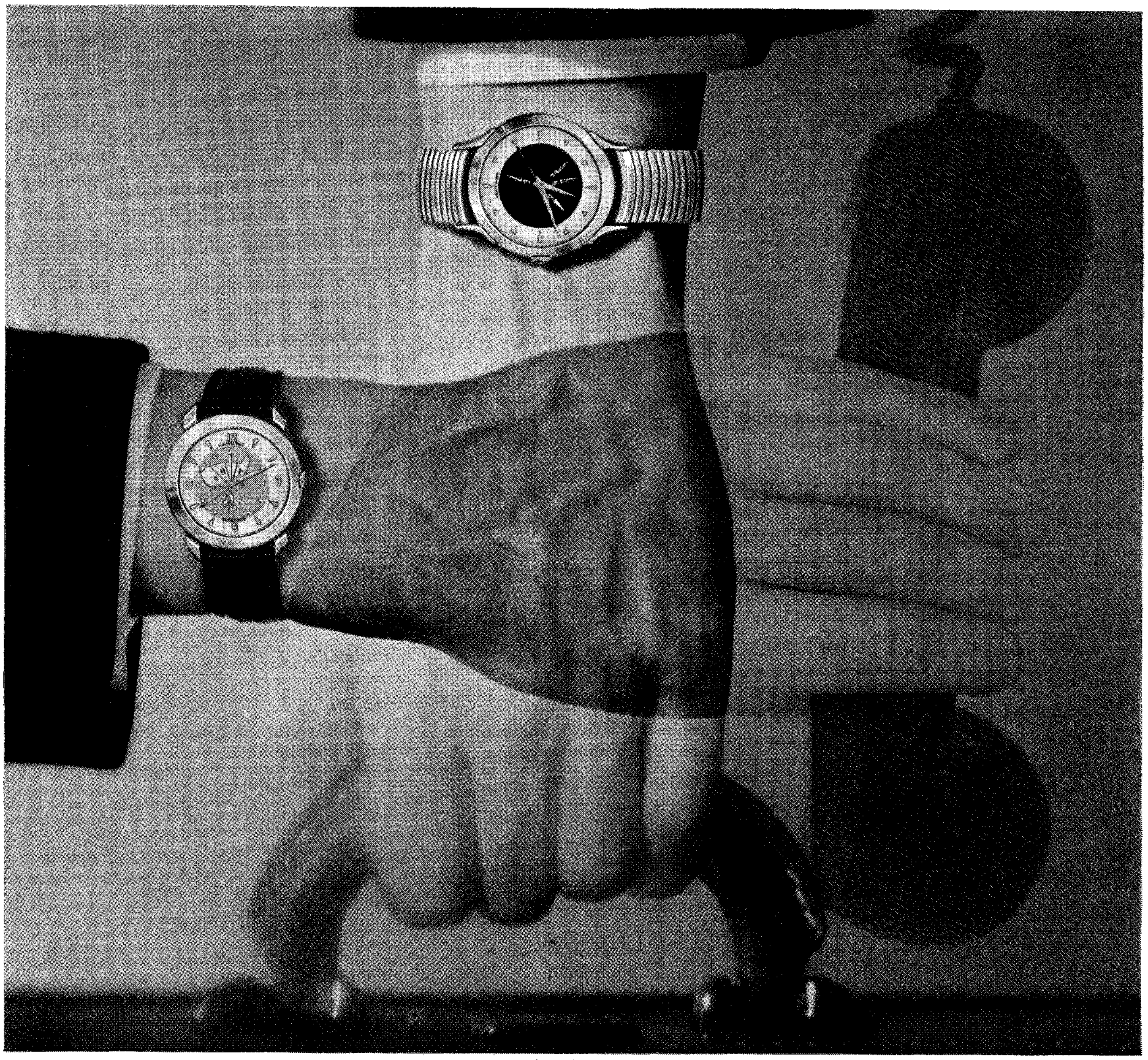

**WHAT TIME IS IT IN SAN FRANCISCO WHEN IT'S 12:12 IN MINNEAPOLIS?**

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Before you call San Francisco, New York—or any city in between—your Hamilton Time Zone watch tells at a glance what time it is *there*, as well as where *you* are. You don't have to add or subtract to know whether your man is likely to be in his office or plant, out to lunch, or at home.

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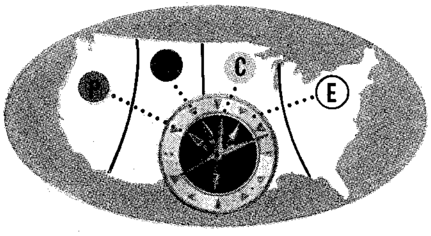
Left. *The Trans-Continental*†. Self-winding, shock-resistant, waterproof*. 10K gold-filled case. Stainless steel back. With strap . . . $95. With 14K gold case, $185.

Top. *The Cross Country*†. 10K gold-filled case. Stainless steel back. Shock-resistant. Strap, $69.50. With expansion band, $75.

Prices include Federal Tax. †Pat. Pending.
*Provided original seal is restored if opened for service.

Hour hand shows time in zone *you live in*. Example: if it's Central Zone, and hour hand shows 12:12, "E" marker shows 1:12 in Eastern Zone; "M" marker, 11:12 in Mountain Zone; "P" marker, 10:12 in Pacific Zone; "G" marker, 6:12 in Greenwich, England. One glance tells the time anywhere.



HAMILTON OFFERS A COMPLETE SELECTION OF FINE WATCHES FOR MEN AND WOMEN FROM $39.50 TO $10,000

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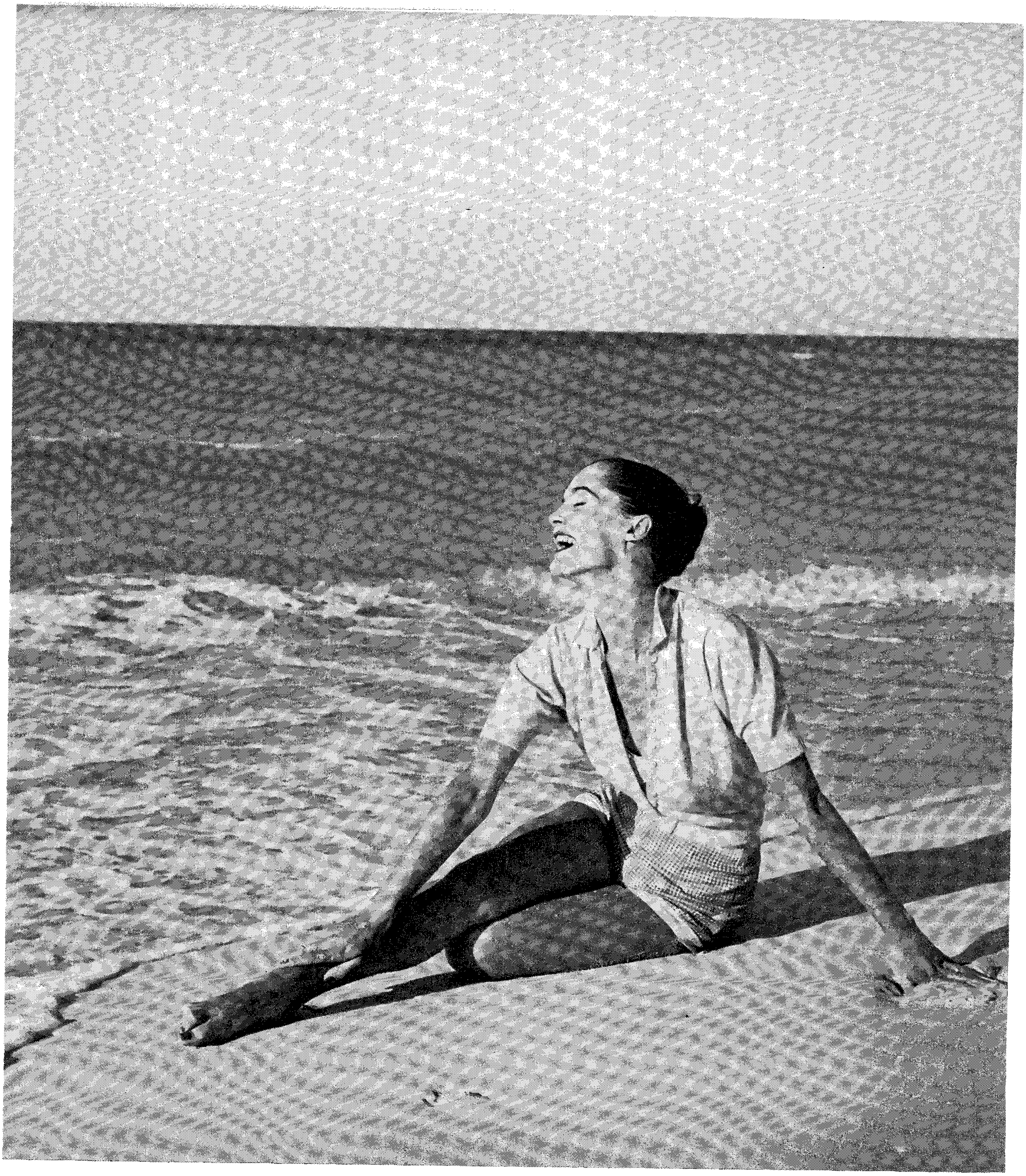

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...and it's Hadley-by-the-sea, for very special reasons. For example, the secret delight of baring one's shoulders to its cashmere-soft caress. Sybaritic—and so strategic, when styling like this goes with it. About twenty-nine dollars at fine stores everywhere. For names, write Hadley Cashmeres, 580 Fifth Avenue.

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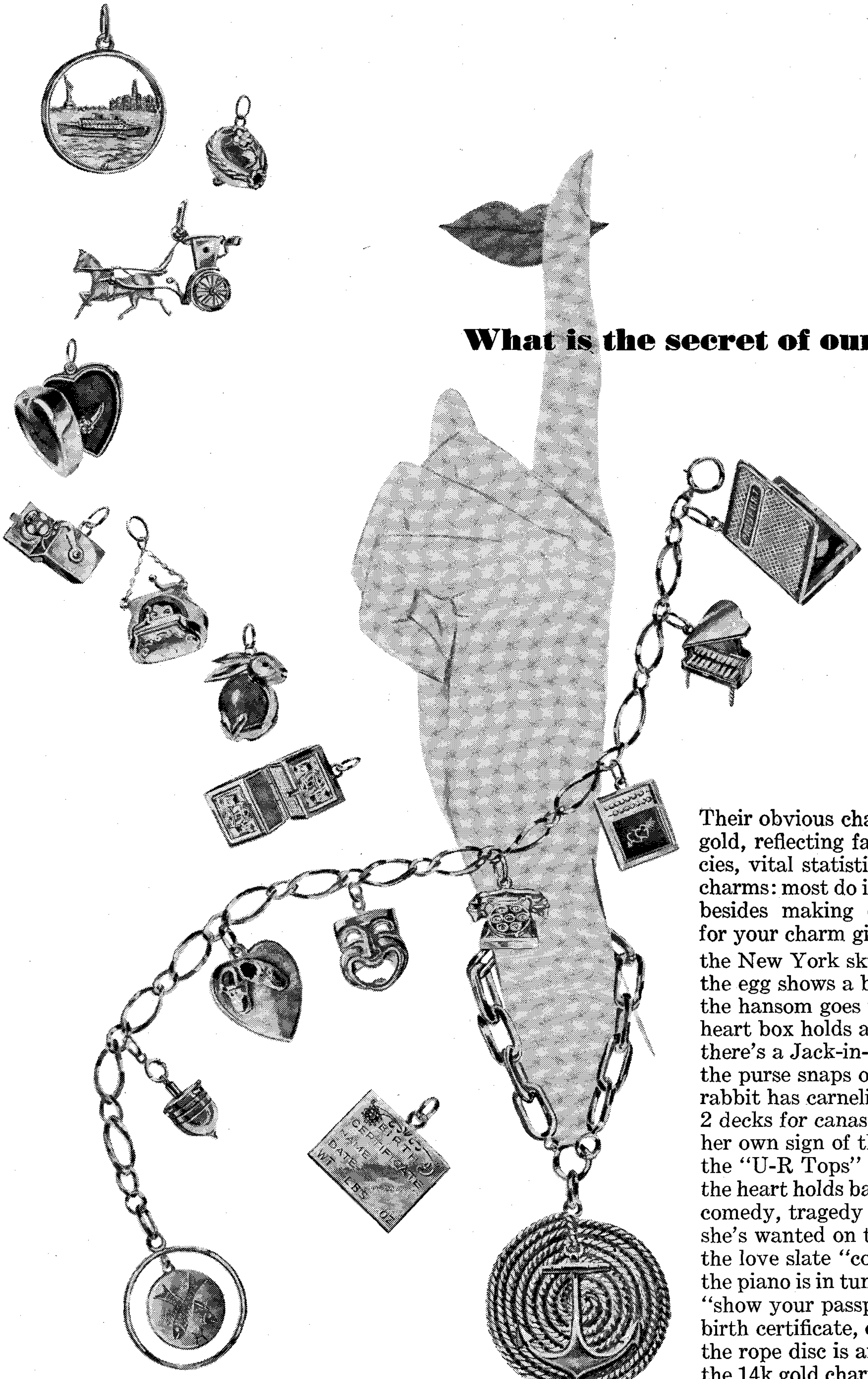

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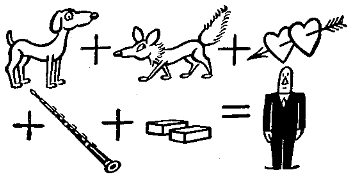
THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

Drama Note: The title role in "Cinderella," which is being put on by a school in Riverdale, has been turned down by the eight-year-old the director wanted, on the ground that the part calls for too much housework in the first act.

To facilitate communication among men of many tongues, the phonetic alphabet, so evocative of wartime messages, has been radically transformed, with only Charlie, Mike, Victor, and X-ray remaining from the old crowd. We've always thought of this alphabet as reflecting the personality of some individual who used it—Roger by name, of course—and it was simple enough to visualize him by putting together Able, Dog, Easy, Fox, Love, Oboe, Sugar, and the other elements of his makeup. He was a trustworthy, competent fellow, the kind who might never get to the head of the class or command the squadron but could always be counted on in a pinch—temperate, likable, fond of pets and muted music, lackadaisical but not lazy—all in all, a real good scout. Roger's replacement, Romeo, appears to be something else again—affiliated, as he is, with Bravo, Fox Trot, Golf, Hotel, Oscar, Tango, Uniform, and Whiskey. Mind you, nothing intrinsically wrong with the chap, as we size him up, but he seems a trifle on the extrovert side—a wine-woman-and-song boy, overindulgent in the pleasures of the flesh, a mite too preoccupied with material things, more comfortable at the convention hotel than at his own hearth. We wish him well in a world where intelligent, intelligible communication is becoming ever more nearly extinct.



## *Salesman*

Giovanni Gronchi, President of the Republic of Italy, has returned to Rome after a state visit to this country and Canada that lasted seventeen days, covered approximately seven thousand miles, and included stops in Washington, Colorado Springs, San Francisco, Ottawa, and New York. We were eager to meet Signor Gronchi, but so intricate was his schedule and so numerous were the local Italian-Americans determined to shake his hand that we despaired of obtaining a private interview. Nevertheless, on learning that at such-and-such an hour on such-and-such a day Signor Gronchi's itinerary called for him to catch such-and-such a train for Ottawa, we hastened to Pennsylvania Station and, deep in the heart of that gloomy labyrinth, located the club car and two sleeping cars that had been reserved for the Presidential party. The club car was jam-packed with plenipotentiaries of assorted shapes and ages, some in striped trousers and others in gorgeously beribboned Italian Army and Navy uniforms. As we peered, not enviously, through the club-car windows at all those compressed excellencies, a man came strolling down the concrete platform, unattended and apparently deep in thought. Perceiving that it was Signor Gronchi, we introduced ourself and made bold to remark that if we had not recognized him from his newspaper photographs, we would have taken him for a professor—a professor of, say, literature. The President of Italy bowed as if in response to the greatest possible compliment. "That is very interesting, what you say," he told us, in careful English. "The fact is that once I truly *was* a professor of literature. Alas, it was a long time ago."

A vigorous, gray-haired man, looking much younger than his sixty-eight years, Signor Gronchi went on to say that he gave up his professorship in order to enter public life. He was Under-Secretary for Industry and Commerce under Mussolini in 1922 and 1923. "It was impossible for a man of my ideas to follow long the insane practice of the Mussolini regime," he said. "I resigned, but decided not to go back to teaching, since I feared that governmental restrictions in education would soon be forthcoming. Instead, I chose to become a salesman—a paint salesman for the Italian distributor of the Sherwin-Williams Company. Events have shown that I chose well. The days of my paint salesmanship were the days that trained me for statesmanship, if I may use such a word without seeming to boast of qualities I perhaps do not have."

Signor Gronchi said that in 1940 he came to New York to consult with officials of the Sherwin-Williams Company, and on that occasion was tempted to become an American citizen. "The company officials appeared pleased with my work for them, and, knowing that I was violently opposed to the Fascist government, they proposed that, with their help, I establish permanent residence here. The relief I felt in this country at being able to breathe politically clean air made me think very hard before I turned down their offer. Indeed, the only reason I turned it down was that I thought, and continue to think to this day, that as long as the government you hate does not attempt to throw you into jail, thus forcing the necessity of exile upon you—that as long as you can walk down the street of your home town and utter even one idea among friends—it is your duty to remain and fight that government. In those days, Italy was about to enter a senseless war of so-called conquest. I knew precisely what I was going home to and how much freedom and human respect I would be leaving behind, but I felt driven to share the dark future of my countrymen. I did not dare to hope that I would ever see a peaceful world again, much less that I would return to America. Yet here I am, not as a salesman of paint this time—not, in truth, to sell anything—but to help our two countries serve each other better."

Far down the platform, a conductor called out "Bo-o-a-r-d!" The President said goodbye to us, glanced at the party that filled the club car from end to end, braced his shoulders, and, with a brave smile, stepped aboard.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The insurance magazine called *Accident and Health Review* has been renamed *Accident and Sickness Review.*

## *Landmark*

THIS is a city notoriously careless of its possessions. The latest precious landmark to be threatened with demolition is the Jefferson Market Court House, at Sixth Avenue and West Tenth Street—a dingy, invincibly romantic confection of Philadelphia pressed brick, Ohio stone, and dainty stained glass, leaping skyward in a cluster of gables, chimneys, turrets, and towers. Often mistaken for a church, the Court House, which long ago outlived its judicial function and now serves as the local headquarters for Civil Defense, is easily the most conspicuous architectural ornament of Greenwich Village. Not that everyone considers it an ornament; there are many who see it as one of those comic blunders our ancestors were forever making on their way up the ladder of taste from the bristling horrors of the mid-nineteenth century to the glossy refinement of the mid-twentieth. But to the more sympathetic eye of the historian and lover of the past, for whom the ladder of taste may be said to be lying on the ground, no rung higher than any other rung, the Court House, far from being a blunder, is a delightful experiment in something loosely known as Venetian Gothic. This exuberant, if somewhat addleheaded, style promised for a time to sweep all other styles before it; in 1885, indeed, ten years after the Court House was erected, architects and builders from coast to coast voted it one of the ten most beautiful buildings in the country.

Such knowledge as we have of the Court House and its former glory comes from a local architect named Alan Burnham. A youthful-looking man in his early forties, Burnham spends much of his spare time on what he has christened "The American Architectural Archive"—a collection of books and documents devoted mostly to nineteenth-century American architects. He is an authority on Richard Morris Hunt, the architect; on James Bogardus, who pioneered in the development of cast-iron buildings; and on the first New York apartment houses, known in their day as French flats. Burnham recently wrote to the *Tribune* pleading for the preservation of the Court House, and after reading his letter we arranged to meet him there and be shown around. Our tour had to be made at night, when the Civil Defense people had locked up their secret papers and gone home. The two of us were accompanied by a young policeman who plainly regarded our enthusiasm for the old pile as just short of cuckoo. He saw us as risks, though not as security risks, and never let us out of his sight.

We examined the building from stone-flagged cellar to pigeon-crowded belfry, and as we proceeded from room to room and from floor to floor, Mr. Burnham, the best of guides, alternated between objects to be pointed out and history to be recounted. "Notice the date on the stone there," he said, in the high-ceilinged vestibule. "Eighteen seventy-five. Frederick C. Withers and Calvert Vaux were the architects. Withers was a well-known church architect, and Vaux was Olmsted's partner in laying out Central Park. Notice the encaustic tile on the floors. How the colors last! Pure Ruskin. And the stained-glass windows—a touch of the Pre-Raphaelite there, wouldn't you say? Originally, there was a police court downstairs and a civil court upstairs, with adjacent judges' chambers, examination rooms, and clerks' offices. Later, it was all police court, and later still all women's court. Where the Women's House of Detention, next door, now stands was a handsome little jail, in the same Venetian Gothic style. Notice the cherry and the walnut carvings around the doors. A touch of the Neo-Grec in them. What fun architects used to have, with their touches of this and that! The unusual height of the bell tower wasn't planned merely in order to make it picturesque. In fact, the tower was what we call functional. It was designed as a lookout for spotting fires and had a big bell for sounding the alarm. It took the place of an old wooden fire tower that used to stand on this site. Care to go up?"

To Burnham's satisfaction, we said that nothing would suit us better than a brisk climb. Up we spiralled, first by way of a stone staircase in a turret attached to the bell tower, then by way of a larger, cast-iron staircase in the tower proper. High in the roof of the tower above our heads, roosting among the iron innards of a great, four-faced clock, were innumerable fluttering pigeons, who went "Pshaw! Pshaw!" in protest at our arrival. We stepped out onto a narrow balcony and saw the Village lying in moonlight a hundred feet below us. All its roofs were black and silver, and all its streets like water. Burnham glanced up, then struck the rosy brick of the tower with his fist and said again, with envy, "The *fun* they had! There are even gargoyles up there!" We nodded, and waited for a gondola to come gliding out of Patchin Place.

## *Sanctuary*

ON East Fifty-sixth Street one day last week, we noticed a hand-lettered sign on the windshield of a parked car. It read, "Under your car is a kitten. Stay where you are until he decides to come out. Thank you."

## *Pre-Expulsion Yellow*

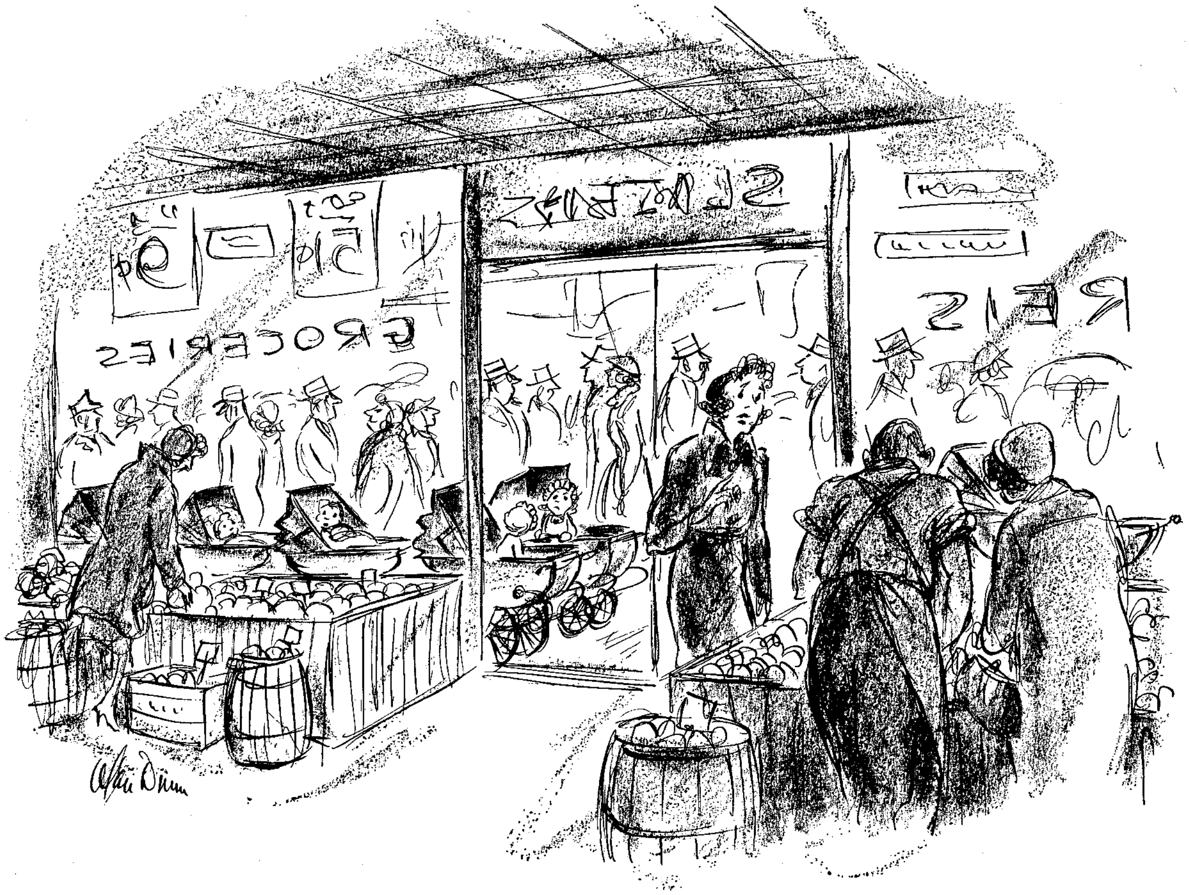
WE were disconcerted recently to find ourself the sole acolyte at an exceedingly esoteric alcoholic ceremony—a comparative tasting of post-Expulsion and pre-Expulsion Chartreuse. The high priests of wines and spirits who conducted it were Mr. William Massee, a local wine expert who recently figured in these columns as a sherry booster, and Mr. Robert Haas, who, with his father, Mr. Sidney Haas, operates M. Lehmann, Inc., importers and retailers of liquor; the sanctum was a chamber in the Hotel Westbury, near M. Lehmann's brand-new shop, at Sixty-sixth Street and Madison Avenue. Mr. Haas, a cheerful, crewcut youth, had under his arms two bottles of modern Chartreuse, one green and one yellow, and one bottle of pre-Expulsion yellow, the sacrifice of which to our palates would leave only eight like it in his store. These sell for a hundred and fifty dollars apiece, will probably disappear before Christmas, and, as far as Mr. Haas knows, are the last bottles commercially available in the United

States. Perhaps little more than a hundred bottles exist in the world, most of them idling in manorial cellars while their reputation for magnificence walks the earth. That modern Chartreuse, generally agreed to be the supreme contemporary cordial, yields the palm to its pre-Expulsion ancestor is often said by connoisseurs but seldom tested.

One difference was apparent in the appearance of the bottles. The old one, a smoky, thin-spun green, seemed to absorb the light, then release it glowingly, in contrast to the chunky reflection and refraction of the modern bottles. "The only thing we know about the age of this bottle," Mr. Haas said, resting his hand on the eldest of the three, "is that it was made between 1878 and 1903. Before 1878, the legend 'Gde. Chartreuse' was molded in relief; afterward it was sandblasted into the glass. This has the sandblasting. In 1903, along with most other Catholic brotherhoods, the Carthusian monks were expelled from France. They went to Spain, and the French government tried to make Chartreuse, but its product wasn't popular. The government didn't have the formula, and it didn't have the patience. There are a hundred and thirty herbal ingredients in Chartreuse, let alone all the distilled brandies. Meanwhile, the monks were making a thing called Tarragone, but, of course, they didn't have the right plants, the right soil, the right climate. The name Chartreuse was restored to the monks in 1929, and in 1931 they were allowed to return to France; they didn't use the traditional label again until 1941. This is the liqueur they've been making since '41." He uncorked the bottle of modern yellow Chartreuse and filled three glasses.

Mr. Massee smacked his lips appreciatively. "Frankly, I don't think there'll be a difference. I think it's just an old gourmets' tale. The monks are using exactly the same formula, and anything over fifteen proof does not change in the bottle." To us he explained, "Yellow Chartreuse is eighty-six proof; green, a hundred and ten."

"I think there will be," Mr. Haas said. He took up the pre-Expulsion bottle and scraped away the wax seal over the cork. "Soft wax," he said. "Less porous than hard. Now, if only the cork doesn't crumble." To his surprise, the cork slipped out easily. It was a charming, slender thing, reddish and freckled, charred at the bottom by the



*"Could you wait on me, please? I'm double-parked."*

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alcohol's oxidation. Mr. Haas poured out three glasses of the old Chartreuse.

"Look! Look, it's paler!" Mr. Massee exclaimed. It was indeed; the old Chartreuse was not only less green than the modern stuff but less yellow, too. Held up to the light, it looked almost silvery.

Mr. Haas and Mr. Massee sipped the new Chartreuse, then chased it with the old. There was a lull, fraught with introspection, before the first halting words of appraisal were ventured.

"The pre-Expulsion has—has less of that sharpness," Mr. Massee said.

"It's more delicate," Mr. Haas said.

"Funny, but my first impression with it was a taste of sugar," Mr. Massee said.

"I don't think so," said Mr. Haas.

"Certainly there's a smoothness," Mr. Massee went on, groping. "A core of taste as of—as of straw."

Mr. Haas said, "After tasting the pre-Expulsion, the modern one seems muscular—no, not so much *that* as syrupy."

"Oh, yes! Oily! The old stuff is drier, it has almost a honeyed quality. But it's not honey."

"First you smell ginger, then a kind of honey, as you said."

"My God!" Mr. Massee cried. "Do you suppose it's bottled sunshine?" He explained to us that this was a winetasters' joke.

They decided to compare the pre-Expulsion and the modern green, the so-called Queen of Liqueurs. After competitively sipping the two liqueurs, Mr. Massee said, "The old has a toasty feeling; it's amazing the quality of raw, young alcohol the other seems to have in comparison."

"There's not a hint of harshness in the pre-Expulsion," Mr. Haas murmured.

"Yet you can't call it delicate. Not a speck of insipidity."

"It has—it has that quality of peppermint, of slightly stinging the tip of the tongue."

"It's more complex, more—*complete*, somehow. You taste more things in it, yet they are more closely married. I don't understand how the difference can be so great."

Mr. Haas shrugged. "Chemical change, maybe. We know very little about it."

"That is," Mr. Massee told us, "it couldn't be bacteriological change. Bacteria die above fifteen proof. Perhaps they have to use different herbs now."

"Maybe even, God forbid, they use beet sugar instead of cane," Mr. Haas darkly hinted.

"The Carthusian monks? Never. But I'm converted. The effusion of that pre-Expulsion stuff! The aftertaste!" He asked us if we didn't agree.

Of course we did. "The pre-Expulsion Chartreuse," we said, "has all the delightful qualities of the new, plus tragic wisdom. The difference resembles that between 'As You Like It' and 'The Tempest.' "

Neither of our companions objected to or acceded to the simile.

## *Gratis*

A FRIEND of ours who lives in Little Compton, Rhode Island, has just received an unsettling notice from the F. A. Bartlett Tree Expert Company, of Stamford. "For removing excess soil from top of deadman," it reads, "no charge."

## *Pseud Show*

EVERYBODY'S so damned cultivated nowadays, what with crossword puzzles and sixty-four-thousand-dollar questions, that you probably know that George Eliot was Mary Ann Evans and that Shakespeare was six other fellows, but did you know that George Orwell was Eric Arthur Blair? (His widow, who may or may not know this, calls herself Mrs. Orwell.) That Katherine Mansfield was Kathleen Mansfield Beauchamp, pronounced "Beecham"? That Henry Handel Richardson, the Australian novelist, was really Henrietta Richardson Robertson? That (to put the real name first and the pseudonym second) Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë, preserving their initials, published everything they wrote under the names Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell? That Pearl Buck wrote several novels about American life as John Sedges; Gertrude Atherton occasionally signed herself Frank Lin; and Harriet Beecher Stowe, after "Uncle Tom's Cabin," posed as Christopher Crowfield on the title page of "House and Home Papers," a book about gracious living? That Stephen Crane, in writing "Maggie, a Girl of the Streets," a book about ungracious living, called himself Johnston Smith? That a lady by the name of Gabrielle Margaret Vere Campbell Long wrote "The Viper of Milan" as Marjorie Bowen and numerous other novels under the disguise of at least four men's names—George Preedy, Joseph Shearing, Robert Paye, and John Winch? That (as examples of literary men who adopted women's names) Edward Everett Tanner, who turned out "Auntie Mame" under the pseudonym Patrick Dennis, had previously written "House Party" as Virginia Rowans; that Arthur Davison Ficke and Witter Bynner once penned a burlesque of advanced poetry, "Spectra, a Book of Poetic Experiments," under the names Anne Knish and Emanuel Morgan; and that William Sharp, an English writer who sometimes signed himself Fiona Macleod, did so with such authority that the British *Who's Who* listed Miss Macleod for years, and stated that she was fond of "boating, hill-climbing, and listening"?

We owe our newly acquired erudition to an exhibition, sponsored by the Berg Collection of the Public Library, of a hundred and thirty books, mostly first editions, in which the authors used pseudonyms, and to an informative inspection of it in the company of Dr. John D. Gordan, the Berg Collection's chief, who worked up the show and arranged it. "We run from 'A,' signed to 'The Strayed Reveller and Other Poems,' by Matthew Arnold, to 'Z.Z.,' signed to 'A Drama in Dutch,' by Louis Zangwill, a brother of Israel," he said. "There have been thousands of literary pseuds, but most of the people who adopted them have dropped into oblivion. The earliest one we show is Robinson Crusoe, whose 'Life and Strange Surprizing Adventures' was published in 1719. Daniel Defoe's name did not appear in the book, nor did Swift's appear in 'Travels into Several Remote Nations of the World,' by Lemuel Gulliver, published in 1726. Swift also used the pseud M. B. Drapier, in his 'Letter to the People of Ireland.' Many authors famous under their real names went in for pen names or anonymous designations; John Galsworthy's first four novels were signed John Sinjohn, and Edgar Allan Poe's first book, 'Tamerlane and Other Poems,' was signed 'by a Bostonian.' Poe *was* a Bostonian, in a way. He was born in Boston—his parents, who were actors, were on tour there—and in 1827, when he published 'Tamerlane,' he was in hiding there. He had run away from his foster father, who had been angered by his bad record at the University of Virginia."

For further instances of occasional pseuds, Dr. Gordan led us to copies of "Hike and the Aeroplane," by Tom Graham (Sinclair Lewis's first book, published in 1912); "Pistols for Two," by Owen Hatteras (H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan); "Movements in European History," by Lawrence H. Davison (D. H. Lawrence); "Flore et Zephyr," a collection of ballet-deriding lithographs by Théophile Wagstaff (Thackeray, whose "Comic Tales and Sketches," attributed to Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, is also in the Library show); "St. Irvyne; or the Rosicrucian: A Romance," by "a Gentleman of the University of Oxford" (Shelley); "Clif Faraday in Command, *or, the* Fight of His Life," by Ensign Clarke Fitch, U.S.N. (Upton Sinclair); "The Daffodil Murderer," by Saul Kain (Siegfried Sassoon); "Sartor Resartus; The Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh" (Carlyle); "The Biglow Papers," by Homer Wilbur (James Russell Lowell); "The Castle of Otranto, translated by William Marshal, Gent. from the original Italian of Onuphrio Muralto" (Horace Walpole); "Unprofessional Tales," by Normyx (Norman Douglas); "The Story of the Irish Citizen Army," by P. O. Cathasaigh (Sean O'Casey); and "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," by C.3.3. (Oscar Wilde).

"Wilde's pseud stood for Cell 3, Landing 3, Galley C," Dr. Gordan said. "Here! Let me show you one of my favorites." He unlocked a case and handed us a small, slim volume bound in purple suède and entitled "Essay on Silence," by Fra Elbertus. "Elbert Hubbard," he said. "Open it." We did, and the pages were all blank.

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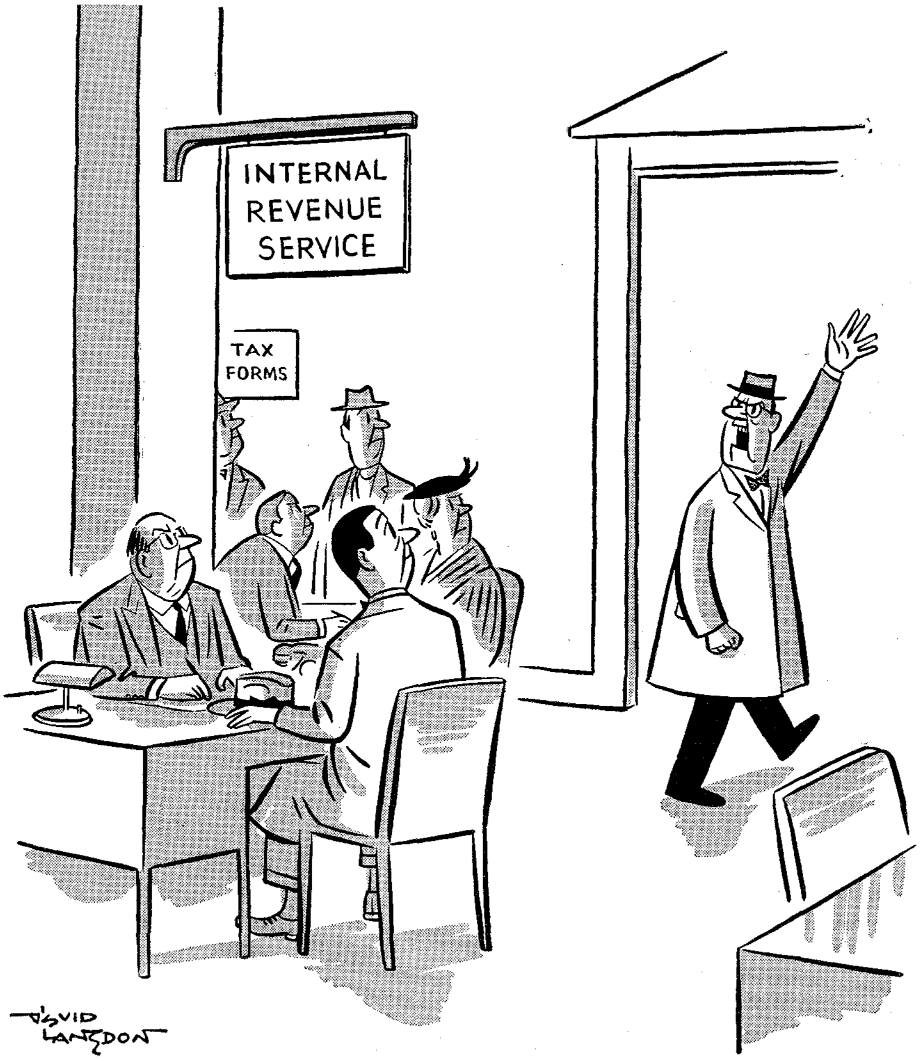
OVERHEARD on West Forty-fourth Street, mother to teen-age daughter about to hike off with her schoolmates in the St. Patrick's Day parade: "And remember, dear, don't go out with any of the boy marchers afterward. You owe that much to your grandfather in Sussex."



*"Vive Poujade!"*

# ONE WITH NINEVEH

ONE recent Sunday afternoon, following a well-blazed trail, I went over to Weehawken, New Jersey, for cocktails with Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg, whose private car was moored there on Track 1 in the New York Central yards. A strange excursion for a Sunday afternoon—strange for my wife and me, to whom Mr. Beebe and, to a lesser extent, Mr. Clegg are memoranda from the remote and jocular past; strange indeed for our sixteen-year-old daughter, who has seen few millionaires in the flesh, and none ever on a siding.

"Just who *is* this Mr. Beebe?" she asked as we sped in the taxi from Eighty-second Street to the foot of Forty-second, where the ferry Utica lay.

"A friend," I replied. "A fashion plate. A sport."

"You and your friends," she said with habitual derision, but pressed the point no further. My answer was a poor one, though, and I am trying now to amplify it in my mind.

It was, I find on reference to *Who's Who*, in 1929 that Mr. Beebe first swam hugely into the life of this metropolis. He was twenty-seven then, and his career already had certain legendary aspects. He had attended Yale but, proving too vivacious for the faculty, had moved on to Harvard, where he was graduated, though not without some official misgivings, as a Bachelor of Arts. His bent, in the undergraduate years, was poetic, and he had issued feuilletons on Villon and Edwin Arlington Robinson. He also wrote verse of his own, and, for some inscrutable reason, a fragment that won the Richard Memorial Prize at Yale in 1923 is still in my possession. The first and final stanzas will suffice:

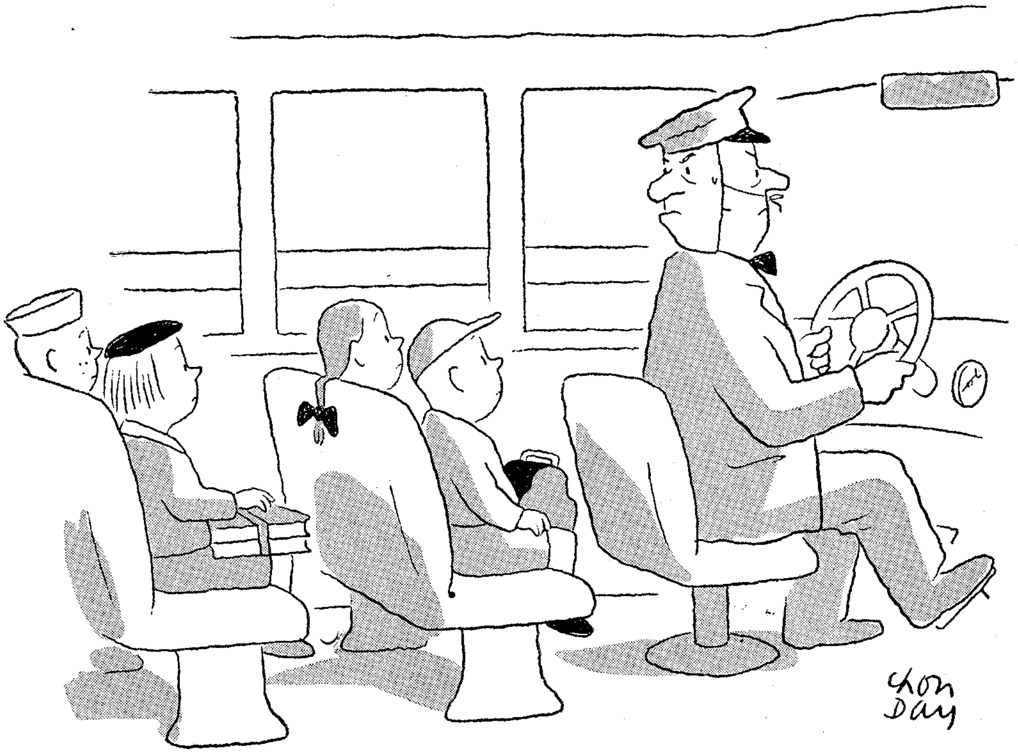
I am weary of these times and their dull burden,
Sweating and laboring in the summer noontide,
And the hot stench of inland forges
Sickens my nostrils.

Soon there will be no more metals to plunder,
There will be no more forests to slash and dismember,
Then, O chosen people, nation of fortune,
Where is thy glory?

This poem, I am in a position to add, was reviewed, in question-and-answer form, in the *Yale Daily News*:

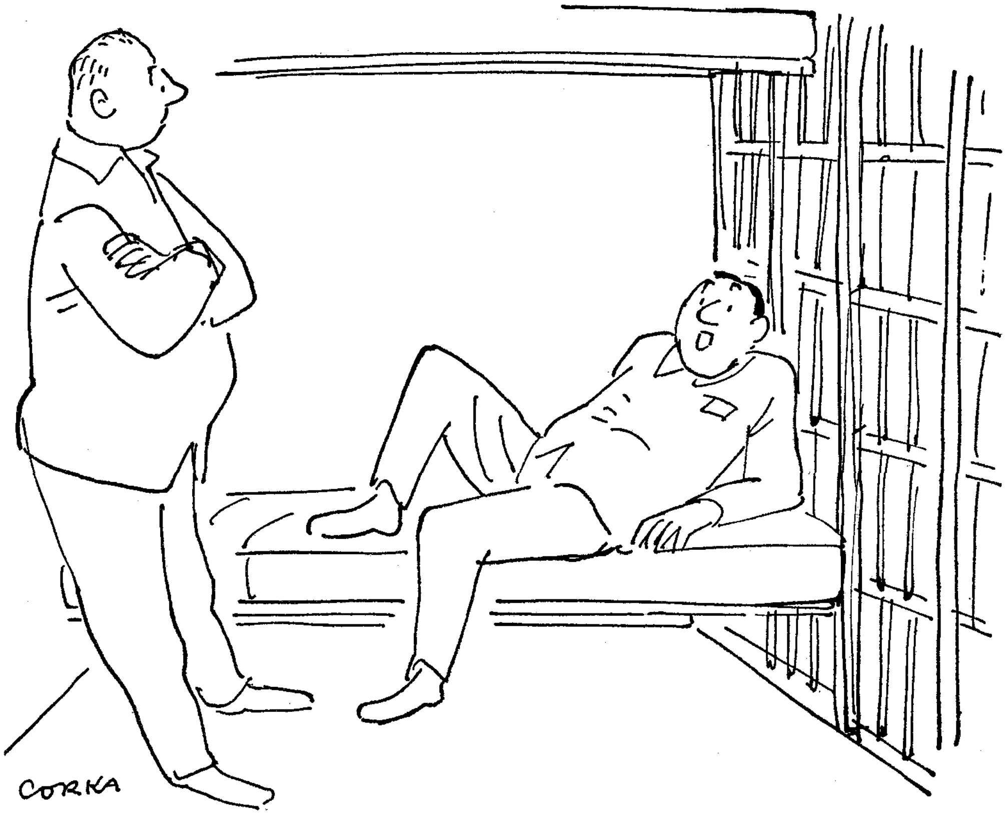
Q. What is the theme?
A. Defeat, foreseen or expected, lying in wait for American materialism.
Q. What does the author indicate will remain after said defeat?
A. Nothing.

Other and less spiritual tidings preceded the youthful Beebe into town. At Yale, it was his merry custom, on returning from weekends in New York, to attend his first Monday-morning class in full evening dress, wearing a monocle and carrying a gold-headed cane, and the *News*, stunned by such gloss in a contemporary, reported that "two hemispheres knew him at nineteen." At Harvard, his room contained a roulette wheel and a bar equipped to make any drink a guest could name. His departure from New Haven was partly the result of his appearance in a stage box at the Hyperion Theatre extravagantly bearded and brandishing a bottle and shouting that he was Professor Henry Hallam Tweedy, of the Divinity School. His stay at Harvard was enlivened by his circulation of a ballot to determine how the college stood on trading President Lowell and three full professors for a good running backfield. These exploits and several like them, being so accurately part of the climate of a peculiar time, were widely reported in the press, and Mr. Beebe showed up in this parish trailing, if not clouds of glory, at least a certain antique and fashionable radiance.



Reading over what I have written, I can see that it will convey little to young and sober readers, who almost surely have no idea how whimsically celebrity was come by in the twenties. The New York chapter of the saga, I'm afraid, will be hardly more illuminating. I remember I thought about that as the Utica cleared her slip and, lurching and clanking, set out for the western bank. The cabin of the ferry was a good place to think about the past, since, except for the advertisements on the wall, it differed little from those in the old sidewheelers that used to take me to and from Palisades Park. The ladies in my party, assailed by many searching aromas (less vehement, however, than those diffused by the horses of my youth) and highly suspicious of a craft with a propeller at each end, behaved rather badly on the seven-minute passage, but my own mind was calm and clear. I am soothed by anachronisms, being, I suppose, so nearly one myself.

TO the best of my recollection, I met Mr. Beebe first during the winter of 1931. It was in one of the speakeasies that then contained so much of our social life, and I remember him, immense, pink, and menacingly groomed, standing at the bar and booming out a denunciation of the Newspaper Guild, which he appeared to regard as a branch of the Maffia. Additional jocosities had already collected around him. His salary as a reporter on the *Tribune* was, I think, only thirty-five dollars a week, but his private means were boundless and his wardrobe consisted of no fewer than forty suits, none, of course, duplicating another. It was rumored that he had once gone out to report a negligible fire in a morning coat, and a tedious dinner of the Landscape Gardening Society in top hat and tails. His jewelry, according to further material in my files, included three gold cigarette cases, valued



*"There was No. 1, in New York, wanting to know where I was going every time I set foot out of the house and where I'd been every time I came back, and No. 2, in Philly, after me every minute to fix this, that, and the other thing, and cut out smoking. I was beginning to wonder how much longer I could stand it when, thank the Lord, the law stepped in."*

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at approximately seven hundred dollars each; a Kashmir sapphire cabochon ring, at twelve hundred dollars; a single emerald stud worth five hundred dollars; and a platinum evening watch that cost a thousand. His attitude, in general, was that a decent respect for the profession of journalism demanded all these accessories. "I wear formal clothes, morning or evening, whenever they are called for," he was quoted as saying at the time, "and regard them quite literally as the livery of my business. As a reporter for the *Tribune,* I would no more think of entering a restaurant in the evening out of dinner dress than I would in swimming shorts."

In spite of this almost sanctified approach, he was, I'm afraid, never much of a reporter. For one thing, the outrageous majesty of his appearance was often too much for the people he was dispatched to interview, many of whom suspected him of being an elaborate practical joke on the part of the *Tribune's* management and clammed up accordingly. For another, he had little interest in the small triumphs and disasters that constitute the bulk of each day's news, and he wrote about them with blank distaste and only a perfunctory attention to the spelling of the names.

The *Tribune* soon discovered that an error had been made, and the young man was transferred to the drama department, where he lingered long enough to describe Hollywood as "the outhouse of civilization" and the men and women of the theatre, with a few icily cultivated exceptions, as "preposterous bores and mountebanks." It was not a successful experiment. In June, 1934, however, he came at last to what must have seemed the goal of his dreams. This was his appointment to conduct a weekly department called "This New York." In essence, it was a gossip column, but it was different from any seen before or since. Unlike Winchell, Walker, Sullivan, or Lyons, Mr. Beebe was not concerned with the gritty amours of midtown Manhattan, the ineligible suburbs, or the unspeakable cities of the plain. He had no political convictions, except perhaps that all politics are vile, and he was not impressed with the usual objects of public veneration, having other and far more elevated standards of his own. The particular charm of his work lay in the rigid boundaries of its subject matter. "This New York" was concerned exclusively with the goings on of a group of people making up something known as Café Society, and Mr. Beebe's requirements for membership were stern. "A general definition of Café Society," he wrote, "might be: an unorganized but generally recognized group of persons who participate in the professional and social life of New York available to those possessed of a certain degree of affluence and manners." There were, he added, no more than five hundred men and women in all the world fit for the dizzy heights.

The crumbling files yield visions of this spacious life:

> Doris Duke has nine Rolls-Royces . . . M. André Simon of the Wine and Food Society ordered a bowl of spring flowers removed because it infringed on the bouquet of the Château Latour '20 . . . Margaret Valdi Curtis, a relative of Lord Asquith, is around town singing Tahitian songs in a straw skirt . . . Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt's butler is reported to have been dismissed for saying "O.K., Madam" . . . Prince Kyril Scherbatoff, A. K. Mills, and this department discovered the other day they were wearing identical suits. Tony Williams is a wretch to have duplicated them on us.

And:

> Cecil Beaton, the languid photographer of folk who count, is back in town from London, and bravely carrying the torch for clothes that set Manhattan's lorgnons a'quiver. He showed up at the Colony for lunch last week in a little number Lanvin had run up for him in a pale shade of apple green, with a darker green waistcoat, double-breasted and buttoned with gold and emerald links. Everyone remarked how fine and brave he was.

I regret to say that I took almost no part in these festivities, partly because I lacked the appropriate suits and partly because my vitality has never been intense. For this reason, I encountered Mr. Beebe only in the lobbies of theatres and in saloons that catered to the working classes, especially newspapermen. His attitude in these establishments now seems to me to have been indulgent. My own is harder to define. I understood, that is, that Mr. Beebe was intended to represent a Charles Dana Gibson illustration for a book by Richard Harding Davis, and I was impressed both by the fidelity of the likeness and by the astounding amount of effort that had gone into producing it. The object of the whole charade, however, was almost completely inscrutable to me.

The riddle still persisted twenty-five years later as our ship put in at Weehawken and I led the ladies, twittering like birds, out into the terminal. The car was not hard to find. Red as blood and yellow as scrambled eggs, it lay some fifty yards due west. Its name, Virginia City, was painted on its side, but even without that it would have been unmistakable in that blasted landscape. A pretty toy, a jewel box, a dream on wheels. Mr. Beebe himself greeted us from the observation platform, and I was gratified to note that his culture was still intact. "Welcome to Walden Pond!" he cried.

It is one of the melancholy facts of human experience that memory is a sorry cheat. The mansions of our childhood, revisited, are only houses after all; the mountains, hills; the rivers, little trickling brooks. The great personalities are especially diminished by this unpleasant chemistry, and the arrogant giants we knew are too apt to turn into small and querulous men. My only excuse for introducing this tritest of all reflections is that it was so emphatically not true of Mr. Beebe. He was precisely as vast and stylish as he had ever been, and the years, if anything, had added something senatorial to his aspect. The fact that he had grown a trifle deaf only conferred a special awful distance on him. I shuddered to remember that it was sometimes our drunken custom, late at night, in the lost and dissolute past, to address this monument disrespectfully as Lou or Beebe. "It's nice to see you again, Lucius," I said, and entered never-never land.

## FEE FI HO HUM, NO WONDER BABY SUCKS HER THUMB

I don't know whether you know what's new in juvenile literature or not,
But I'll tell you what's new in juvenile literature, there's a new plot.
I grew up on the old plot, which I considered highly satisfactory,
And the hope of having stories containing it read to me restrained me occasionally from being mendacious or refractory.
There were always two older sons and a youngest son, or two older daughters and a youngest daughter,
And the older pair were always arrogant, selfish rascals, and the youngest was always a numskull of the first water,
And the older ones would never share their bread and cheese with little old men and women, and wouldn't help them home with their loads,
And ended up with their fingers caught in cleft logs, or their conversation issuing in the form of toads,
And the young numskulls never cared what happened to their siblings, because they had no family loyalty,
They just turned over all their bread and cheese to elderly eccentrics and ended up married to royalty, which I suppose explains what eventually happened to royalty.
That was admittedly not a plot to strain the childish understanding,
But it was veritably Proustian compared to the new plot that the third generation is demanding.
Whence these haggard looks?
I am trapped between one lovable grandchild and her two detestable favorite books.
The first is about a little boy who lost his cap and looked everywhere for it, behind the armchair and inside the refrigerator and under the bed,
And where do you think he found it? On his head!
The second is about a little girl who lost one shoe on the train, and until she found it she would give the porter and the other passengers no peace,
And finally where do you think she found it? In her valise!
A forthcoming book utilizing this new plot will tell the story of a child who lost her grandfather while he was reading to her, and you'll never guess where she discovered *him*.
Spang in the middle of Hans Christian Andersen and the Brothers Grimm.

—Ogden Nash

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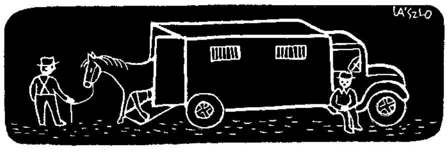
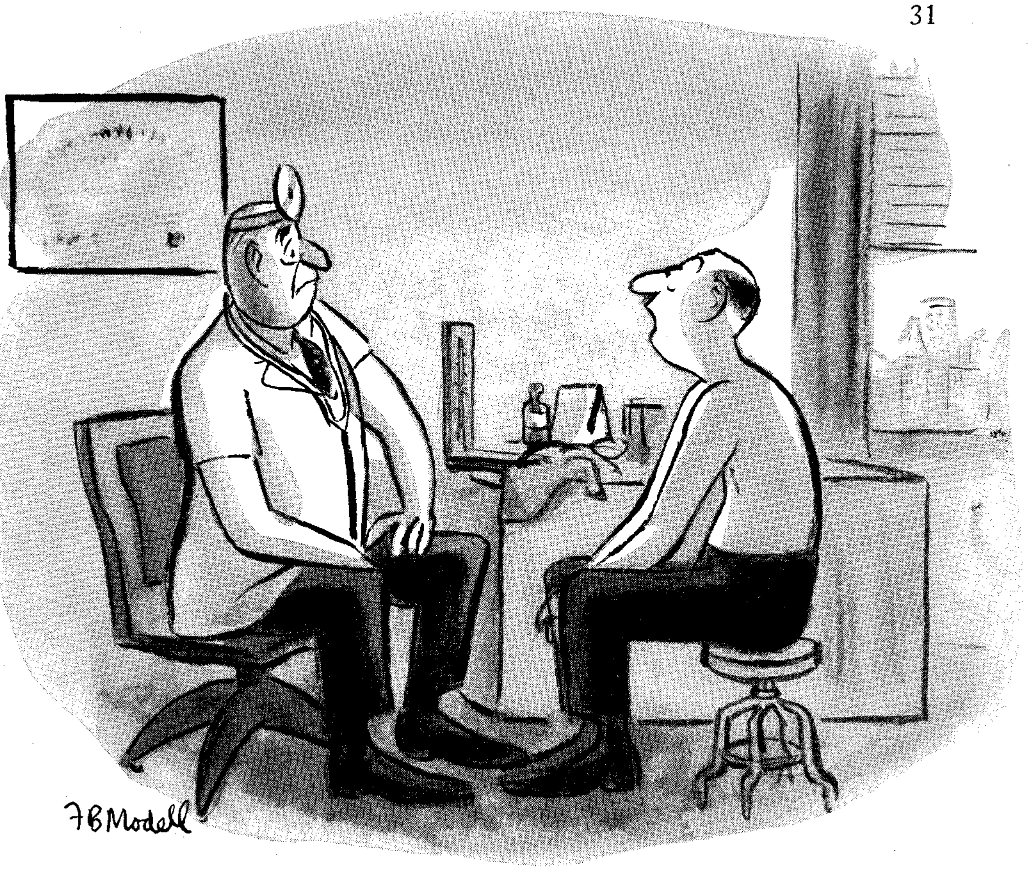
THE magic elegance of the interior of the Virginia City is beyond the descriptive powers of any journalist today, and Mr. Beebe, who has suffered too often from the kind of reporting that attempts to conceal ignorance with levity, has met this problem squarely. As I write, I have beside me a chaste pamphlet, presumably of his own composition, entitled "Vital Statistics of the Private Car 'Virginia City.'" The simple physical facts are easy to compress. The car is ninety-three feet long, weighs a hundred and eighty-five thousand pounds, and consists of a twenty-three-foot observation-drawing room, three master staterooms (each with its own toilet facilities), a small Turkish bath, a dining room seating eight, a galley with a fifty-bottle wine cellar, an extra seven-hundred-pound refrigerator on the forward platform, and crew quarters for two. Each room is wired for music, which comes from a mechanism that plays eight hours of uninterrupted tape recordings; there are three conventional telephones to the outside world, and a radio telephone for use when the proprietors are in motion. The car can be carried at the end of any passenger train in the United States at a cost per trip of eighteen first-class fares. When it is on a siding, the daily storage charge is forty cents a running foot. It is capable of generating its own electricity, heating its own water, and disposing of its own waste. Nothing is said about what Mr. Beebe and Mr. Clegg have spent on the Virginia City, but some estimates have set the original purchase cost at two hundred thousand dollars and the remodelling at a hundred and twenty-five thousand more.

These data, though impressive, suggest little of the real splendor of the carriage, and for this I am obliged to turn to the actual phrasing of the script:

> The decor is Venetian Renaissance evolved by the Doges of Venice when that country became the richest cultural nation in the world, a decor which was copied in the following centuries by the leading crowned heads of Europe for their palaces, a fine example being the hall of mirrors in the Palace at Versailles.
>
> Mr. [Robert] Hanley made a trip to Europe to secure authentic period furniture and fixtures for the car. The crystal chandeliers in the observation-drawing room were purchased in Venice as was the baroque gold cherub mirror over the fireplace. The dining saloon's gold vein diamond paned mirrors were manufactured especially for the car in Italy.
>
> Throughout the car all mouldings and decorative reliefs are of 14K gold leaf, the gold plated lighting fixtures are from France, and the rugs were especially designed for each individual room in the car, hand woven and shot with gold thread.
>
> The ceiling murals were copied from those in the Sistine Chapel in Rome and the paintings on the upper berths in the three master staterooms are scenes of the famed Virginia and Truckee Railway which once ran to Virginia City, Nevada, after which the car is named.



I can think of nothing to add to this except that the artificial logs in the fireplace, fed with propane gas, really burn, though decorously, and that the apparel of the proprietors is worthy of its surroundings. It is not Venetian, but it is the work of patient hands and also liberally shot with gold, Mr. Clegg's watch chain, composed of matching nuggets, being especially rich and strange. In addition to Mr. Beebe and Mr. Clegg, the premises are occupied by a chef, a steward, and an enormous St. Bernard, weighing a hundred and eighty-five pounds. The total weight of all the inmates (Mr. Beebe, two hundred and ten; Mr. Clegg, a hundred and eighty; their two employees, perhaps a hundred and seventy-five apiece; and the dog, as noted) is thus in the neighborhood of half a ton. Unaccustomed to such splendors, my daughter, still barely poised on the threshold of womanhood, could only murmur, "Wow!" My wife, however, though a registered Democrat, was nearly beside herself with rapture and stated that she'd like to live there all her life.



*"I can't slow down. I'm already slowed down."*

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The talk that afternoon, I'm afraid, was hardly up to its jewelled setting. Our hosts were on vacation from Nevada, where they conduct a weekly newspaper, and the conversation dwelt largely on that. This was entertaining in a way, because, just as he did so long ago in New York, Mr. Beebe is intent on imposing an older and more jovial system of manners on a community not always quite sure what is expected of it, and even occasionally hostile. In his fond imagination, everyone in that part of Nevada greets the rising sun with two ounces of bourbon and ends the day prostrate on a barroom floor, and gamblers, prostitutes, and quaint survivals of the roaring past disport themselves with terrible enthusiasm. The paper reports this gaiety conscientiously, and some measure of its success may be gathered from the fact that it has picked up the largest weekly circulation west of the Mississippi and about five hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars' worth of impending lawsuits of one kind and another.

My own tales of the society our hosts had abandoned were in a melancholy minor key. Many of our common acquaintances had died, some picturesquely but more just sorrowfully withering away, unwanted strangers in a new and vulgar world. Others were visibly ailing and could hardly hope to see another spring; still others, like me, had married and produced hostages and lived lives hard to contemplate without a kind of wry hilarity. One of the brightest spirits we had ever known was in jail, having written too many facetious checks.

Mr. Beebe listened sombrely to all this intelligence. "Change and decay," he said. "What are you drinking?"

"Ginger ale," I said with embarrassment, because I had hoped to conceal this humiliating circumstance.

"My God!" he said. "You sick?"

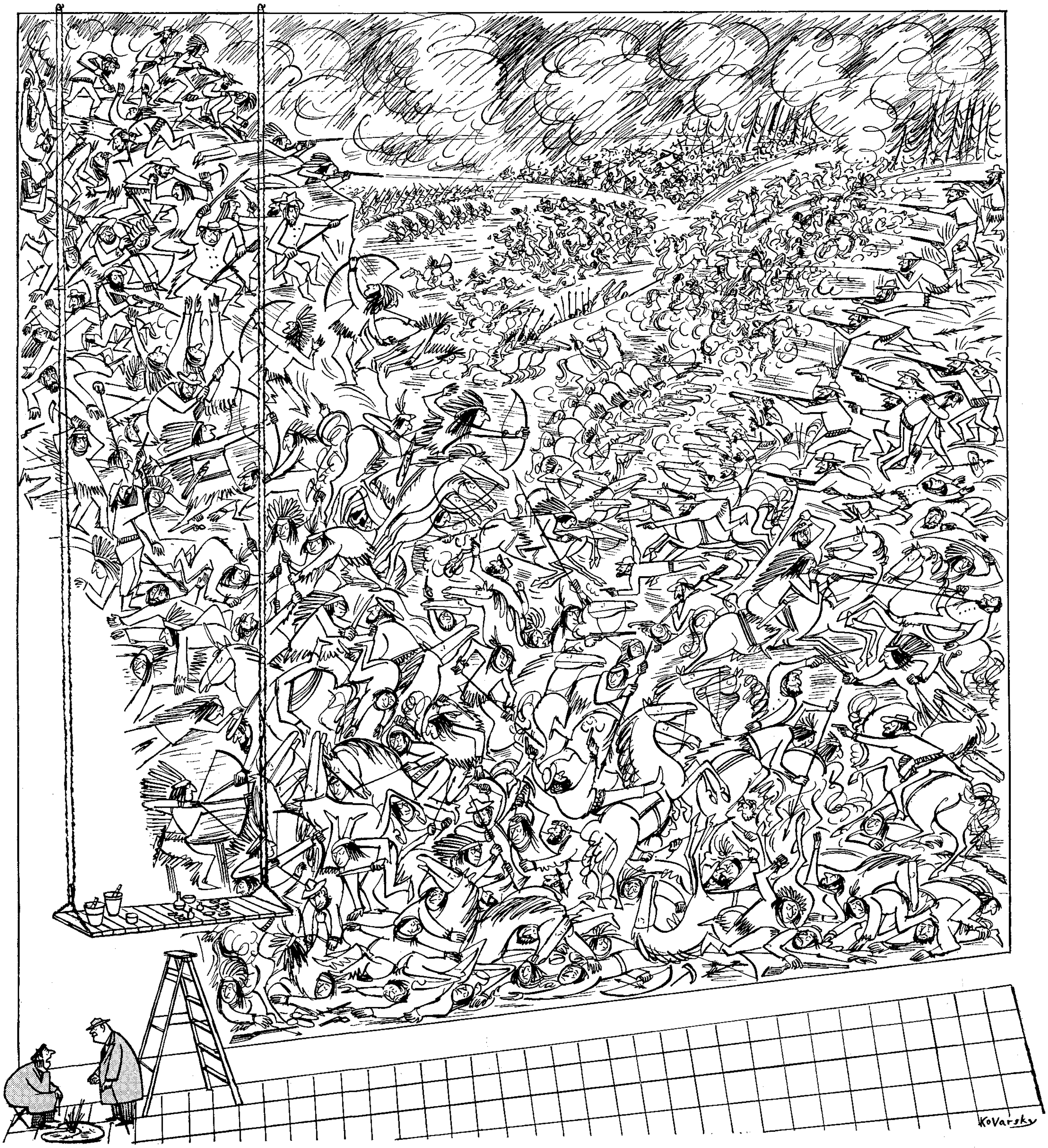
Breeding, however, overcame his horror, and in the end I got the ginger ale. Mr. Beebe himself was drinking Martinis. To my astonishment, they came out of a bottle—a trade preparation, already mixed. "You like that stuff?" I asked as he was poured another.

"Not particularly," he said. It developed that gin struck him as faintly disgusting, however served, and he saw no point in making a witches' brew of his own when industry was prepared to do it for him. He was drinking it now, I gathered, as a concession to barbaric Eastern tastes. My wife is still innocently convinced that there are degrees of merit in Martinis, and I could see that she was not favorably impressed with this ultimate sophistication.

Conversationally, as I've said, the gathering never really got off the ground. Mr. Beebe and I were, I think, glad to see each other again, but our paths had been too far apart. I had a feeling that we were characters in two wildly differing comic strips—his infinitely more colorful and venturesome, mine perhaps a shade more closely related to usual mortal experience. There could be little real communication between a man who clearly regarded his presence in a golden coach on a private siding as a lull between adventures and one who had undertaken a short ride on a ferry only with the deepest misgivings.

We were diverted momentarily by the entrance of the dog, whose name is T-Bone Towser. He is the biggest dog I have ever seen, and, like everything else about the Virginia City, he is somewhat top-heavy with publicity, being, among other things, equipped with a special brandy cask obtainable only at Abercrombie & Fitch. The ladies professed themselves enchanted with him, and in a measure I was, too, though I was not entirely convinced by Mr. Beebe's assurances that he was as gentle as a lamb. His gaze, when it rested on me, was hooded and speculative, and it occurred to me that he was simply biding his time. I was vaguely relieved when Mr. Clegg took him out for a walk.

So our visit wore away. There was a strange peace about it. Enclosed in the golden box, warmed by propane and lulled by Ampex, surrounded by the treasures of older civilizations, we were wonderfully insulated from time and the nagging circumstances of daily life. Once, three proletarian noses were flattened against the window of the door



*"I guess I'm just weary of bloodshed."*

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leading out onto the observation platform, and Mr. Beebe rose and snapped down the shade. "They think we're with a circus," he observed genially. "The freaks, probably. It happens everywhere we go."

WE left shortly after that. Aboard the Utica again, with the lights of Weehawken diminishing behind, I found that my thoughts were rather tedious and ornate, having to do with Mr. Beebe and his symbolic presence on a siding—and with the presence, by extension, of all my contemporaries on sidings of one kind and another. My companions, however, were troubled by no such immensities. They had had a wonderful time. They had been cheered by the vision of an almost incredibly jaunty past, and they had also, I could see, placed me firmly in the middle of it, a battered survivor of God knows what bygone revelries. Altogether, it had been a singularly rewarding trip and one they were unlikely to forget. They only regretted that nobody had had the presence of mind to swipe a 14K Renaissance ashtray.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

# THE PRETENDER

I HAVE been trying to remember when and where I saw my stepmother for the first time. I must have seen her frequently, without singling her out or being aware of her, at many of those houses, full of my father's friends, where he and I—his daughter, Christine—were party or weekend guests in the summer of 1928. He was a popular man, much in demand, and it seems to me—I was four years old at the time—that at weekends, at least, we were made much of at a whole series of houses, from tiny shacks, which young couples had "fixed up" for themselves, to semi-mansions, where we had two guest rooms and a bathroom all to ourselves. Whether we sat under a peach tree on painted homemade chairs at a shack or round the swimming pool on cane chaise longues at a mansion, the atmosphere of those Saturdays and Sundays was the same: the glasses of warm beer, full of sun, into which I sometimes stuck a finger; the light and color of a Johannesburg summer, with thousands of midges, grasshoppers, and other weightless leaping atoms exploding softly over your face as you lay on the grass; the laughter and voices of the men and women, as comforting and pleasant as the drunken buzz of the great bluebottles that fell sated from rotting fruit or of the honeybees that hung for a moment over your head on their way to and fro between elaborate flowering rockeries. She must have been there often, one of the women who would help me into the spotted rubber Loch Ness monster that kept me afloat, or bring me a lemonade with a colored straw to drink it through—so often, indeed, that I ceased to see her.

During the months of that summer, I was a constant visitor, living at one or another of those friends' houses, along with the children of the house; sometimes my father stayed there with me, and sometimes he did not. But even if he was not actually living in the same house, he was in and out every day, and the whole period has in my mind the blurring change and excitement of a prolonged holiday—children to play with and a series of affectionate women who arranged treats, settled fights, and gave me presents. The whereabouts of my mother was vague to me, but I did not find this particularly troubling. It seems to me that I believed her not to be back yet from a visit to my grandmother in Kenya, and yet I have the recollection of once speaking to her on the telephone, as if she were in Johannesburg after all. I remember saying "When are you coming back?" and then not waiting for her to answer but going on "Guess what I've got in my hand!" (It was a frog, which had just been discovered to have completed its metamorphosis from a tadpole in a tin basin full of stones and water.)

The previous winter, when my mother went to Kenya, my father and I had lived in our house—my parents' house—alone. This was not unusual; I am aware that I had been alone with him, in the care of servants, time and again before that. In fact, any conception I have in my mind of my mother and my father and me living together as a family includes her as a presence, rather than as a flesh-and-blood actuality; there were rooms that were hers, books and trinkets belonging to her, and always the mute testimony of her rosewood grand piano. Even when she *was* there, she did little or nothing of an intimate nature for me; I do not connect her with meal or bath times. So it came about, I suppose, that I scarcely understood, that summer, that there was real upheaval and change over my head. My father and I were never to go back to that house together. We had both left it for good; even though I, before the decision was made final for me, was to return for a few weeks, it was not to the *same house*, in any but the brick-and-mortar sense, and my position in it and the regrouping of the household's attention in relation to me were so overwhelmingly altered that they wiped out, in a blaze of self-importance and glory, the dim near-babyhood that had gone before.

For, suddenly, in a beautiful autumn month (it must have been March), I found myself back in our house, alone with my mother. The willows round the lawn were fountains spouting pale-yellow leaves on the grass, which was kept green all year round. I slept with my mother, in her bed. Surely I had not done so before? When I said to her "Mummy, didn't I use to sleep in the nursery before you went to Kenya?," she pushed up my pajama jacket and blew in my navel and said, "Darling, I really have no idea where your Daddy put you to sleep while I was away."

My mother had short, shiny black hair, cut across her forehead in a bang. She took me to the hairdresser and had my hair—my black hair—cut the same way. (Daddy used to brush my hair back off my forehead, first dipping the brush in water. *She* said, "Water dries out the hair.") We would get out of her car together at the houses of friends, and she would walk with me slowly up the path toward them, holding my hand. We looked exactly alike, they all said, exactly alike; they had never seen a child so much the image of her mother.

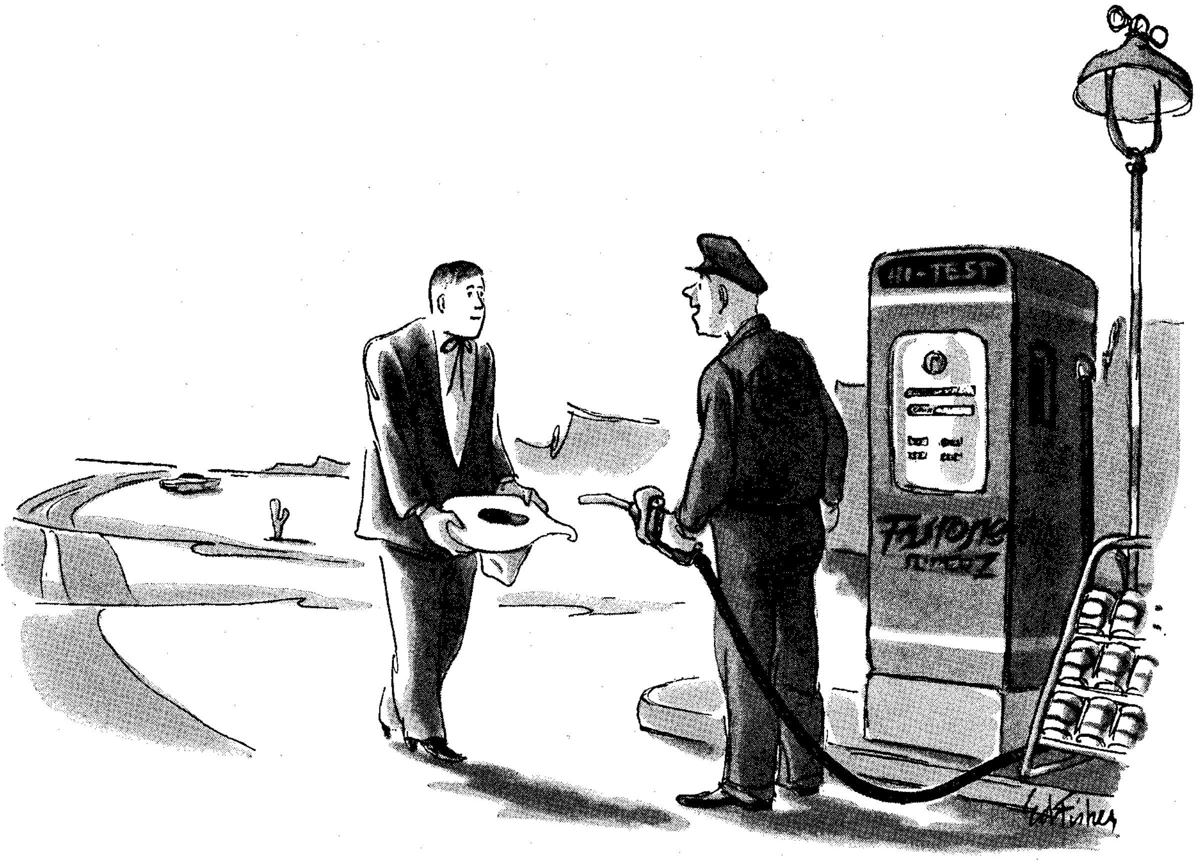
At home, when my mother had guests and played the piano for them, she would put me on the long bench beside her; I had never been so close to a piano while it was being played, and sometimes, at first, the loud parts of the music swelled through my head frighteningly, giving me the feeling I had once had when I slipped through my Loch Ness monster and went under, in a swimming pool. Then I got used to the sensation and found it exciting, and I would say to her, "Play loudly, Mummy! Make it boom!" Sometimes she would stop playing abruptly and whirl round and hold me tight, looking out over my head at the guests who had been listening. I would hear the last reverberation die away in the great rosewood shape behind us while silence held in the room.

My mother walked up and down a room when she talked, and she talked a great deal, especially to people who seemed to have no chance to answer her but were there to listen. Once, in the bathroom, I threw a wet toy and it hit my African nanny on the mouth, and when she smacked my behind and I yelled, my mother rushed in and raged at her, yelling as loudly as I did. My mother was beautiful when she was angry, for she was one of those women who cry with anger, and her eyes glistened and her natural pallor was stained bright with rising blood.

She took me to a circus. She took me to a native mineworkers' "war" dance. She came home from town with a pile of educational toys and sat over me, watching, while I hesitated, caught her urging eye—black, and brilliant as the eye of an animal that can see in the dark—and then, with a kind of hypnotized instinct born of the desire to please, fitted the right peg into the right hole.

THERE were still a few leaves, like droplets not yet shaken off, on the twigs of the willows when my clothes and toys were packed up again and my father came to fetch me away.

This time I went to Mbabane, in Swaziland, with a family of three little girls and their mother, with whom I



*"Ten gallons?"*

had stayed before. I had a wonderful time, and when I came back, it was to a new house, which I had never seen. In it were my father and his second wife, Deb.

I was not surprised to see this woman; as I have said, she was not a stranger to me. I liked her, and, made gregarious by the life of the past year, asked, "How long can Deb stay with us?"

"For always," said my father.

"Doesn't she ever have to go home?"

"This is her home, and yours, and Daddy's."

"Why?"

"Because she is married to me now, Christine. She is my wife, and husbands and wives love each other and live together in the same house."

There was a pause, and when I spoke again, what I said must have been very different from what they expected. They did not know that while I was in Swaziland, I had been taken one rainy afternoon, along with the older children, to the cinema. There I had seen, in all the crystalline rose and blue of Technicolor, a man and woman dance out together in a stately waltz, the only couple on the floor, beneath the chandeliers of a ballroom. When I asked what they were doing, I was told that this was a wedding—the man and the woman had just been married.

"Do you mean like this?" I asked my father and my stepmother. Taking my father's hand and bending my knees, I hopped round solemnly, dragging him with me.

"Dancing?" guessed my father, mystified and affectionate, appealing to his wife.

"Married," I said.

"Oh, that's wonderful!" she cried in sudden delight. "Bless her formal heart! A real wedding, and the bride and groom dancing the first waltz together!"

There followed a confusion of hugging, all around. I was aware only that in some way I had pleased them.

I was now nearly five years old and due to begin going to school. My stepmother took me to town with her, and together we bought the supplies for my birthday party, and my school uniform, and a satchel with a fancy lock—the satchel soon to be stained as greasy as an old fish-and-chip wrapping by the print of successive school lunches—and the elaborate equipment of pencil sharpeners, erasers, and rulers indispensable to the child who has not yet learned to write. Deb understood what a birthday party for a five-year-old should be like. She had ideas of her own, and could sway my torment of indecision between candleholders in the guise of soldiers or elephants, imparting somehow a comforting sense of the rightness of the final choice, but she also knew when to efface her preferences entirely and let me enjoy my own choice for my own unexplained reasons. In fact, she was so good at the calm management of the practical details of my small life that I suppose I quickly assumed this stability as my right, and took it altogether for granted. Deb bought neat and comfortable clothes for me, found the books I would like best to hear her read, took me with her on visits that would be interesting to me but left me at home to play when she was going where there would be nothing to amuse me. I took all this for granted, too; she always had, hadn't she, right from the first day?

The children at school wanted to know why I called my mother "Deb." When I said that she was not my mother, they insisted that she must be.

"Are you my mother now, Deb?" I asked her one day.

"No," she said. "You know that you have your own mother."

"They say you must be, because you live with Daddy and me."

"I'm your second mother," she said, looking to see if that would do.

"Like my godmother?"

"That's right."

I dashed off to play; it was perfectly satisfactory.

THERE came a stage when school, the preparation for which had been so enjoyable, palled. I suppose there must have been some incident there, some small failure that embarrassed or shamed me. I do not remember. But I know that suddenly I didn't want to go to school. Deb was gentle but insistent. I remember my long, sullen silence one day, after a wrangle of "Why?"s from me and firm explanations from her. At last, I said, "When I'm at my mother's, I stay home all the time."

My stepmother was squatting on

her heels in front of a low cupboard, and her eyes opened up toward me like the eyes of one of my dolls, whose lids I could alternately lower and raise by inclining the doll's body, but her voice was the same as usual. "When you go to your mother's, you're on a holiday, a visit. If you lived with your mother all the time now, you would go to school, just as you do here," she said.

I stood right in front of her. She looked up at me again, and I said, "No, I wouldn't." I waited. Then I said, "She lets me do what I like." I waited again. "I can even play her piano. She's got a big piano. As big as this room."

My stepmother went on slowly putting back into the cupboard the gramophone records she had been sorting and cleaning. Standing over her, I could see the top of her head, an unfamiliar aspect of a grownup. It was then, I think, that I began to see her for the first time not as one of the succession of pretty ladies who petted and cared for me but as Deb, as someone connected in wordless depths with my father and me, just as my father and I and, yes, my mother were connected—someone who had entered, irrevocably, the atavistic tension of that cunning battle for love and supremacy that exists between children and parents.

She was a fair woman, this Deb, this woman beloved of my father; on all faces there is some feature that catches the light in a characteristic prominence, and on Deb's face, at that moment and always, it was her long golden eyebrows, shining. They were bleached from much swimming, but her dull curly hair, always protected from sun and water by a cap, hung colorless and nowhere smooth enough to shine. I knew the stiff and ugly ears that she kept hidden, like a secret, under that rough hair. Her face was broad and brown across strong cheekbones, and she had a big, orange-painted mouth, calm and beautiful. Her eyes were green or blue, depending on what color she wore; that day, they were green. As she squatted, her thighs and calves showed beneath her short skirt, and her knees, closed back against each other like the blades of a knife, were particularly pretty—smooth and pink-skinned, with a close speckling of dainty freckles, like the round tops of her arms and her long calves. She was the sort of fair woman who would never be called a blonde.

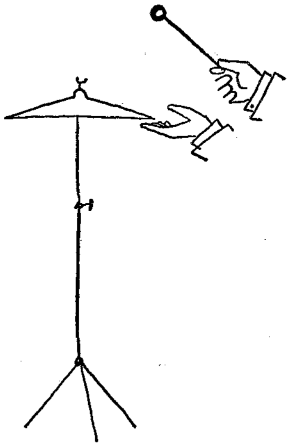
Deb. I shall never forget the feeling I had as I stood there over her. If I search my adult experience to approximate it, I can only say it now seems to me that, physically, it was rather like the effect of the first drink you take after a long day of strenuous exercise—climbing or skiing. It was a feeling of power that came like an inflow of physical strength. I was only five years old, but power is something of which I am convinced there is no innocence this side of the womb, and I knew what it was, all right; I understood, without a name for it, what I had. And with it came all the weapons—that bright, clinical set I didn't need to have explained to me, as my father had had to explain to me the uses of the set of carpenter's tools that the handyman spread around himself when he came to put up new shelves in our kitchen. My hand would go out unfalteringly for these drills and probes, and the unremembered pain of where they had been used on me would guide me to their application.

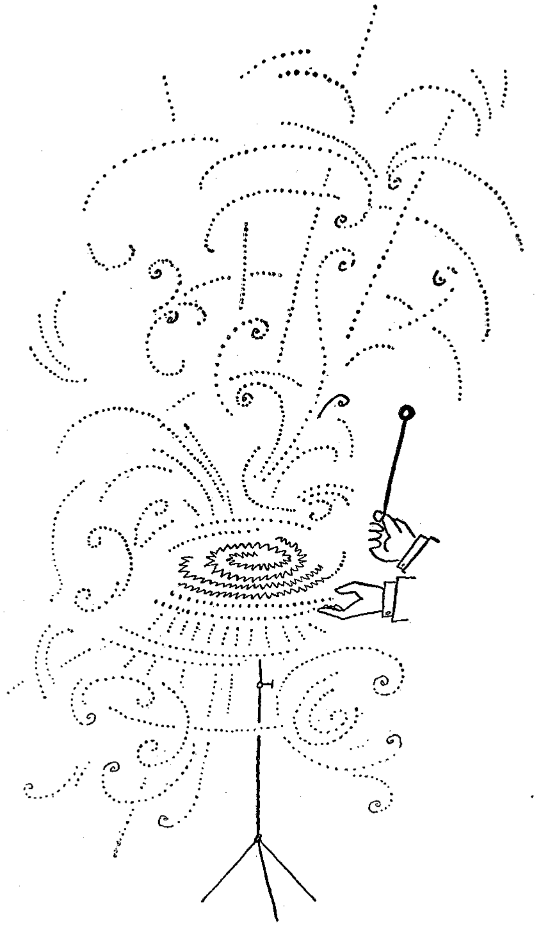
"Deb," I said then, "why didn't Daddy marry my mother?"

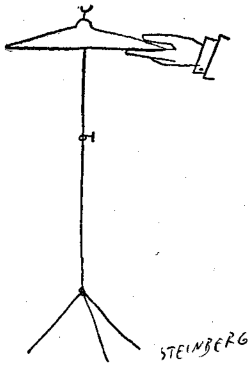
"He did," she said, without raising her eyes. "Once, he was married to her. But they were not happy with each other. Not like Daddy and me—and you. Not happy together like us." She did not ask me if I remembered this earlier unhappiness, but she looked up then, and her voice suggested the question, in spite of her.

Daddy. My mother. My mother was simply a word I was using, at that moment. I could not see her in my head. She was a mouth moving, singing. Then, for a second she sat at the piano, smiled at me, one of her swift, startling smiles that were like someone jumping out of concealment and saying "Boo!" Inside me, it gave me a fright, and in retaliation I wanted to hurt someone. If my dog had been there, I would have pulled back his ears, hard, to hear him yelp. There was Deb, squatting in front of me. I said, "My mother's got a piano as big as this house. I want to go and stay with her."

Deb got up from the floor and rubbed down her thighs. "Soon," she said. "You'll go







on another visit soon, I'm sure. Let's see if tea's ready."

We did not take each other's hand but walked out onto the porch side by side, with a space between us.

IT was after that day that I began to be conscious of the relationship between my father and Deb. This was not the way he and those others—the pretty, helpful friends who were the mothers of my friends—had behaved toward each other. I watched with unbiassed interest when my father ate an apple bite-and-bite-about with this woman, or, passing her chair at breakfast after he had kissed me goodbye in the morning, paused to press his cheek silently against hers, his eyes closed. In the car, I noticed that she rested her hand on his knee as he drove. Sometimes, in the evenings, both she and I sat on his lap at once.

There were no images in my memory to which to match these. They were married, Deb and my father. This behavior was marriage. Yet Deb herself had told me that marriage had once existed between my father and my mother. One day I came home from a visit to my mother and remarked, conversationally, in the bedroom Deb and my father shared, "My mother's got a bed just like yours, Deb, and that's where Daddy and she used to sleep when he lived there, didn't you, Daddy?"

It was Sunday, and my father still lay in bed, reading the paper; Deb's place was empty and she was gathering her clothing together before she went off to the bathroom. He said, "No, girl. Don't you remember? Mine was the room with the little balcony."

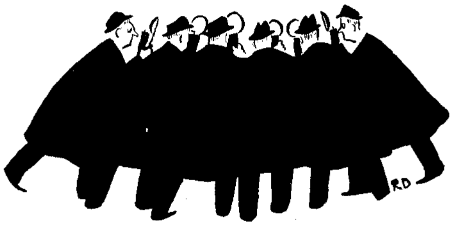
"Oh, yes," I said. "Of course, I know." All at once I remembered the smell of that rather dark, high room—a smell of shirts fresh from the iron, of the two leather golf bags in the corner, and of some chemical with which the carpet had been cleaned. All this—the smell of my father—had disappeared under the warmer, relaxing, polleny scents of the room he now shared with a woman, where peach-colored dust from her powder settled around his hairbrushes, and the stockings she peeled off retained the limp, collapsed semblance of her legs, like the newly shed skin of a snake I had come upon in the tall grass when I was on holiday in Swaziland.

I think that there must have been something strongly attractive to me in the ease of this family intimacy, which had not existed in our old home, and to which my father and I found ourselves admitted with such naturalness. Yet because it was unfamiliar, the very seductiveness of its comfort seemed, against the confusion of my short life, a kind of disloyalty, to which I was party and of which I, too, was guilty.

I was too young for motives; I could only let them bubble up, manifest in queer little words and actions. I know that that Sunday morning I said stoutly, as if I were explaining some special system of living, "There we each had our *own* room. Everybody slept in their own room."

Before the end of the first year of the marriage, that power that had come to me like a set of magical weapons the day when my stepmother squatted before me at the record cupboard became absolute. It crushed upon my little girl's head the vainglory and triumph of the tyrant's crown. I was to wear it as my own for the rest of my childhood.

Deb was cuddling me, secure in her arms one day, when I said, out of some gentle warmth that I felt peacefully within me at the moment, "I'm going to call you Mummy because I love you best." I am sure she knew that the statement was not quite so stunning and meaningful as it sounds now, out of the context of childhood. Quite often, she had heard me say of an animal or a new friend, "You know who I love. I love only Joanna." (Or "Doris," or "Claire.") Sometimes the vehement preference was expressed not out of real feeling for the friend or animal in question but out of pique toward some other child or animal. At other times it was merely an unreasonable surge of well-being that had to find an object. But I had never before said this particular thing to her. I felt her thighs tighten suddenly beneath me and her fingers close on my arm. She shook back her hair fumblingly and held her face away from mine to look at me; she was awkward with joy. I looked up into the stare of her eyes—grown-up eyes that fell before mine—and felt the fearful, amazed thrill of victim turned victor.



THAT was our story, really, for many years. My father and Deb were deeply in love and theirs was a serene marriage. The three of us lived together in amity; it was a place of warmth for a child to grow in. I visited my mother at regular, if widely spaced, intervals. I went to her for short periods at Christmas and birthdays and during holidays. Thus it was that along with her went excitement and high occasion, treats and parties, people who exclaimed over me, and the abolishment of that guillotine of joys, bedtime. Sometimes the tide of grown-up activities would pass on over my head and leave me stranded and abandoned on a corner of somebody's sofa, rubbing my eyes against the glare of forgotten lights. It did not matter; the next day, or the day after that, I was sure to be delivered back to Deb and my father and the comfort of my child's pace.

Thus it was, too, that along with home and Deb and my father went everyday life, the greater part of life, with time for boredom, for transgressions and punishments. When I visited my mother for a weekend or a day, I was on my best behavior, befitting a treat or an occasion; I was never with her long enough to need chastisement. So when, at home, I was naughty and my father or Deb had to punish me, I would inflame myself against them with the firm belief that my mother would never

## CROW

A tree is the crow's castle. There on the crown
of a yellow field under the March sky
sits a crow now, looking down
into his wet woods and thin-stubble demesne.

Bare branch his parapet, cloud-shred
his pennon—robber earl, sentinel
to the bountied and out-cast—hark, he cawed!
In yonder field, a knight lies dead

underneath his shield; a mile from here—
on the ridge to eastward—Breughel's bright
hunters debouch, with horn and spear,
falcon and hound, and limp, dead deer.

—Peter Kane Dufault

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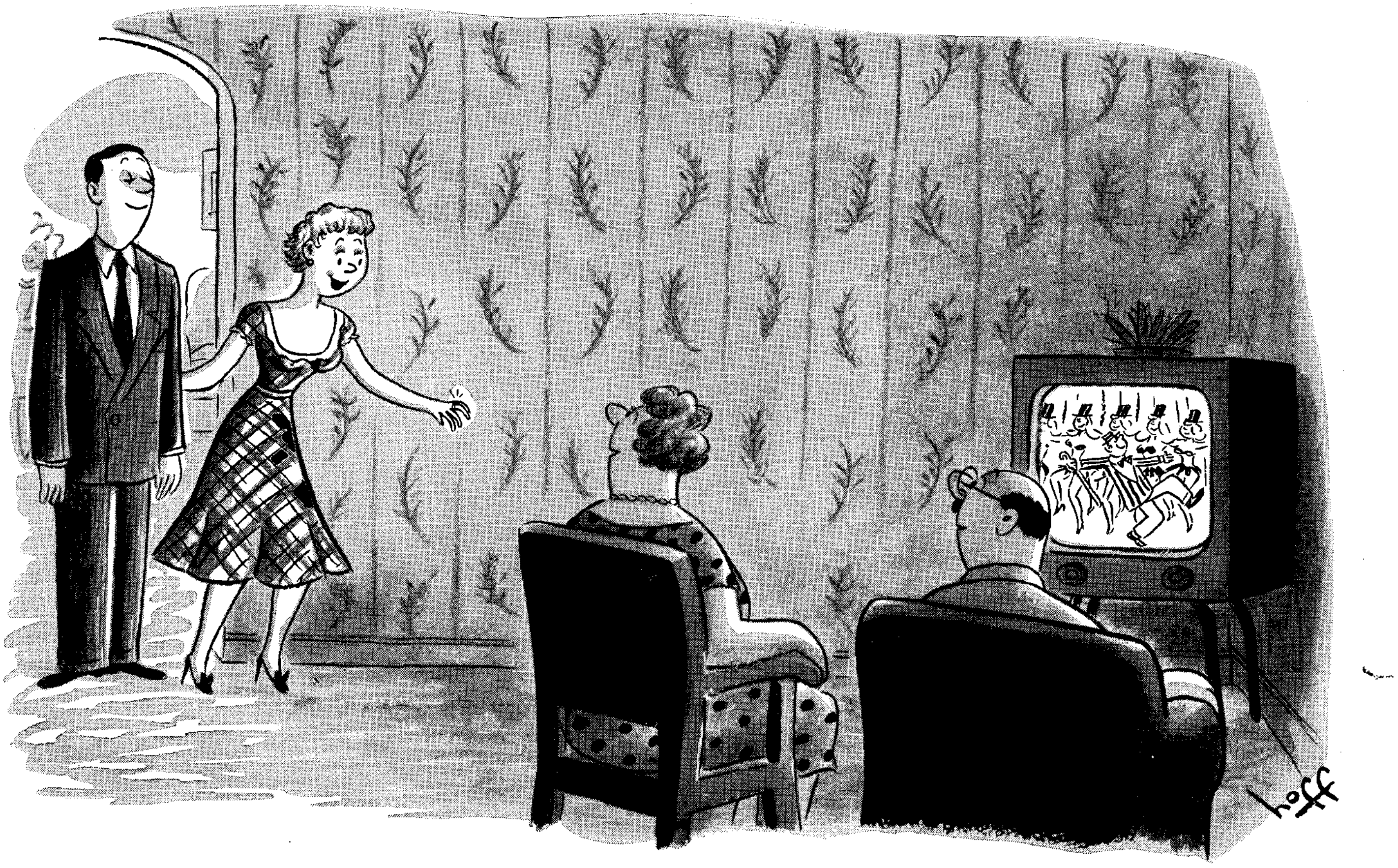

*"We interrupt this program for an important news bulletin."*

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punish me. At these times of resentment and injury, I would see my mother clearly and positively—her elegant black head, and her hard wrists volatile with bracelets she had bought all over the world—flaming in the light of a Christmas tree or the fiery ring of candles on a birthday cake, my champion against a world that would not bend entirely to my will. In the same way, for the first few days after my return from a visit to her, everything about the way she lived and the things surrounding her were lit up by the occasion with which my visit had coincided; her flat (when I was six or seven, she moved into a luxurious penthouse, in a block overlooking a country club) was like the glowing cardboard interior of the king's castle carried away in my mind from a pantomime matinée. "There's a swimming pool right on top of the building, on the roof garden," I might tell Deb. "I swim there every morning. Once, I swam at night. My mother lets me. The lift doesn't go up to the top—you have to walk the last flight of stairs from the twelfth floor." Or "My mother's got a convertible. Do you know what that is, Deb? It's a car with a roof that folds back. The sun comes right in on the top of your head." Or "I wish we had a swimming pool here. I don't like this old house, without even a swimming pool."

Deb always answered me quietly. Never, even when I was very young, did she try to point out rival attractions at home. But in time, when I grew older and was perhaps eleven or twelve, I struggled against something that went more than quiet—went dead—in her during these one-sided conversations. I felt not that she was not listening but that she was listless, without interest in what I said. And then I did not know at whom the resentment I suddenly felt was directed—whether at my mother, that glossy-haired kingfisher flashing in and out of my life, for having a roof-garden swimming pool and a convertible car, or at Deb, for her lack of attention and her negative reaction to my relation of these wonders. This reaction of hers was all the more irking, and even dismaying, when I remembered the way she watched and listened to me sometimes, with that look in her eyes that wanted something from me—that look I had known how to conjure up ever since the day when I suggested I would call her my mother, and yet had never allowed to come to fulfillment between us. The business of my calling her Mother, for instance; it had come up several times again while I was small. But she, in the silence that followed, had never managed anything more than, once, an almost unintelligibly murmured "If you like." And I, once the impulsive, casually pronounced sentence had exploded and left its peculiar after-silence, had dropped my avowal as if I had left a toy, here or there, for someone else to pick up in the house or garden. I never did call her Mother; in time, I think I would have been surprised to hear there had ever been any question that she should be anything but "Deb."

I was strongly attached to her, and when, at twelve or thirteen, I entered adolescence and boarding school at the same time, there was, in fact, a calm friendship between us, uncomplicated by the misunderstandings usual between a mother and a daughter outgrowing childhood. I suppose if she had been truly in the position of a mother, this relationship would not have been possible.

I WAS fifteen when I asked the question that had taken a thousand different forms—doubts, anxieties, and revenges—all through my life but had never formulated itself directly. The truth was I had never known what that question *was*—only felt it, in all my blood and bones, fumbled toward it under the kisses of people who loved me, and asked it with my seeking of my father's hands, or the warmth of Deb's lap, or the approval of my form mistress's eye, or the smiles of my friends. Now, finally, it came to me, matter-of-factly, in words.

I was home from school for the weekend, and there had been guests at lunch. They had discussed the divorce of a common friend and the wrangle over the custody of the children of the marriage. One of the guests, Derrick, was a lawyer, and he had gone into the legal niceties in some detail. After the guests had gone, my father went off for his nap, and Deb and I dragged our favorite canvas chairs out onto the lawn. As I settled mine at a comfortable angle, I asked her, curiously, "Deb, how was it that my mother didn't get me? The custody of me, I mean."

She thought for a moment, and I thought she must be trying to decide how best to present some legal technicality in a way that I would understand.

"I mean their divorce was an arranged thing, wasn't it?" I went on. "One of those divorces arranged to look like desertion that Derrick was talking about. Why didn't my mother get me?" Derrick had explained that where parents contested the custody of a child, a young child was almost always awarded to the care of the mother, unless there was some strong factor suggesting that she was unsuitable to rear a child.

Then, quite suddenly, Deb spoke. Her face was red and she looked strange, and she spoke so fast that what she said was almost blurted. "She gave you up."

Her face and tone so astonished me that the impact of what she had said missed its mark. I stared at her, questioning. She met my gaze stiffly, with a kind of jerky bravado.

"How do you mean?" I asked.

"Voluntarily. She gave you over to your father."

The pressure in her face died down slowly; her hands moved, as if released, on the chair arms. "I should never have told you," she said flatly. "I'd promised myself I never would."

"You mean she didn't want me?"

"We don't know what her reasons were, Christine. We can't know them."

"Didn't try to get me?"

There was a long silence. Then she said, "We made up our minds. We decided it was best. We decided we would try and make your relationship with her as normal as possible. Never say anything against her. I promised myself I wouldn't try— wouldn't try to make things better for myself." She paused. "I often wanted to tell you— oh, lots of things. I wanted to punish you for what I was withholding for your sake. I wanted to hurt you; I suppose I forgot you were a child . . . Well, what does it matter, anyway? It's all worked itself out, long ago. Only, I shouldn't have told you now. It's pointless." She smiled at me, as at a friend who could be counted upon to understand a confession. "It didn't even give me any pleasure."

My stepmother seemed to be talking about this whole situation that we had all lived in as if it were something remembered from the past, instead of a living situation in the continuity of my growing up, in which I was then, at that moment, beginning my life as a young woman. Everything had worked itself out long ago. Perhaps it had. Yes, she was right. It had worked itself out without me—above and about me, over my head, saving me the risk and the opportunity of choosing of my own volition who was to stand as mother to me.

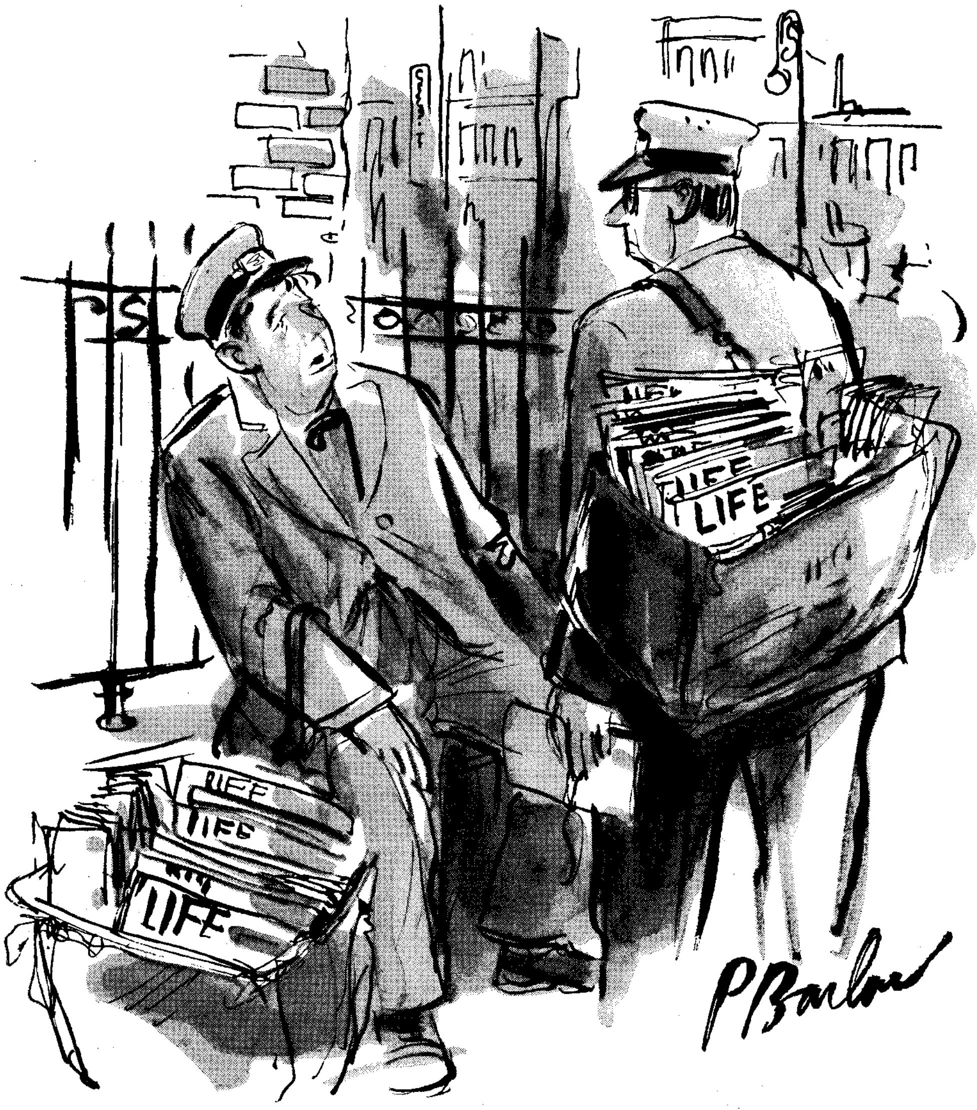
*My mother*, I thought. That black-haired, handsome woman, now become rather fleshy. It was not toward *her* that I felt anger, regret, and a terrible, mournful anguish of loss, which brought up from somewhere in my tall, clumsy, half-woman's, half-child's body what I was alarmed to recognize as the raking turmoil that precedes tears.

My stepmother sat in her own private peace, like a pretender to the throne who has abdicated his right of accession. "We're really good friends, aren't we?" she said at last, lovingly, with quiet conviction.

It was true. Because of her desire to "do the right thing" by me, that was what we were—all we were—friends, not mother and daughter.

I have never forgiven her for it.

—NADINE GORDIMER



*"If their circulation keeps going up, Joe, I swear I can't go on."*

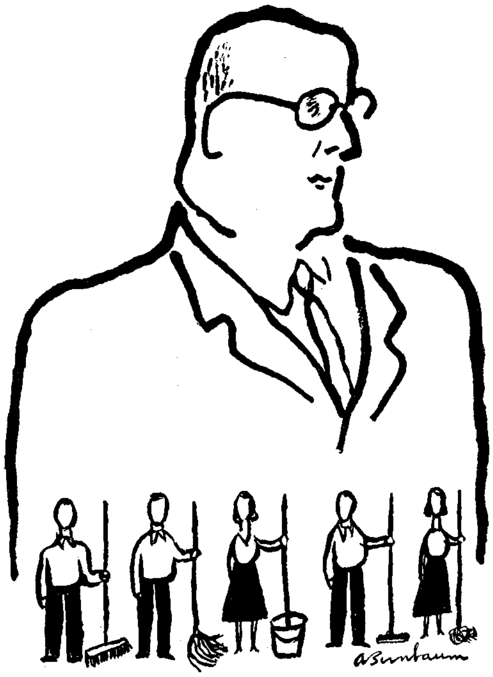
•

Baldwin Grand, slightly used by artist, 5 ft. 2. See Mr. Colber, 20 E. 54 st.—*The Herald Tribune.*

Sometimes those little fellows can raise quite a lot of Cain.

# PROFILES

## HOLY SMOKESTACKS, WHAT A MESS!



Daniel Fraad, Jr.

KEEPING Manhattan's giant office buildings, department stores, and other commercial structures tidied up and swept clean of the accumulation of dirt, grime, and assorted rubbish that is the inevitable by-product of a day's activities in a big and tumultuous city is a formidable task of housekeeping—a relentless war fought over thousands of acres of floor space against an unending invasion of simple dust, coffee containers, ticker tape, cigarette butts, wads of chewing gum, the crusts of sent-in lunch-time sandwiches, wastepaper in bargeload quantities, and all the innumerable other manifestations of dirt and litter. This war is a strangely quiet one, waged for the most part in the dead of night by enormous and generally unseen janitorial armies deployed in precise formations and directed in a highly organized fashion from the central headquarters of some dozen big building-maintenance companies in the metropolitan area that provide their services to landlords on a contract basis. Some of these companies provide no more than coveys of nocturnal office cleaners or crews of floor-waxers, but others are corporate Jacks-of-all-trades, ready to perform every sort of service necessary to keep a building operating satisfactorily—plumbing, painting, electrical and carpentry work, general repairing, boiler-room supervision, and sandblasting, to name only a very few. Of all the companies engaged in this work, none is larger or more diversified in its undertakings than the Allied Maintenance Corporation, a housekeeping enterprise with a staff of nearly five thousand and a scope so vast that at one time or another it has listed among its clients the Statue of Liberty, the Zurich Cathedral, the New York World's Fair, and the International Airport at Gander, Newfoundland.

The president and very active head of Allied Maintenance is Daniel Fraad, Jr., a bald, ebullient, massively built man of forty-four, who is known to his friends as Junior, wears horn-rimmed spectacles, and represents the third generation of a cleaning dynasty that once dusted and swept the town mansions of men like Andrew Carnegie and Jay Gould. Under Fraad's direction, Allied's troops of moppers, charwomen, and maintenance-and-repair men labor constantly to keep some two hundred big structures here and elsewhere going—not only office buildings and department stores but banks, baseball stadiums, and railroad and airline terminals. Among the local buildings Allied is charged with cleaning are the Daily Mirror Building, the Juilliard School of Music, Saks Fifth Avenue, Stern's, Abercrombie & Fitch, Abraham & Straus, Pennsylvania Station (and the Pennsylvania Greyhound bus terminal), Yankee Stadium, Ebbets Field, and the three midtown airline terminals, as well as a number of the facilities at Idlewild and LaGuardia. While the janitorial demands of such an array of buildings might seem to present more than enough problems for any one company, they constitute only a substantial beginning for Fraad. At Abercrombie & Fitch, for example, the elevators are run by Allied employees, and at Saks the doorman, although resplendent in a Saks uniform, is actually an Allied operative. For several years, an English butler from Allied's ranks served tea every afternoon to the executives at Bonwit Teller. And at Ebbets Field, in addition to the people who sweep the place out after a game, Fraad's company provides and supervises the ticket-sellers, the ushers, the special police to handle the crowds, the groundkeepers, the scoreboard operators, the public-address-system engineers, and even the lady who sings "The Star-Spangled Banner" before each game. While many maintenance companies would consider English butlers and lady singers a bit out of their line, Fraad's concept of housekeeping is broad enough not only to encompass such genteel functionaries but, indeed, to embrace the whole field of aviation maintenance. At fifteen airports in this country and Canada he provides services that include loading commercial airplanes, fuelling them (at the rate of fifty million gallons of high-octane gasoline a month), cleaning them, and giving them complete mechanical tune-ups.

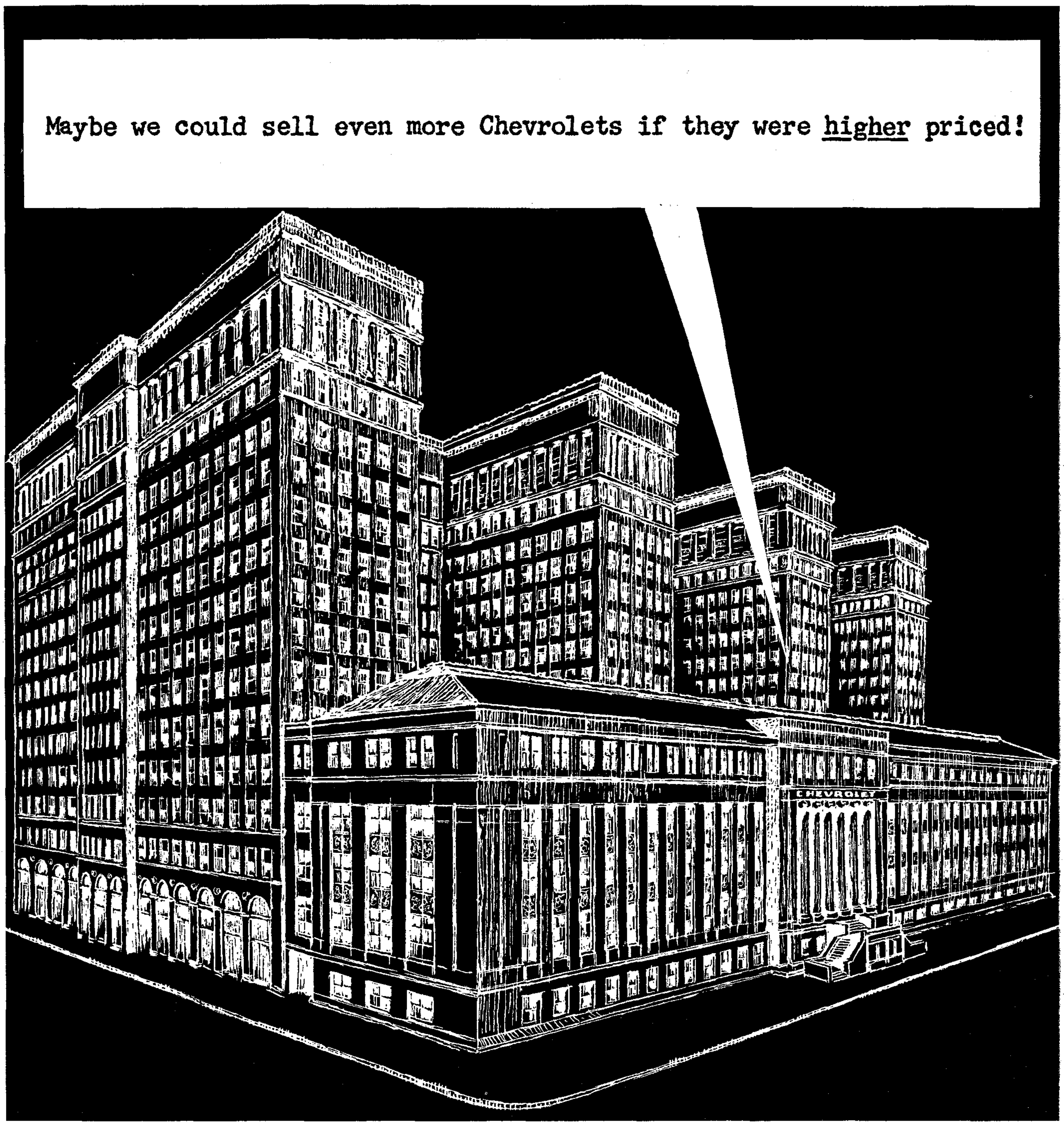
THE greatest part of Allied's business, however, is firmly based on keeping big buildings neat and structurally sound, both inside and out. In this field, Fraad, by virtue of his background, the size of his company, and his endless preoccupation with the subject, is probably more happily at home than anyone else in the world. He has a special, almost compassionate feeling for big buildings. When he looks up at a looming commercial structure, he tends to see it not as a solid inanimate object but as a complex living organism struggling for survival in a hostile environment—a frail shell, constantly yielding to the wind, spasmodically expanding and contracting in the heat of the day and the cold of the night, and no less beset by the wear and soil of humanity within than by the ravages of nature without. The very air around a building imparts to Fraad a sense of the dramatic. He visualizes it not as a void but as a sea of great, toxic aerial currents, swirling and churning in furious turmoil as they endlessly hurl against the sides of the building, and insinuate into its interior huge amounts of the corrosive matter with which they are laden—moisture compounded with salt from the spray of the waters around Manhattan; carbonized gases from the exhausts of automobiles, trucks, buses, and airplanes; gummy particles of rubber thrown up from skidding tires; sulphurous clouds of aerial sewage poured forth from the smokestacks of a peripheral wall of factories; and just plain dust.

Exposed to the continuous assault of these hostile agents, a building, in Fraad's view, stands as a giant in sore travail, a Gargantuan creature forever beset by gnawing blights whose progress only unceasing human exertions can check. As soaking rains, baking suns, wrenching ice storms, and the ever present polluted air inexorably wreak their damage, the giant's stone skin blackens, blisters, splits, and crumbles—disorders that special teams of Allied men minister to by steam-cleaning, sandblasting, waterproofing, calking, and pointing. Beneath the skin, the steel skeleton, eroded by moisture seeping in through the cracked surface, becomes rusty, weak, and generally debilitated, calling for the attention of Allied structural engineers. From time to time, the complex circulatory systems of heat, water, air, and electricity that give a building life develop fractures, ruptures, aneurysms, and all the rest of the afflictions that come with age and use and abuse, and to correct these, Allied stands ready to send plumbers, air-conditioning technicians, electricians, or repair-and-maintenance experts of any other sort that may be required. And day and night the whole building, from the pores of its skin to the inmost recesses of the myriad office cells that honeycomb its interior, is under a relentless barrage of dirt, all kinds of dirt—dusty dirt, greasy dirt, gritty dirt, and rubbishy dirt, dirt from the streets, dirt from the air, and dirt from human activity—which settles on its surfaces by the ton and has to be removed.

The removal of dirt is the most prodigious of all the tasks that Fraad's company performs. Every twenty-four hours, his employees mop, sweep, dust, and polish some fifty-two million square feet of building space—adding up to an annual total of about four hundred and thirty-eight thousand acres. Every year, in the course of this monumental task (which is the equivalent of giving the entire surface of the city's five boroughs two annual scrubbings, with an additional once-over for the Bronx), they wear out or use up approximately sixteen thousand brushes and brooms, nine and a half tons of mopheads, ten and a half tons of cleaning rags, fifteen thousand gallons of wax, and a hundred and sixty thousand pounds of powdered detergents. There is no way of measuring how much dirt they remove in a year, but according to Fraad it must run into the hundreds of thousands of tons. His attitude toward dirt is a philosophic one. "There's nothing wrong with dirt itself," he says. "It's only when it works its way into places where it doesn't belong that it becomes objectionable. We simply maneuver it from where it doesn't belong to where it does." To Fraad, the strategy and tactics of this maneuvering of dirt are an art and a science of their own. He can, and often does, devote as much study to such problems as the size of the cleaning force needed to deal with the procession of oozing footprints into a department store on a wet day as a general might to the number of troops needed to protect a weakened flank, and he will ponder the synchronization of the motions of an Allied floor-mopping team with the careful deliberation of a General Motors executive setting up an assembly line. The shape and composition of the implements Allied cleaners use are under unremitting scrutiny; Fraad has instigated time-and-motion studies to determine, among other things, the optimum length for a broom handle, how many strands a mophead should have, and what material these should be made of to wear well and absorb the maximum amount of water. "If we can develop a new radiator brush that will en-

Whitney Darrow, Jr.

*"I'd like to see one of those Russians try to get friendly with me!"*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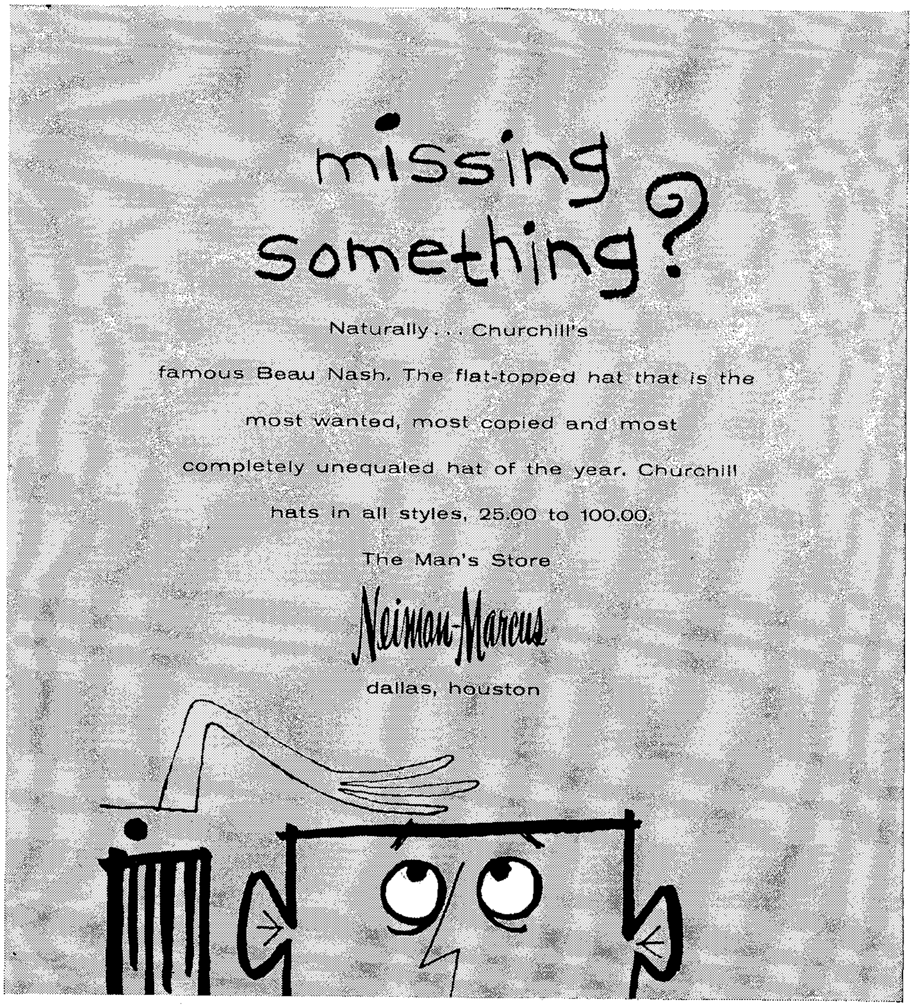
CHEVROLET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able a man to make just one less motion every thirty seconds, the savings will show up on our books over a period of months," Fraad says. "These time-and-motion studies of ours have helped us find the answers to a lot of problems that used to bother us. For example, what's the quickest way of cleaning the Venetian blinds in a big building—climb up on ladders or take the blinds down and do the job on the floor? For a long while, we used ladders, but after we got out our stopwatches and made a study of the situation, we found we could save time and get the blinds cleaner by taking them down and dumping them into a bath of cleaning solvent."

Notwithstanding his pragmatic approach to the subject of removing dirt, Fraad is resigned to the fact that perfection will always elude him. He has found that the incessant struggle against dirt is one in which it is impossible ever to claim more than limited gains, and these are quickly lost unless they are vigilantly guarded; he has come to certain terms with dirt, but only by continuing an inconclusive war of compromise against it. How much and in what ways he should compromise are involved and difficult questions, to which Fraad devotes a good deal of soul-searching. "The big difficulty that we have to contend with in this business is that it doesn't have any qualitative standards," he said recently, while musing on the subject of dirt. "There are no yardsticks in cleanliness. I can't even tell a prospective client how clean our company will make his building. After all, how clean *is* clean? Except for a few objects, like surgical instruments just after they're removed from the sterilizer in the operating room—and even they aren't entirely clean once they come into contact with the air—everything is to some extent dirty. Cleanliness is so much a matter of opinion and relativity. The best I can do for a client is tell him that we will provide him with a certain number of man-hours' or dollars' worth of cleanliness."

The aesthetics of dirt is a subject that Fraad regards as every bit as complex as the logistics of dirt. What he strives for in cleaning a building is essentially an effect of uniformity. "A floor that isn't cleaned in such a way as to present a uniform appearance looks far worse than one that hasn't been cleaned at all," he says. "Personally, I strongly object to white floors, because no matter how thoroughly you clean them, they look splotchy the minute people start walking on them. The same holds for black floors. Give me something neutral or

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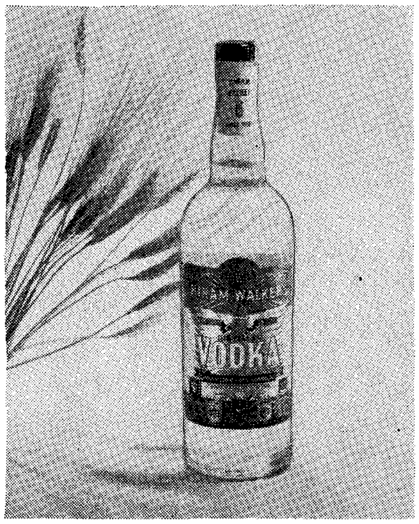

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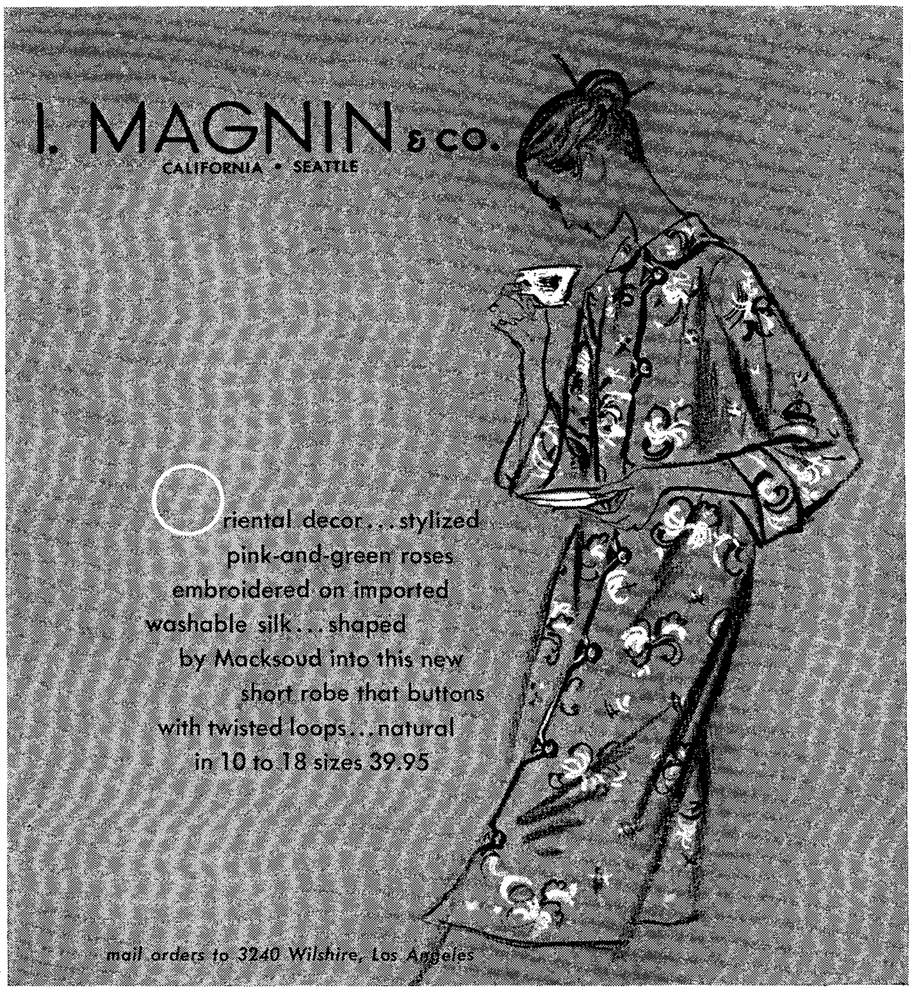

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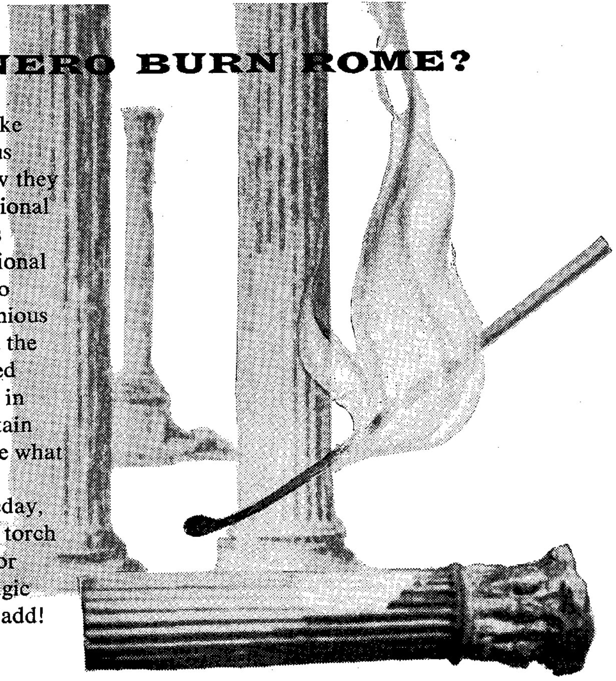

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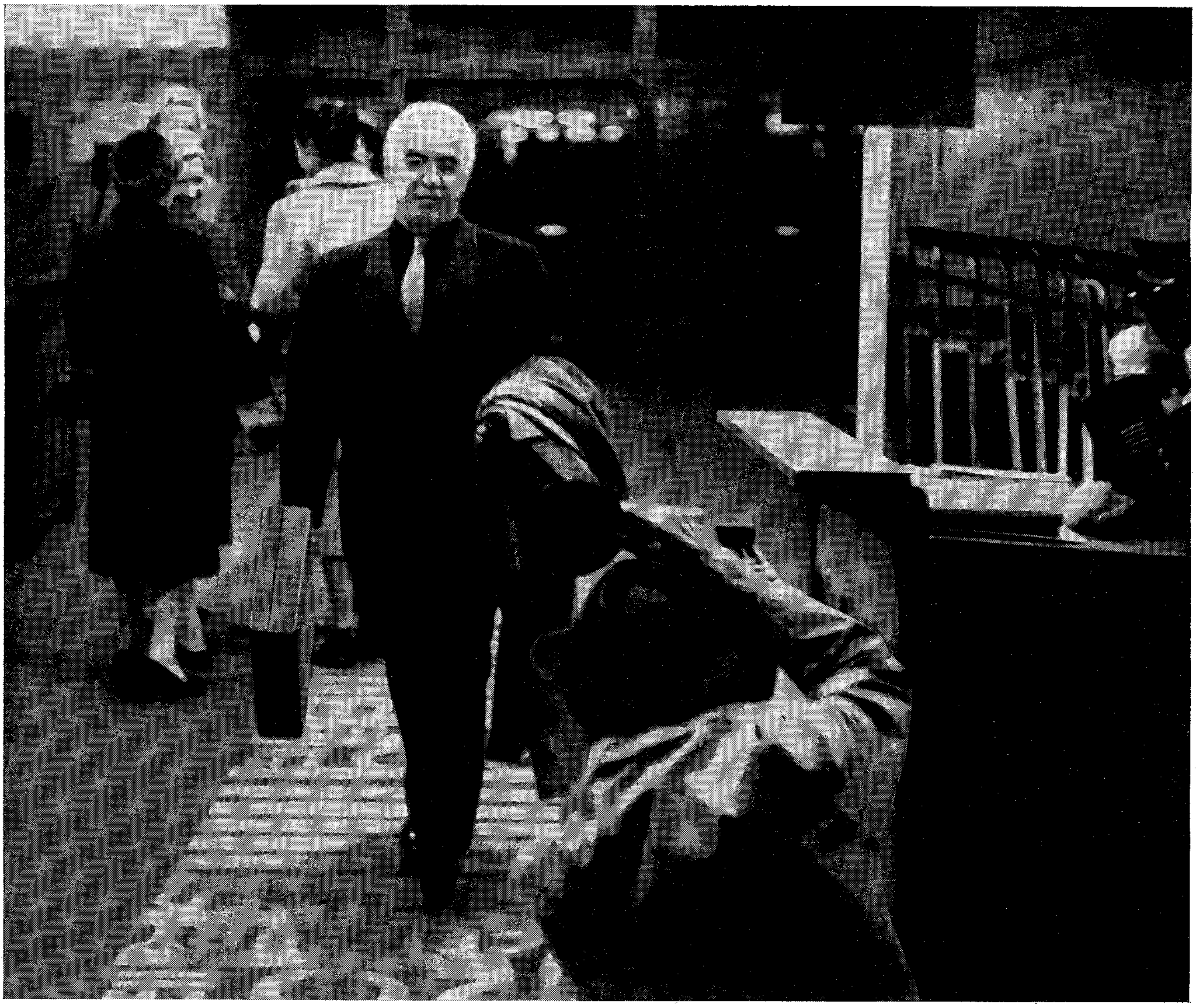
nicely mottled every time. Sometimes, in cleaning a place, we deliberately dirty parts of it in order to obtain an effect of uniformity. We had an example of that back in 1943, when we were asked to reorganize the cleaning of the municipal buildings in the town of Oak Ridge. They had a movie theatre there with beaverboard walls, and the lower part of the back wall was covered with greasy marks where people in the rear row had leaned against it while watching the show. Well, the place was used as a church on Sundays, and those marks, which were impossible to remove, looked terrible in the daylight. So we decided that the best thing to do was to coat the whole wall with a mineral oil that darkened it to the same shade as the marks. It looked much cleaner after that. But, in a way, the wall was now uniformly *dirty*."

Although Fraad may not be able to define the precise degree of cleanliness necessary to make any given structure presentable, he does have a highly developed sense of what it should be. Called in to make a preliminary estimate of the cost of cleaning an ordinary, eighteen- or twenty-story office building, say, he can calculate on the spot, simply by glancing about him as he walks swiftly through the corridors of each floor and then scribbling briefly on a scratch-pad, just about how many man-hours and dollars will be required to keep the place in satisfactory shape. In his quick survey, he will have taken shrewd notice of such factors as the number and size of the offices and windows on each floor; the amount and distribution of human traffic in the building; the condition, color, and area of the various types of floor coverings; the number of desks and the ease with which they can be moved or swept under; and the amount and kind of glass in door panels and partitions. (Frosted glass has a bad way of collecting and showing dust, and Fraad knows that any door or partition in which it is used will probably have to be cleaned every other day; even so, it is preferable to clear glass, because clear glass shows finger marks and may have to be cleaned as often as twice a day in an office where there is a great deal of coming and going.) Fraad will also have taken into account the prevalence or lack of such notorious dust gatherers as Venetian blinds, wide window sills, and lighting fixtures that hang from ceilings or protrude from walls, and he will not have overlooked the extent to which the building is air-conditioned. (Air-conditioning machines, of course,



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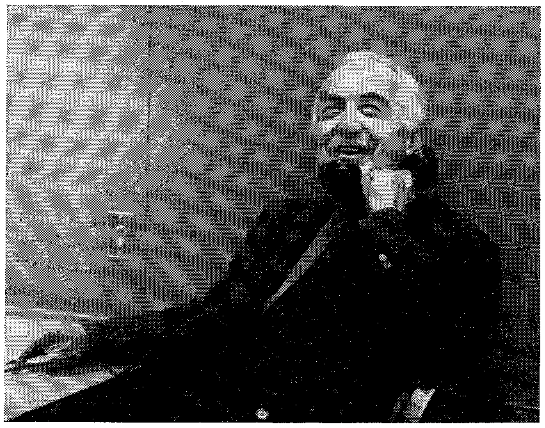

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reduce the amount of dust that enters a building, but their filters must be periodically removed and cleaned.) One of the considerations that are most important to Fraad in his post-survey scribbling is the height of the building, for the higher it is, the less dust his men will have to contend with on its upper floors; in some skyscrapers, the accumulation of dust is ten times as rapid on the third floor as on the fortieth. Dust in the air forms a blanket that lies over the city in an uneven pattern; in some neighborhoods, in fact, the height to which it extends varies almost from block to block. Fraad calls the irregular upper surface of this blanket "the dust line," and he is as familiar with its vagaries as a harbor pilot is with the windings of the channels in his port. If, for example, Fraad is making a cleaning estimate for a building in the West Thirties, which are in the heart of an area with an extremely high dust line because of the smog rolling in from Jersey, he must figure on encountering bad dust conditions up through the first thirty-five stories, but if the building in question is in the East Fifties, he can safely assume that his dust troubles will be relatively light above the twentieth floor.

All the time Fraad is making his observations and calculations, he is busy relating them in his mind to certain impressions he has received, based partly on experience and partly on intuition, of just what sort of cleaning, and how much of it, would be best suited to that particular building and to the habits of the people who work in it. Sizing up these habits is for him a vital part of preparing a sound estimate, for he believes that the day-to-day cleanliness of a building depends to a large extent upon the attitude of its tenants, and that this, in turn, is governed by the cleanliness of the environment in which they find themselves—a steadily repeated cycle that leads to ever cleaner or ever dirtier premises, as the case may be. "The better-designed and the neater a building is, the more respectfully people tend to treat it," he says. "If a man walks into a place that looks clean, he'll put out his cigarette in an ashtray. If he walks into a place that looks fairly clean, he'll look around a little guiltily before throwing his cigarette on the floor and grinding it out with his foot. But if the place looks dirty, he'll flick it aside without hesitation and won't even bother to step on it." Fraad has found that the reactions of his cleaners are very much like those of the tenants they serve. "The dirtier the tenants

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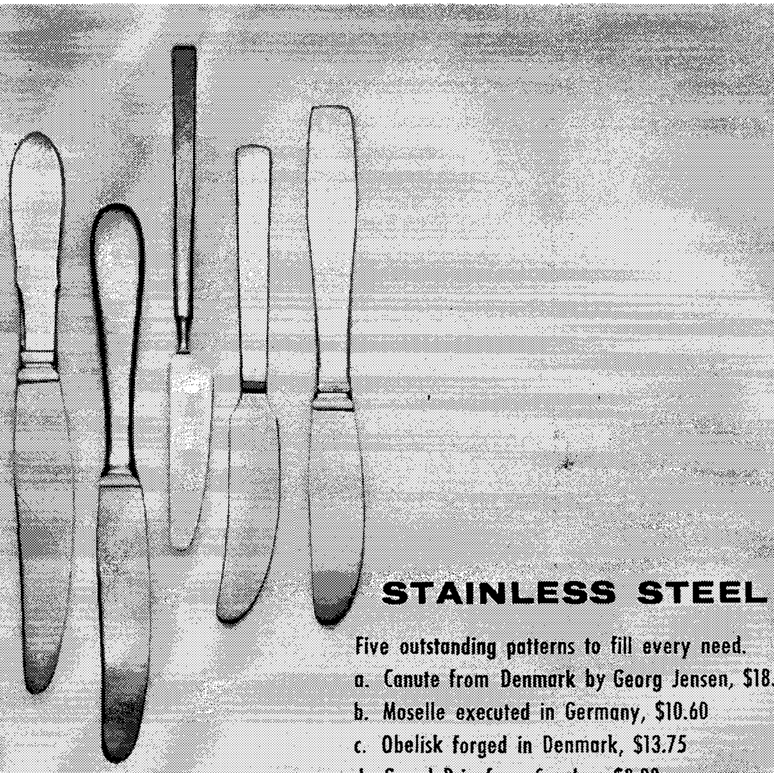

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leave a building, the less effort cleaners tend to exert on it," he says. "Their morale becomes affected. A bricklayer can look at a wall he has built and derive some satisfaction from a completed piece of work that he knows will last, but a cleaner who arrives on the job to find a floor he has polished the night before carelessly littered with cigarette butts has to start all over again—and he does so, I can tell you, with no great enthusiasm. On the other hand, if the people in a building give him half a chance, he'll get to like working there. A cleaner develops a real affection for a room whose occupants show that they care about appearances—he'll polish it up as though it belonged to him personally. What we try to do when we take on a job where the tenants have been backsliding is to reverse the trend by getting them used to living in cleaner surroundings. Often, we resort to little suggestive tricks, like scrubbing the sidewalk outside the building every morning to get the tenants off to a nice clean start, and pretty soon they begin to treat the place with more respect and to tidy up their ways."

THE Fraad cleaning dynasty was founded in Jersey City in 1888 by the current president's grandfather and father—David and Daniel, respectively—two immigrant Danes who, before coming to this country in 1885, had worked as itinerant millers on the island of Fyn. They had thought they might continue in the same trade here, but by the time they arrived at the old Castle Garden immigration station, they were broke and could not afford the luxury of picking and choosing. Instead, they gratefully accepted the first job offered them by one of the many employment agents who swarmed about the Battery in those days. This was to trim, clean, and refuel the kerosene lamps in the Pennsylvania Railroad's pier terminal in Jersey City, where, in the days before the Hudson tunnels, train passengers were shuttled to and from New York by ferry.

The Fraads proved to be such satisfactory lamp tenders that at the end of three years they were able to persuade the Pennsylvania to enhance their status and enlarge their field of operations by engaging them as independent contractors, charged not only with looking after the lamps in the station but with cleaning most of the structure as well. They thereupon established themselves as a business firm called the Standard Utility Company (of which the Allied Maintenance Corporation is a direct corporate descendant) and hired,

BOB SANDBERG, LOOK, JUNE 14, 1955

*Boy: Unknown*
*Pup: Unnamed*
*Place: Hiroshima*

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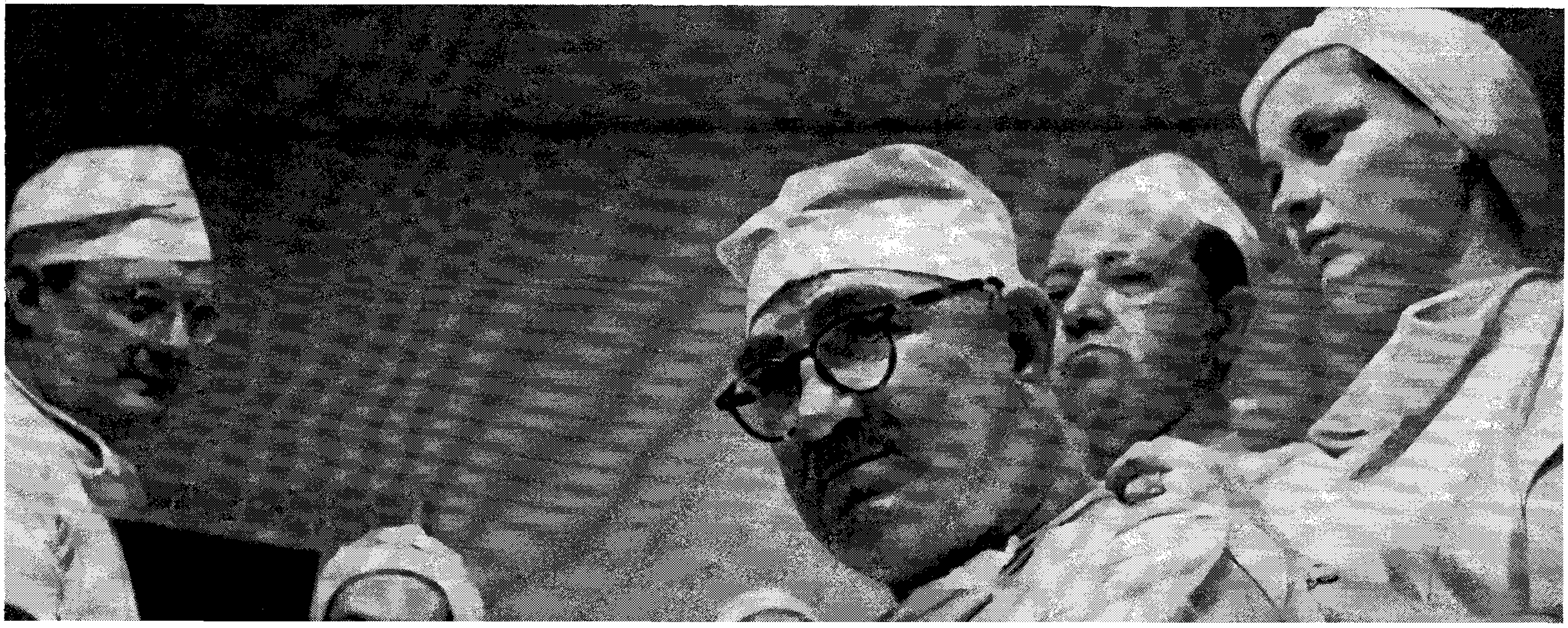
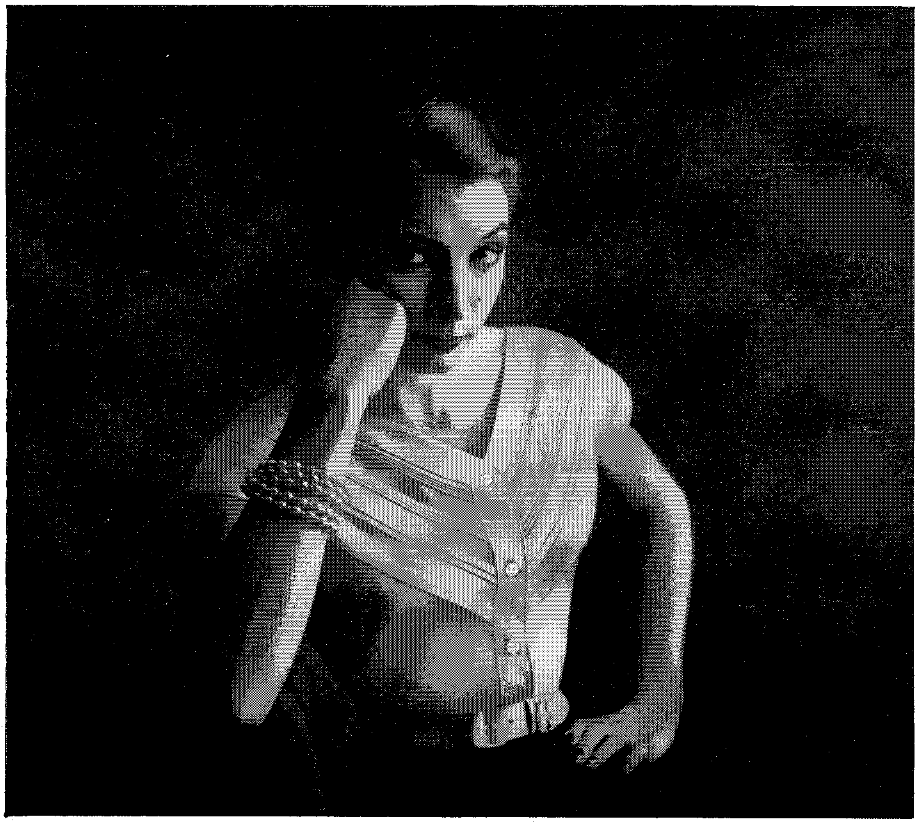
*Life and death lie in his hands—and in their faces, their devotion . . .*

JAMES HANSEN, LOOK, JUNE 1, 1954





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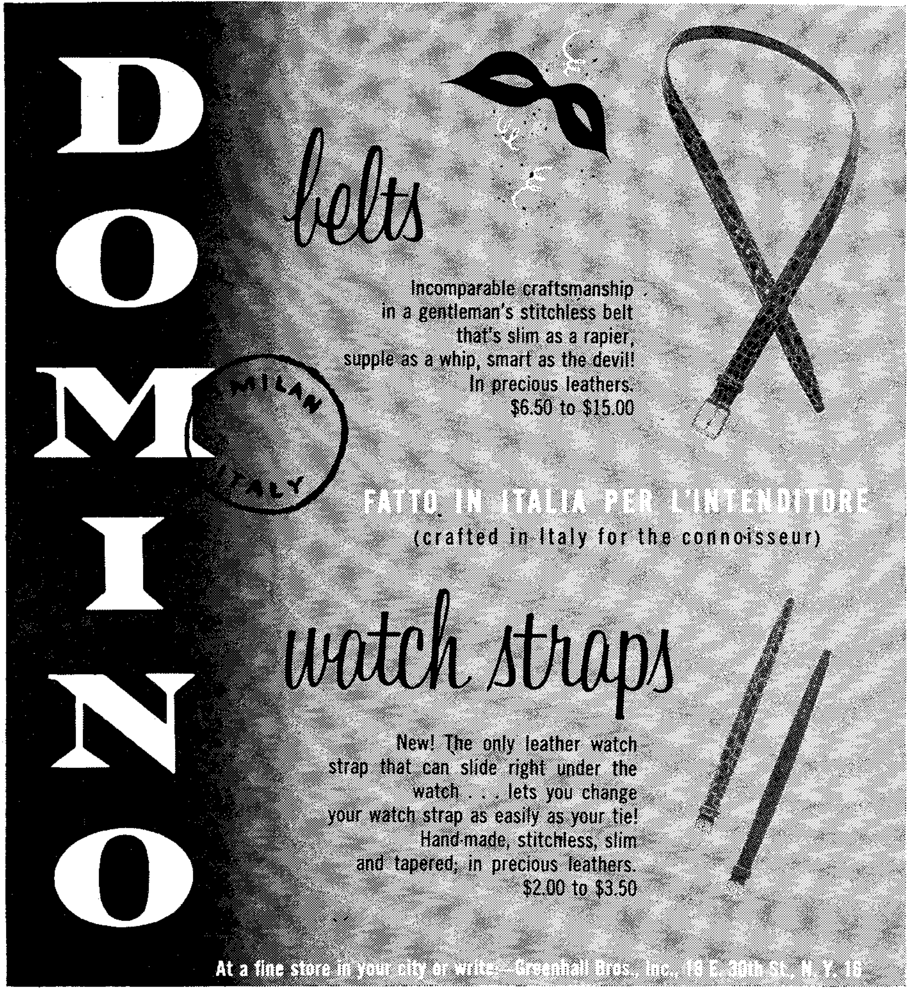

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(crafted in Italy for the connoisseur)

watch straps

New! The only leather watch strap that can slide right under the watch . . . lets you change your watch strap as easily as your tie! Hand-made, stitchless, slim and tapered; in precious leathers. $2.00 to $3.50

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through Castle Garden agents, a dozen fellow-immigrants to do the major share of the work around the station. As time went on, Standard Utility took on other cleaning jobs, both in Jersey City and in New York, and in 1905 the Fraads moved their headquarters to Manhattan, where they were soon busy with all sorts of cleaning assignments—theatres, churches, office buildings, and private houses. Standard Utility made a specialty of closing up the town houses of wealthy families when the occupants, with their staffs of servants, left the city for the summer, and of making them ready for the families' return in the fall; as the firm acquired a reputation for being a good and reliable housekeeper, it was called upon to perform these services in some of Manhattan's more baronial dwellings, including, in addition to Carnegie's and Gould's, those of William K. Vanderbilt, F. W. Woolworth, and Vincent Astor.

The Fraads also cleaned some of these houses on a year-round basis, and in 1908 they clinched their hold on the Fifth Avenue-mansion trade by constructing a contraption that was, to say the least, commensurate with the scale of the houses in which they were working. This was their Vacuum High Suction Cleaning System, an enormous device that, mounted on a wagon, required two horses to haul it through the streets. It was perhaps the first power-driven vacuum cleaner ever to be put into full-time commercial use, for although a patent on a vacuum cleaner had been taken out by a man named A. C. Booth in England in 1901, no really workable model had been put on the market here. The Fraads, however, had heard about the principles such a machine might operate on, and with this information they put together their high-suction leviathan. The heart of the mechanism was a second-hand gasoline-driven, one-cylinder air compressor, which had been designed to supply power for air drills but which the Fraads converted into a machine that sucked air in instead of forcing it out. To this they attached a long piece of fire hose—the apparatus was too big to be trundled into even the largest of the houses served by Standard Utility—through which dust was drawn from rugs and floors into a large tank. All in all, the Vacuum High Suction Cleaning System was an impressive affair. As it rumbled through the streets on its way to an assignment, people stopped to stare not only at the weird array of equipment but at a sign on the wagon that boldly proclaimed it to be a "Modern Crematory for Mi-

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## The magnificent Magnavox looks alive . . . sounds alive

The sensation is entirely new. In this magnificent Magnavox four high fidelity speakers, two on each side of the big, lifelike picture, surround you with natural sound. You feel the sound comes from the picture, and for the first time the picture is real—sweeping you into the scene. This is Stereosonic sound—and you find it only in this magnificent Magnavox. Other Magnavox models from $149.50 (VHF). The Magnavox Company, Fort Wayne 4, Indiana.

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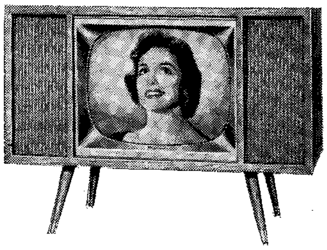

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starring STEPHEN DOUGLASS • RAY WALSTON
MAIL ORDERS FILLED
PRICES: Mon. thru Sat. Evgs.: Divans (First 8 Rows) $8.05; Orch. $7.50; Boxes $5.75, 4.60; Mezz. $5.75, 4.60; Balc. $4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: Divans (First 8 Rows) $4.60; Orch. $4.05; Boxes $4.05, 3.45; Mezz. $3.45, 2.90; Balc. $2.30, 1.75, 1.15. (Tax Incl.). Please enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with check or money order.
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PRICES: Evgs. Orch. $6.90; Mezz. $5.75; 1st Balc. $4.60, 3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30, 1.75. Wed. Mat.: Orch. $4.05; Mezz. $4.05; 1st Balc. $3.45; 2nd Balc. $2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Sat. Mat.: Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.05; 1st Balc. $3.45; 2nd Balc. $2.90, 2.30, 1.75. (Tax Incl.) Please enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with mail order.
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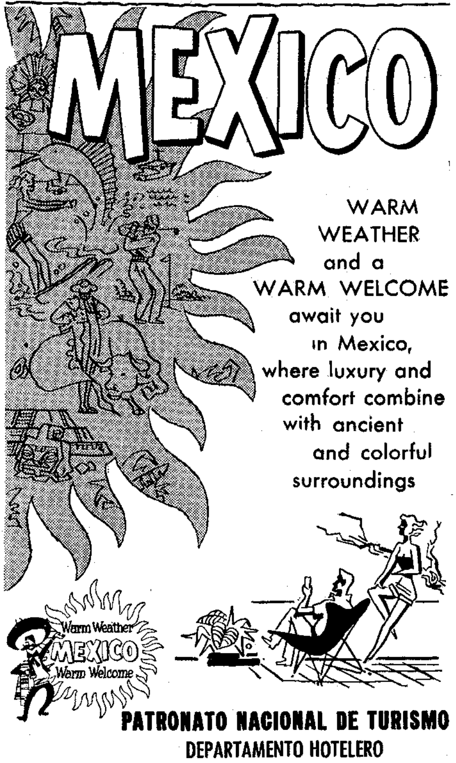
MEXICO
WARM WEATHER and a WARM WELCOME await you in Mexico, where luxury and comfort combine with ancient and colorful surroundings
PATRONATO NACIONAL DE TURISMO
DEPARTAMENTO HOTELERO

crobes, Germs, and Dust." (The country was just beginning to become germ-conscious.) Once the wagon had arrived at its destination, it would draw up at the curb and a Fraad man would feed the fire hose through a window of the house to a colleague inside. Then, after a number of coughing false starts, the one-cylinder engine would begin banging out an erratic tattoo, accentuated on every fourth or fifth beat by a tremendous—and apparently inexplicable—explosion, which shook the neighborhood and showered the crowds that regularly gathered with clouds of dust.

The current president of Allied Maintenance recalls being occasionally taken around, as a boy, by his father to have a look at the cleaning of some of the big private houses, but his recollection of these visits is tinged not so much with nostalgia as with professional amazement. "The dust collectors they had to deal with on those society jobs!" he says. "All that gingerbread! And the amount of chamois work that had to be done! You couldn't use squeegees on those windows, you know—not with all that expensive woodwork underneath. It was *personal* cleaning. I remember all the trouble the men had at the house of an old gentleman named Grimes, who so enjoyed the sight of smoke curling up from his fireplace that he had a high chimneypiece made of glass. Dad's people had to clean it from the inside every time it got sooty. It was quite a job, and the company must have kept at that glass chimneypiece for something like twenty years—until 1938, I think. By that time, we'd abandoned almost all our other private housecleaning services. I know that the Grimes job was just about the last one to go."

DAVID FRAAD died in 1918, leaving control of the company, whose name had been patriotically changed during the war years to Allied Cleaning Contractors (it was made a subsidiary of Allied Maintenance in 1945), to his son, Daniel, Sr. Daniel by then had four sons of his own, and under his management it continued to prosper throughout the twenties and thirties. As the opportunities for cleaning private houses declined with the changing times, the firm concentrated its energies more and more on commercial buildings and broadened the scope of its services to such an extent that it was able to take on such complex special jobs as cleaning the exteriors of the Statue of Liberty and the Zurich Cathedral and doing all the Gunite work in the construction of

"Everything is Comic; Everything is Delightful." —ATKINSON, Times
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The PONDER HEART
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Adapted from EUDORA WELTY'S Story
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JUANITA HALL • DON HANMER • WILL GEER
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Directed by ROBERT DOUGLAS
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Scenery & Lighting: JO MIELZINER • Costumes: LUCINDA BALLARD
MOROSCO, W. 45 St. • Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"GLORIOUSLY ENTERTAINING" —Kerr, Her. Tribune
Alfred Lunt Lynn Fontanne
as "The Great Sebastians"
A Melodramatic Comedy by
HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE
with BEN ASTAR SIMON OAKLAND
Arny Freeman Joseph Holland
Directed by BRETAIGNE WINDUST
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AGATHA CHRISTIE'S
Mystery Thriller
WITNESS for the PROSECUTION
Production Directed by ROBERT LEWIS
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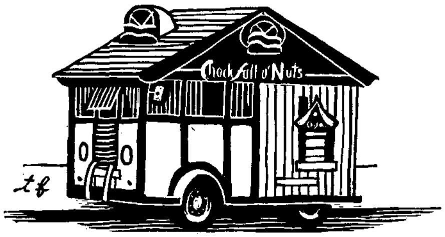
"Sex on-the-Rocks!" —Time Mag.
GEORGE AXELROD'S New Comedy
"WILL SUCCESS SPOIL ROCK HUNTER?"
BELASCO THEA., 44 St. E. of B'y. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Arlington Memorial Bridge in Washington. Daniel, Jr., the youngest of the Fraad sons—of the others, Henry is a colonel in the Air Force, Lewis is an associate professor of pediatrics at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine, and the eldest, William, a pleasant-mannered man who collects clocks as a hobby, is chairman of the board of Allied—joined the family business in 1937, at the age of twenty-five. For some time previously, he had intended to make a career of medical research, and with that end in view he had majored in biophysics at Brown, from which he graduated in 1935. But after two and a half years of postgraduate study, first at Yale and then at Columbia—and his marriage to the former Rita Rich, a native of New York—he decided that he wasn't temperamentally fitted for a life of research, and went to work for his father.

Fraad started out by mopping floors and washing windows in Pennsylvania Station, and thoroughly enjoying it. In a few months, he was switched to a minor executive position in his father's office, and he found this somewhat less enjoyable, for his duties were at once nebulous and dismally cluttered with paperwork. After a year or so of fretting at his desk, he persuaded his father to let him go out and try to dig up a new cleaning job for Allied, on the understanding that if he got one, he would be allowed to direct it. The New York World's Fair, which was about to open, seemed to him the most promising territory in sight, and, upon inquiring around, he discovered that in the rush of getting things ready, many of the exhibitors had neglected to make provisions for cleaning and otherwise looking after the buildings that would house their displays. Fraad called their attention to the necessity for such service in any building, and especially in buildings at a fair, since tidiness is hardly characteristic of the carnival mood, and in the end a great many of the exhibitors signed up with Allied.

Jubilantly, Fraad moved in on the Fair with a band of five hundred cleaners, but he soon discovered that even in his sales talk to the exhibitors he had grossly underestimated the public's capacity for tossing litter around when



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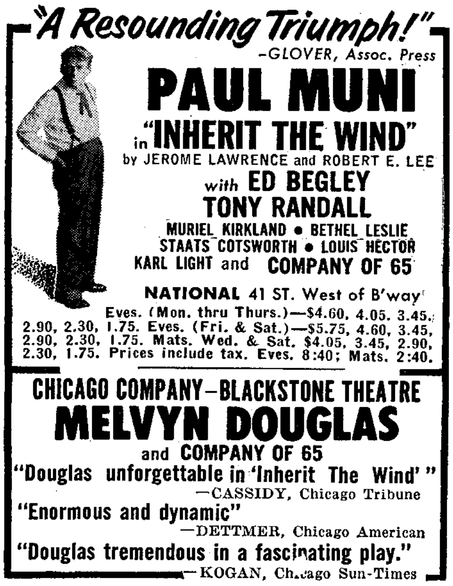
THE MATCH MAKER
"FABULOUSLY FUNNY! UPROARIOUS!" Atkinson, New York Times
ROYALE THEATRE 45th STREET W. of B'WAY
MAIL ORDERS FILLED. EVES. $2.50, 3.00, 3.60, 4.80, 5.75. Mats. Wed. and Sat. $2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.60, 4.05.

"It's all about love"
EZIO PINZA WALTER SLEZAK
"FANNY"
NEW YORK'S MOST MEMORABLE MUSICAL
2ND Smash Year!
MAJESTIC THEATRE 44th STREET W. of B'WAY
MAIL ORDERS FILLED. EVES. $2.50, 3.00, 3.60, 4.80, 6.25, 7.50. Mats. Wed. and Sat. $2.50, 3.00, 3.60, 4.30, 4.80.


"A Resounding Triumph!" —GLOVER, Assoc. Press
PAUL MUNI in "INHERIT THE WIND"
by JEROME LAWRENCE and ROBERT E. LEE
with ED BEGLEY
TONY RANDALL
MURIEL KIRKLAND • BETHEL LESLIE
STAATS COTSWORTH • LOUIS HECTOR
KARL LIGHT and COMPANY OF 65
NATIONAL 41 ST. West of B'way
Eves. (Mon. thru Thurs.)—$4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Eves. (Fri. & Sat.)—$5.75, 4.60, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Mats. Wed. & Sat. $4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Prices include tax. Eves. 8:40; Mats. 2:40.
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MELVYN DOUGLAS
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"Douglas unforgettable in 'Inherit The Wind'" —CASSIDY, Chicago Tribune
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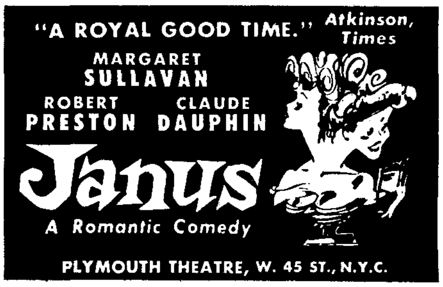
"Douglas tremendous in a fascinating play." —KOGAN, Chicago Sun-Times

"A STUNNING DRAMA" —Atkinson, Times
"A THUMPING HIT." —Chapman, News
THE THEATRE GUILD presents
ARTHUR KENNEDY
IN THE NEW DRAMATIC SMASH
"Time Limit!"
By HENRY DENKER and RALPH BERKEY
co-starring RICHARD KILEY
Staged by WINDSOR LEWIS
Production Designed and Lighted by RALPH ALSWANG
Costumes by NOEL TAYLOR
Mats. Thurs. & Sat. at 2:40
BOOTH THEATRE, W. 45th St., N.Y.C.


"A ROYAL GOOD TIME." Atkinson, Times
MARGARET SULLAVAN
ROBERT PRESTON CLAUDE DAUPHIN
Janus
A Romantic Comedy
PLYMOUTH THEATRE, W. 45 ST., N.Y.C.

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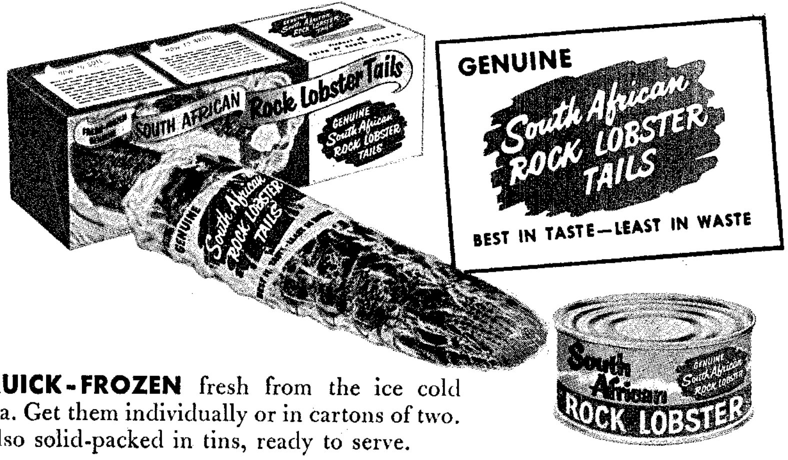
on a spree. In the General Motors Building, for example, the carpets were so clogged by the end of the day with squashed banana peels, chewing gum, remnants of hot dogs and hard-boiled eggs, and other by-products of the World of Tomorrow that Fraad's men had to use garden rakes to scrape off the conglutination. Fraad found the whole mess highly stimulating, and by the time the Fair was over, he was sure that cleaning was the life for him. His father, who died in 1953, at the age of eighty-two, was delighted with his son's enthusiasm, and so was William, then the president of the company. Between them, they gave fairly free rein to Daniel, who set about expanding the firm's activities in the cleaning and general maintenance of department stores and ballparks. He also took drastic steps to modernize the company. By way of improving its materials and methods, he hired a number of experienced chemists and engineers to revamp both along scientific lines. "Nobody at M.I.T. was teaching a course in how to clean floors," he says. "We had to develop the science of cleaning on our own." To accomplish this, Fraad set up a laboratory to test the relative merits of the chemical cleaning preparations that Allied was then using and of others that were on the market, and chose the ones that were found to be best; in cases where none of them seemed well suited to the specific purpose he had in mind, he had his chemists work out a new formula. Guided by his engineers, he mechanized a good many cleaning operations that had formerly been a matter of plodding, backbreaking toil. "Our labor supply was beginning to get critically short, and the time had obviously come for a new approach to the removal of dirt," he says. "It requires a certain number of ergs to clean object X to specifications, and you can find those ergs either in the traditional source—a man's back—or in chemicals and electric outlets. We began getting our ergs out of the wall wherever we could. That meant waxing machines instead of waxing irons, scrubbing machines instead of scrubwomen, and so on. Where there wasn't a machine already in existence to do a job that we thought ought to be done mechanically, we had our engineers design one. For instance, when we found that our people were spending too much time cleaning escalators—those grooves in the steps are bad dirt-catchers and hard to get at with a brush—we invented a machine that would rout out the dirt in no time. We also invented

# UP FROM THE ICY WATERS OF South Africa COME THE WORLD'S PRIZE Rock Lobster Tails


South African Rock Lobster Tails
GENUINE South African ROCK LOBSTER TAILS
GENUINE
South African ROCK LOBSTER TAILS
BEST IN TASTE—LEAST IN WASTE
South African ROCK LOBSTER
GENUINE South African Rock Lobster

A *South African* Rock Lobster Tail is seafood at its finest. A "filet" of snow-white meat, so delicately flavored, so firm and fork-cutting tender, you'll want to enjoy it often. Easy to broil or boil. *But . . .* be *sure* it is genuine *South African*, identified by this label.

**QUICK-FROZEN** fresh from the ice cold sea. Get them individually or in cartons of two. Also solid-packed in tins, ready to serve.

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Imagine yourself in this setting—aboard *this train.*

Literally surrounded by natural splendor you speed across Canada in ultra-modern luxury. For 2,881 breath-taking miles you ride in royal comfort, command service unsurpassed in rail travel whether you go coach, tourist or first class.

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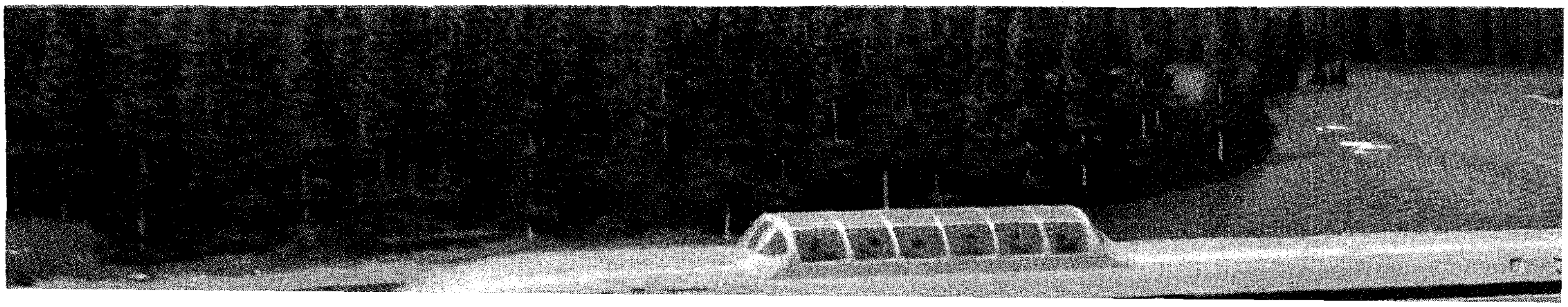

Domes on the Banff-Lake Louise route. In both this scene and the one below, the setting is the beautiful Bow River Valley.

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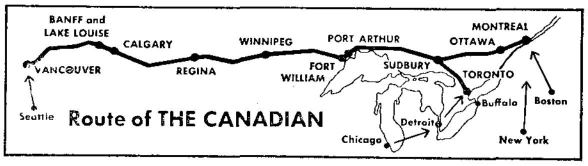
**Special for Camera Fans:** If you plan to shoot color, you're advised to equip your camera with a No. CC30-R filter to compensate for the glareproof tint in the glass windows of the Scenic Domes. Detailed photographic tips are available aboard the train.


BANFF and LAKE LOUISE
CALGARY
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SUDBURY
TORONTO
Buffalo
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Seattle
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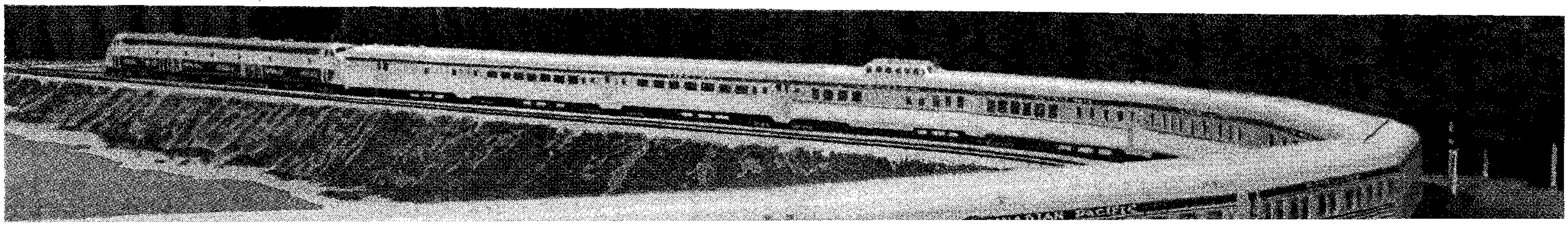
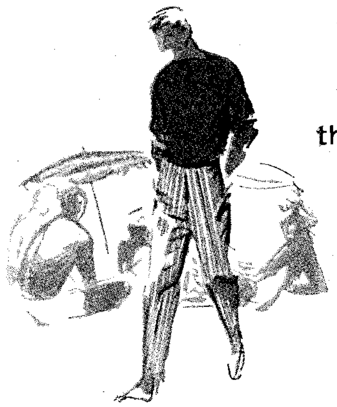
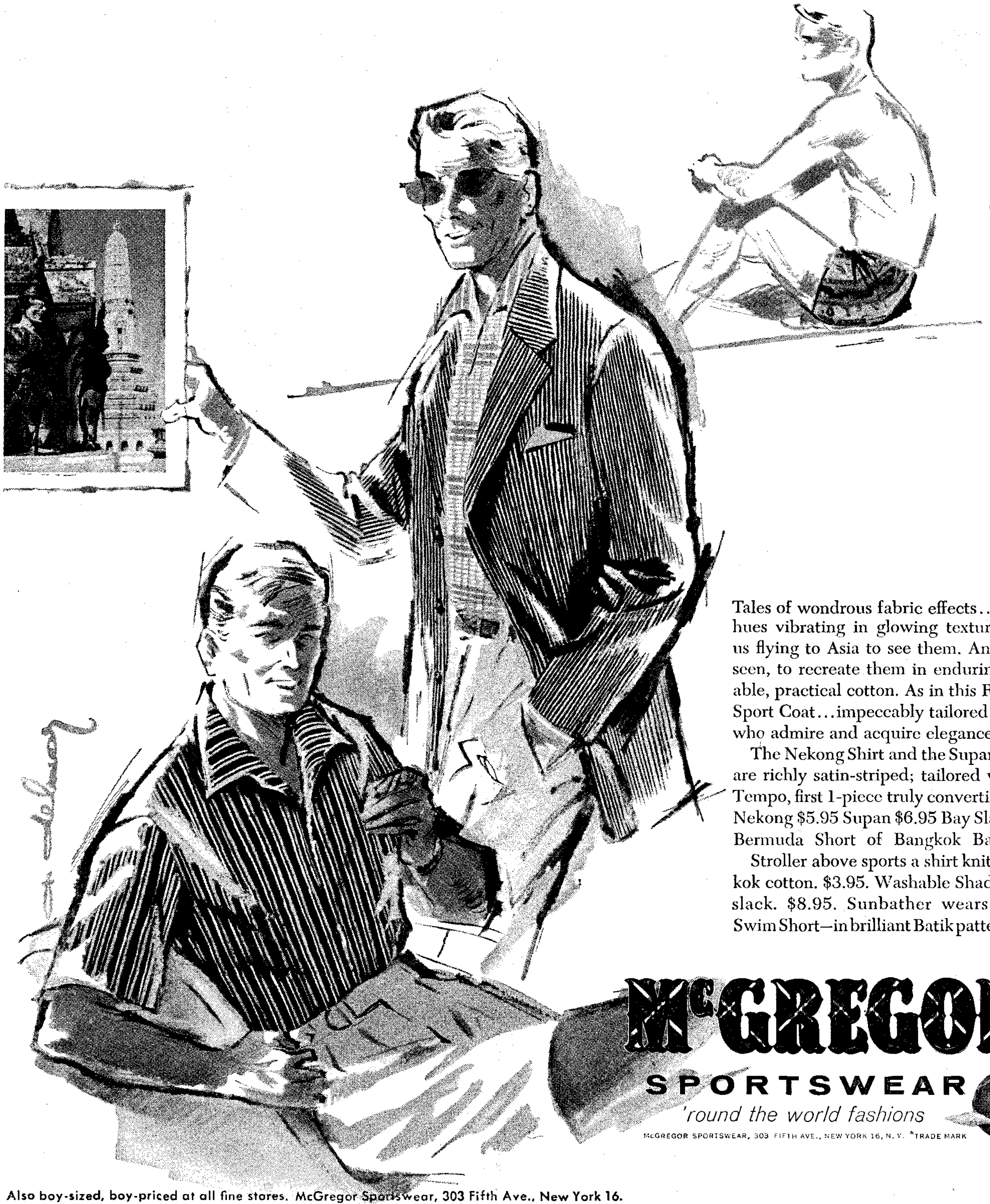
Detroit
Chicago
New York





In Bangkok: this is what we saw...
this is what they wore...colors shimmering
in fabrics woven to mirror the sun.

# McGREGOR BANGKOK COTTONS



Tales of wondrous fabric effects...of vivid hues vibrating in glowing textures...sent us flying to Asia to see them. And having seen, to recreate them in enduring, washable, practical cotton. As in this Rice Stalk Sport Coat...impeccably tailored for those who admire and acquire elegance. $25.00.

The Nekong Shirt and the Supan (below) are richly satin-striped; tailored with new Tempo, first 1-piece truly convertible collar Nekong $5.95 Supan $6.95 Bay Slack $6.95 Bermuda Short of Bangkok Bay $5.95.

Stroller above sports a shirt knit of Bangkok cotton. $3.95. Washable Shadowsheen slack. $8.95. Sunbather wears Taiwan Swim Short—in brilliant Batik pattern $3.95.

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**SPORTSWEAR**
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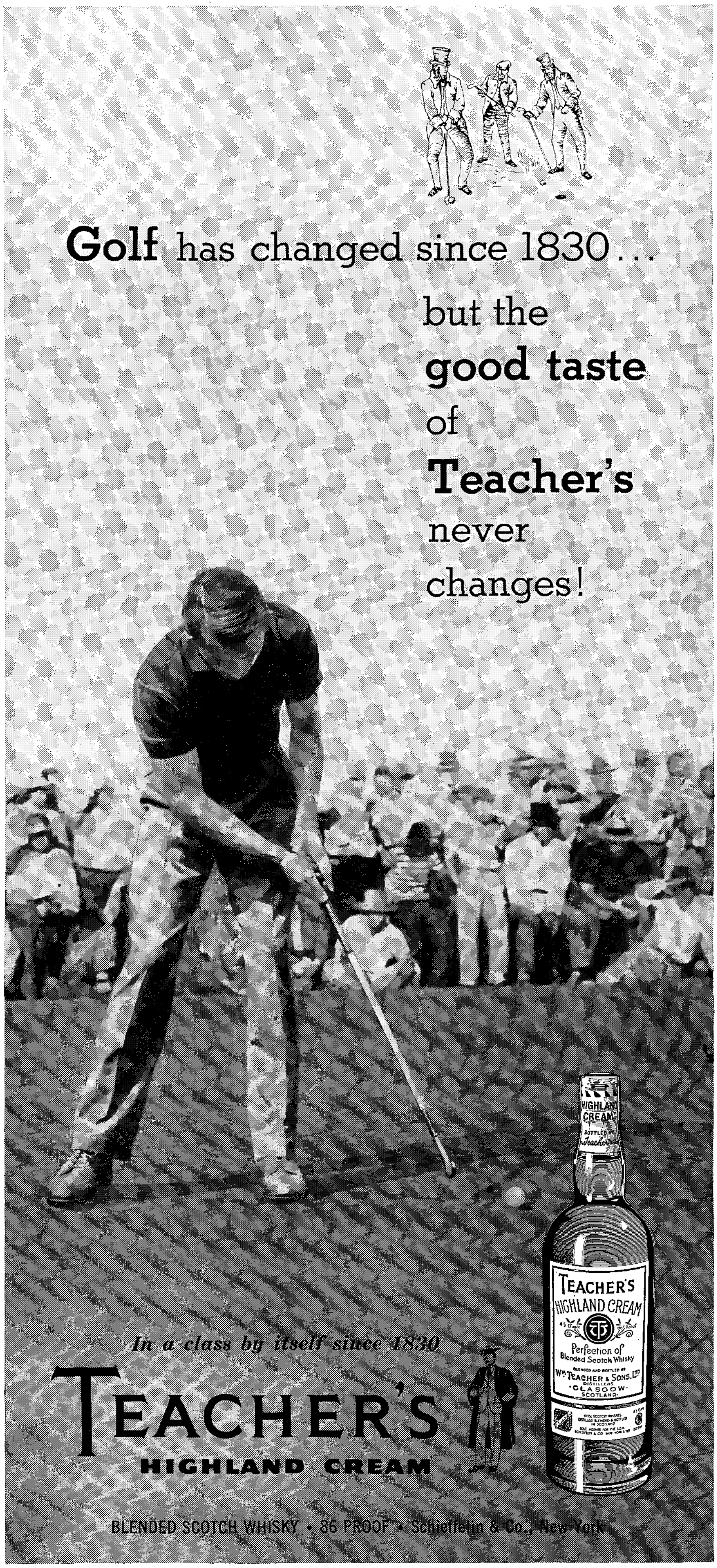
Also boy-sized, boy-priced at all fine stores. McGregor Sportswear, 303 Fifth Ave., New York 16.

a gadget we call the Doodlebug, a heavy-duty carpet-cleaning machine that we use on the aisles of department stores. I remember a light-rose rug at Stern's—gee, it was just black!—and the Doodlebug turned out to be exactly the thing for it."

In 1945, word of the elaborate time-and-motion studies that Fraad was conducting reached the officials in charge of the Air Transport Association of America, an organization that represents most of the operators of scheduled airlines in this country, and they invited Allied to make a survey of several major airports, with an eye to devising more efficient ways of handling passengers, baggage, freight, and the servicing of airplanes. The invitation was accepted, and after eighteen months of analyzing the situation, Fraad submitted a report to the Association recommending that certain routine airport activities, such as the loading and unloading of baggage and freight, for which each airline then had its own staff and equipment, be performed by a central agency. As a result of this recommendation, and some additional ones that evolved from a supplementary study Fraad made in 1947 for a group of six airlines using the International Airport at Gander, Allied was commissioned to set up centralized servicing-and-maintenance systems at Gander and Idlewild. They proved so successful that before long, fifteen airports were in the fold. This unexpected ramification of the company's business has been highly gratifying to Fraad, who likes to think of Allied Maintenance and commercial aviation as confidently facing an exciting future hand in hand.

The things that Allied does for its airline customers vary considerably, but of the fifteen fields that employ the firm, Idlewild offers a fairly typical picture of the sort of work involved. There, Allied offers its thirty-seven client airlines a wide variety of services, among them providing and operating the portable ramps by which passengers enter and leave planes, as well as the air-conditioning units that keep planes cool while loading, the tractors that haul equipment about, and the jeeps that scuttle this way and that on errands; its men load and unload planes, clean and take care of clients' hangars and offices, clean the planes themselves, both inside and out, and stock them with fresh linen. Finally, Allied attends to the fuelling of any plane—civil, commercial, or military—touching ground at the airport. At Gander, where, paradoxically, Allied does no refuelling (the oil com-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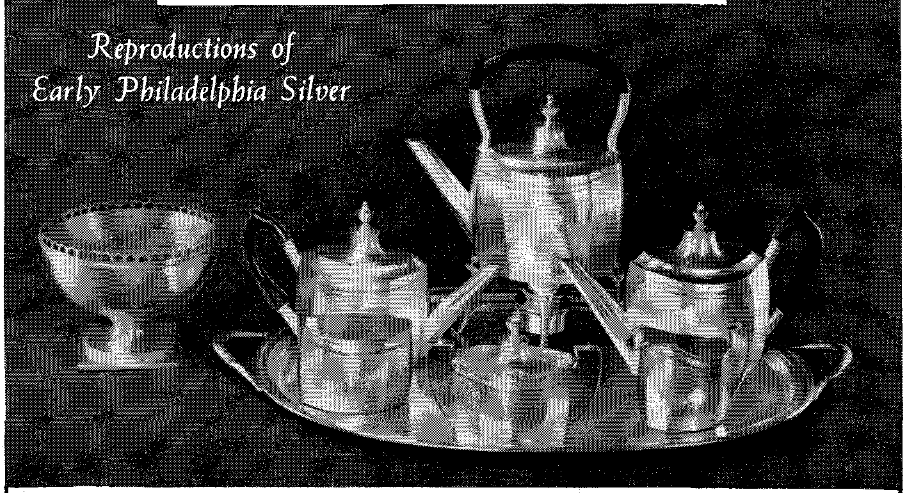

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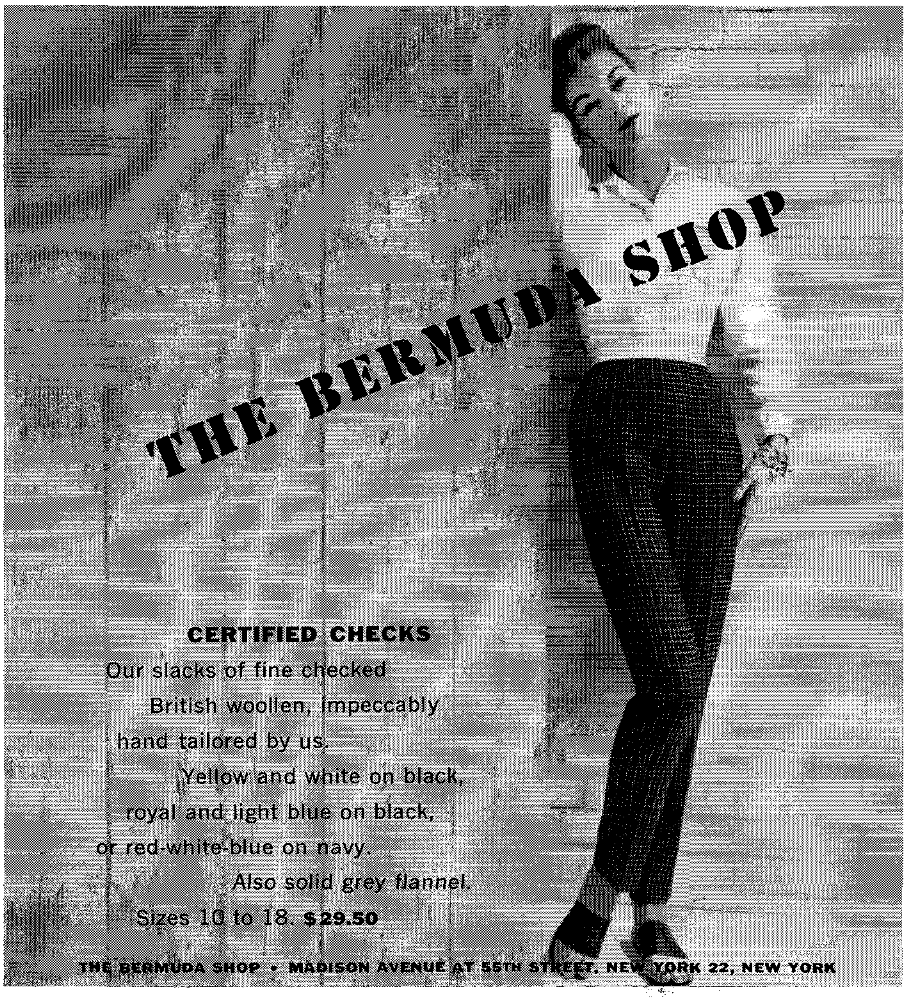

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panies serving the field cling to that prerogative), the firm does absolutely everything else for the planes except dispatch them. It keeps a battalion of mechanics and a store of a million and a half dollars' worth of spare parts ready for them, it changes their engines if necessary, it certifies them as airworthy, and it even washes the dishes from which their passengers eat.

"YOU know, I have a sneaking feeling that my dad, when he got to be well off, was just a little bit ashamed of admitting to people that he was in the cleaning business," Fraad said to me one day not long ago, when I was calling on him in his comfortable suite of offices on the fifth floor of the Empire State Building (for which his firm acts as a cleaning consultant). "I think that was dead wrong, because cleaning isn't at all a matter of lowly drudgery. I'm *proud* to be a cleaner." Much as Fraad delights in the thought of washing up aerial crockery and being the ground boss of a remote international airfield, he is still happiest when busying himself with the elemental, unsung task of cleaning buildings. Sometimes, when darkness has fallen on Manhattan and the frenzied noises of the city have become a murmur, Fraad, instead of going home to his house in Scarsdale (where he lives with his wife and their two teen-age daughters, Sarah and Martha), spends the night wandering about among his cleaners in one or another of the big buildings that Allied takes care of. One evening shortly after my talk with him, he called me to ask if I would like to accompany him on a tour of Pennsylvania Station, one of his firm's biggest steady cleaning jobs. I gladly accepted his proposal, and we arranged to meet at midnight in the southwest corner of the main train concourse, at the entrance to an office where cleaners on the Pennsylvania assignment keep their equipment. When I arrived at the station, shortly before midnight, there were only a few stragglers shuffling through the spacious glass-domed concourse, and I had no trouble spotting Fraad, even though he was standing at some distance from the Allied office. He was chatting with a big, burly man, whom he introduced to me as Arthur Thim, a vice-president of the firm. "Artie looks after all the cleaning end of the business," Fraad said. "He used to work here in Penn Station as a mopper. He'll come along with us for a while." Fraad glanced at his watch, and continued, "We clean everything here except the trains, the tracks, and the sixteen res-

News is everywhere and in everything. Many readers find more interest in asters than in atoms. They would rather read about hybrid roses than about hydrogen bombs. That's why they like to read Dorothy Jenkins.

Dorothy H. Jenkins is garden editor of The New York Times. She is one of the most widely read garden writers in the country. She takes the easy, practical, do-it-yourself approach. On her own two acres in Connecticut she is constantly testing plants before telling readers about them.

She is also one of the most widely traveled garden reporters. It is not unusual for her to go thousands of miles to see for herself what hybridizers are doing in Colorado, for instance, to improve flower and vegetable seed for home gardeners in Westchester.

A native of Pennsylvania and a graduate of Mount Holyoke College, Dorothy Jenkins has devoted her career to helping people have better gardens. She started as an instructor at the Brooklyn Botanic Gardens. She has written half a dozen practical books on gardens, including one for children. Since she became garden editor in 1943, attracting more and more readers to her pages, The New York Times has become the country's leading garden news and advertising medium.

On The New York Times staff all over the world you will find hundreds of reporters and editors like Dorothy Jenkins, acknowledged experts in their special fields of news. They team together to produce every day a newspaper that is alive and interesting, alert and informing, different from any other. They put more into The Times. You get more out of The Times. Enjoy it every day.

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# Flower Girl

Arnold Newman

taurants—and we wash the restaurants' windows and carry out their rubbish. We've got a couple of hundred people on this job, and though we operate around the clock, the heaviest part of our work is done at night, when traffic eases off. Holy smokestacks, what a mess! You've had crowds pouring in and out of here on seven railroads—the Pennsylvania, the Long Island, the New Haven, the Lehigh Valley, the Seaboard, the Southern, and the Atlantic Coast Line. And from four subways—the Eighth Avenue, the Seventh Avenue, the Sixth Avenue, and the Hudson and Manhattan tubes. And from eight street or taxi entrances. Everybody scrambling in every direction, everybody dropping candy wrappings, orange peels, apple cores, cigarette and cigar butts, newspapers, magazines, chewing gum, and God knows what else. We'll be starting our big push in a few minutes."

Allied wages its major attack on dirt in the Pennsylvania between midnight and five in the morning, Fraad explained. During that time, its workers clean about twenty acres of floor space, including waiting rooms, platforms (four and a half miles of them), concourses, stairs (both moving and stationary), exits, driveways, arcades, washrooms, ticket offices, baggage rooms, and the Gimbel tunnel. "We can't leave it all until night," Thim told me. "During the day, the worst of the stuff is removed by what we call pickup men, who travel the heavy traffic streams with long-handled whiskbrooms and dustpans, and also clean out corners. Sometimes it seems as if people would rather throw their trash in corners than into a bin. Anyway, they would much rather toss it in corners than drop it out in the open."

"We find that's true on all our jobs," Fraad said. "Corners are hard to clean, yet people throw more junk there than anywhere else. They want to *hide* it. If they won't use a bin, why can't they at least just throw their trash in the middle of a floor, where we can get at it?" He went on to observe that many commuters passing through the station have their favorite spots for leaving trash, and that the Allied people in the station get to know their individual habits. "When a pickup man standing at the head of a certain flight of stairs during the morning rush sees a certain passenger coming toward him, he knows the guy is going to wedge his newspaper between the third and fourth railings from the top," he said. "Or if the trains are running on schedule and there isn't

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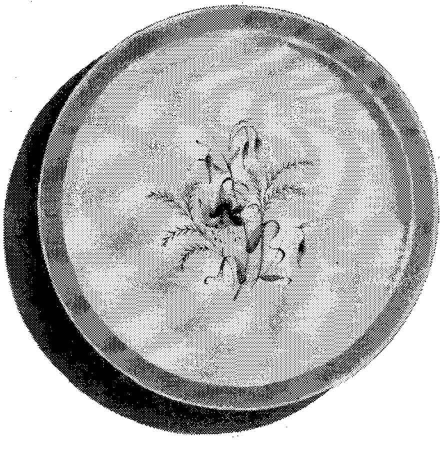
a copy of the *Wall Street Journal* lying on a certain window ledge by nine-eighteen, he can be pretty sure that one of the regulars is sick, or on vacation, or—I was going to say missed his train, but people like that don't miss trains."

Fraad paused, looked around, and then, abruptly grasping my arm, nodded in the direction of a man who was standing not far from us and said in a low, urgent voice, "Watch him." The man in question was unwrapping a candy bar. When the paper came loose, he looked stealthily about him, then held it behind him and let it slip to the floor.

"Notice how he *sneaked* it down?" Fraad whispered. "That's a typical gesture. Typical! Before long, he'll probably have had enough of his candy bar and will sneak what's left of that down, too. And then, as likely as not, he'll buy some chewing gum and make more work for us. We get about twenty-five pounds of chewing gum off the floors of this station every day. The stuff has to be chipped off with a sharp blade, and that leaves a mark on the floor. We don't like that a bit, because the marks, while they're not dirty—in fact, they're usually cleaner than the floor around them—spoil the effect of uniformity we're after."

Fraad pulled a pack of cigarettes from his pocket and held it out to me. We both took one, and Thim lit a cigar, which he began to smoke in a holder. Between puffs, Thim told me that during an ordinary twenty-four-hour period, Allied cleared the station of about four tons of newspapers, magazines, and scrap paper, fifteen tons of garbage, and ten tons of miscellaneous dirt, which amounts to over ten thousand tons a year. Whatever paper is salvageable is baled by Allied workers in one of the station's basements and sold by the terminal operators to a wastepaper-collection company. There is no market for the sort of garbage Allied collects from the restaurants in the terminal; they sell their food scraps directly to collectors for New Jersey pig farms. Allied's worthless garbage is hauled away by a carting company and unloaded into Department of Sanitation scows, which dump it far out at sea. Most of the unclassifiable trash Allied picks up is consigned to one or another of the city dumps.

As Thim was talking, I noticed that my cigarette had gone out. I was about to drop it on the floor when I caught Fraad's eye, and hesitated. He laughed. "Go ahead—we all do it," he said, gallantly dropping his own cigarette and crushing it under his foot. "As a matter



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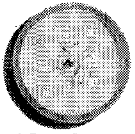

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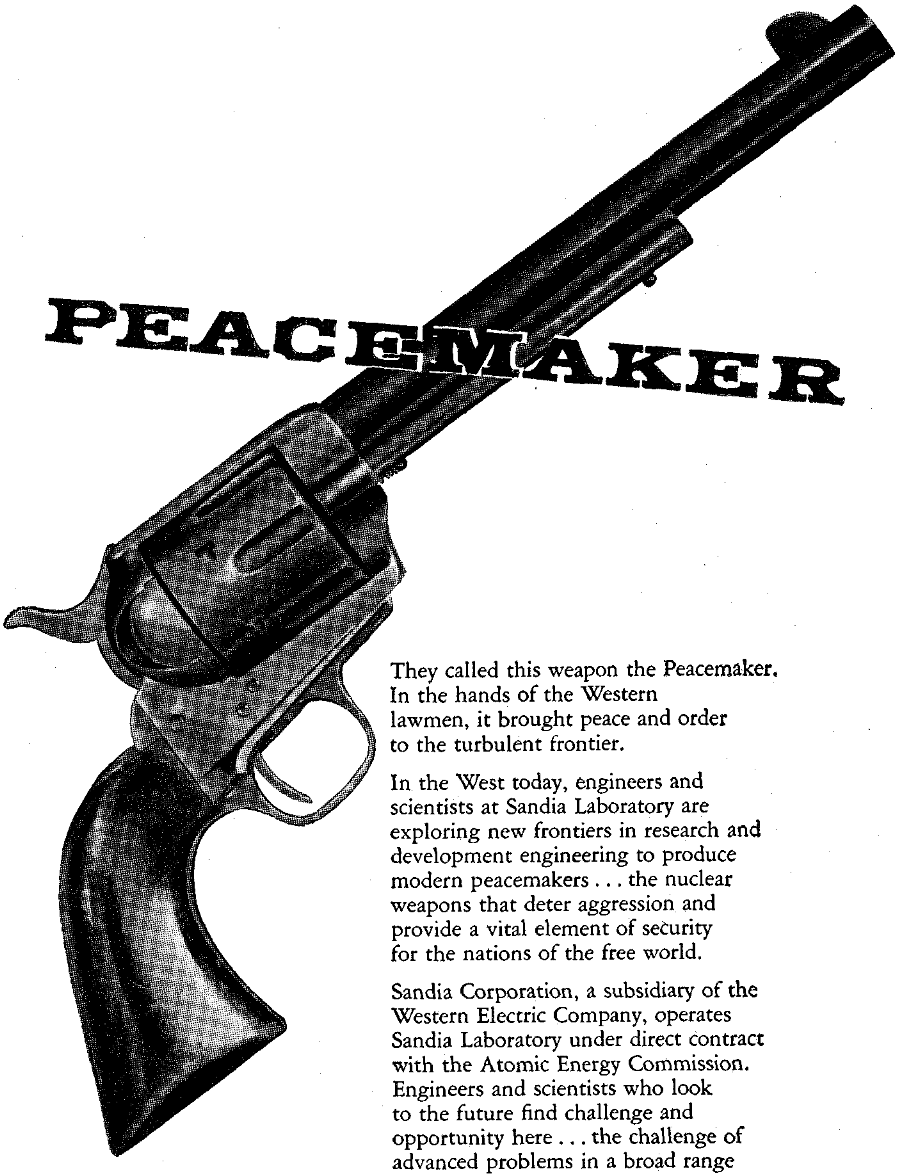
of fact, there's nothing much else you can do with cigarettes here, since we've found that ashtrays have a way of disappearing from public places like stations. Most people won't bother to use them anyway. It's like spittoons. There used to be thousands of them scattered around this station, but now we've removed all but a few—did it quietly and over a period of years, so as not to hurt the feelings of old-time railroad men. We studied the spittoon problem and found they were hardly being used at all. In other words, they were little more than ornaments, if you could call them that, and they were a damned nuisance to keep polished."

At this point, Thim, who from time to time had been glancing over his shoulder toward the Allied office, nudged Fraad and said, "Here they come, Junior." I turned and saw a small regiment of men, some carrying brooms or mops or giant squeegees, some pushing big water tanks or barrels of sawdust mounted on wheels, emerging from the office. Once out in the concourse, they broke up into a number of teams and headed off in the direction of their various assignments. Thim told me that some sweepers had preceded the main force to get a head start on the moppers. "This is a fairly dry night, so we can allow up to three-quarters of an hour between sweeping and mopping," he said. "On wet nights, the moppers have to work close behind the sweepers, because otherwise people would track so much mud over the areas that have already been swept that the moppers would have too hard a time of it. Incidentally, we sweep *and* mop only the marble and terrazzo floors in the station. The concrete floors, like the ones on the platforms, only need sweeping—you could wash them all night and hardly notice the difference. This concourse floor, as you can see, is concrete and glass block, so it just gets swept. And here comes the fellow who sweeps it."

A man carrying a large push broom in one hand and wheeling a barrel of sawdust with the other approached and stopped close to the spot where we were standing. He rested the broom against a wall, lifted a bucket of sawdust out of the barrel, and began scattering it on the floor, like a peasant broadcasting wheat. Fraad walked over to the barrel, picked up a pinch of sawdust, and ground it between his thumb and forefinger, feeling its texture. Then he spread it on his palm and examined it closely. "This looks O.K., Artie," he remarked to Thim. Turning to me, he said, "Sawdust is pretty tricky stuff. You



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can damage a good floor by using the wrong kind. Once in a while, our suppliers slip in some reddish sawdust, such as you get from the center of cedar, and we have to watch out for that, because it stains. Pine sawdust is another kind we don't like, since pine contains a fairly high proportion of resin, and resin sticks to floors. We prefer hardwood sawdust, like birch, maple, and oak. We use about two thousand pounds of the stuff in this station every week. That's just its dry weight before we dampen it so that it will absorb dust."

The sweeper had picked up his broom and was now pushing it, with its head turned at a barely perceptible angle to the right, across the breadth of the concourse. Holding the end of the shaft close to his chest in an overhand grip, he appeared to be leaning against it as he moved along, but on looking closer, I could see that with slight, supple movements of his wrists he was manipulating the broom in such a way that it repeatedly executed little thrusts and retreats, each of them perfectly timed to the easy rhythm of his stride. With every thrust, a small, narrow ridge of dirt and sawdust trailed from the right edge of the broom head, and each ridge began precisely where the preceding one ended, so that the sweepings rose in a straight and unbroken windrow right across the floor. When the sweeper reached the far wall of the concourse, he swung around—marking time as he did so, as if unwilling to lose that effortless rhythm—expertly engaged the windrow with the right side of his broom, and headed back across the concourse, this time leaving a ridge of dirt behind the left edge of the broom. "Gee, I *love* to see a good sweeper at work," Fraad said as the man wheeled and started out across the floor again. "Sweeping isn't as easy as you might think. Notice how he pushes the broom not exactly in front of him but at a slight angle, so that the dirt piles up in a line at the side? Among other things, that charts his course, so he never wastes a moment sweeping along the same aisle twice. Sweeping a huge area like this can be killing work unless you know just how to conserve your energy. See the way he holds his broom in that overhand position? If he held it the way most people do"—holding an imaginary broom, Fraad made an underhand, sidewise sweeping motion—"he'd be exhausted after three or four hours. It takes several weeks to break a man in on a broom. And, of course, as on any job, it pays to have the right equipment. I remember when we were called in as cleaning con-

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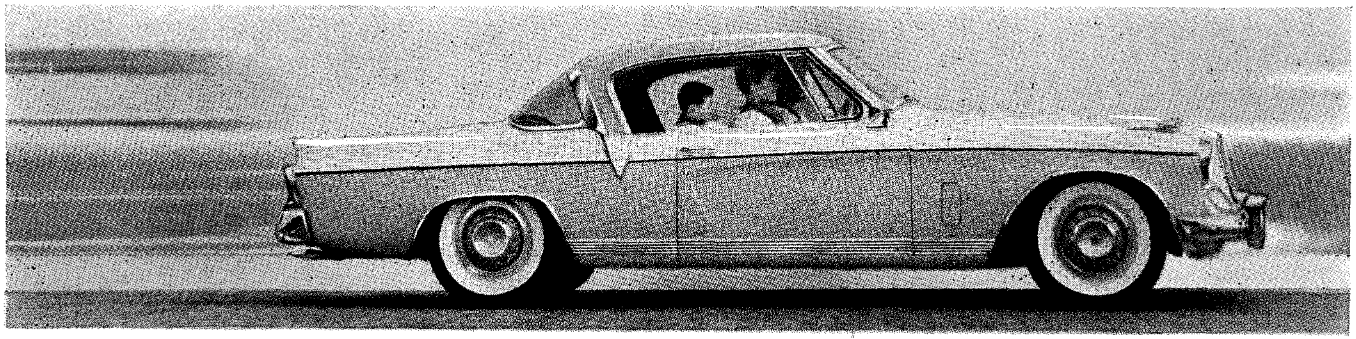

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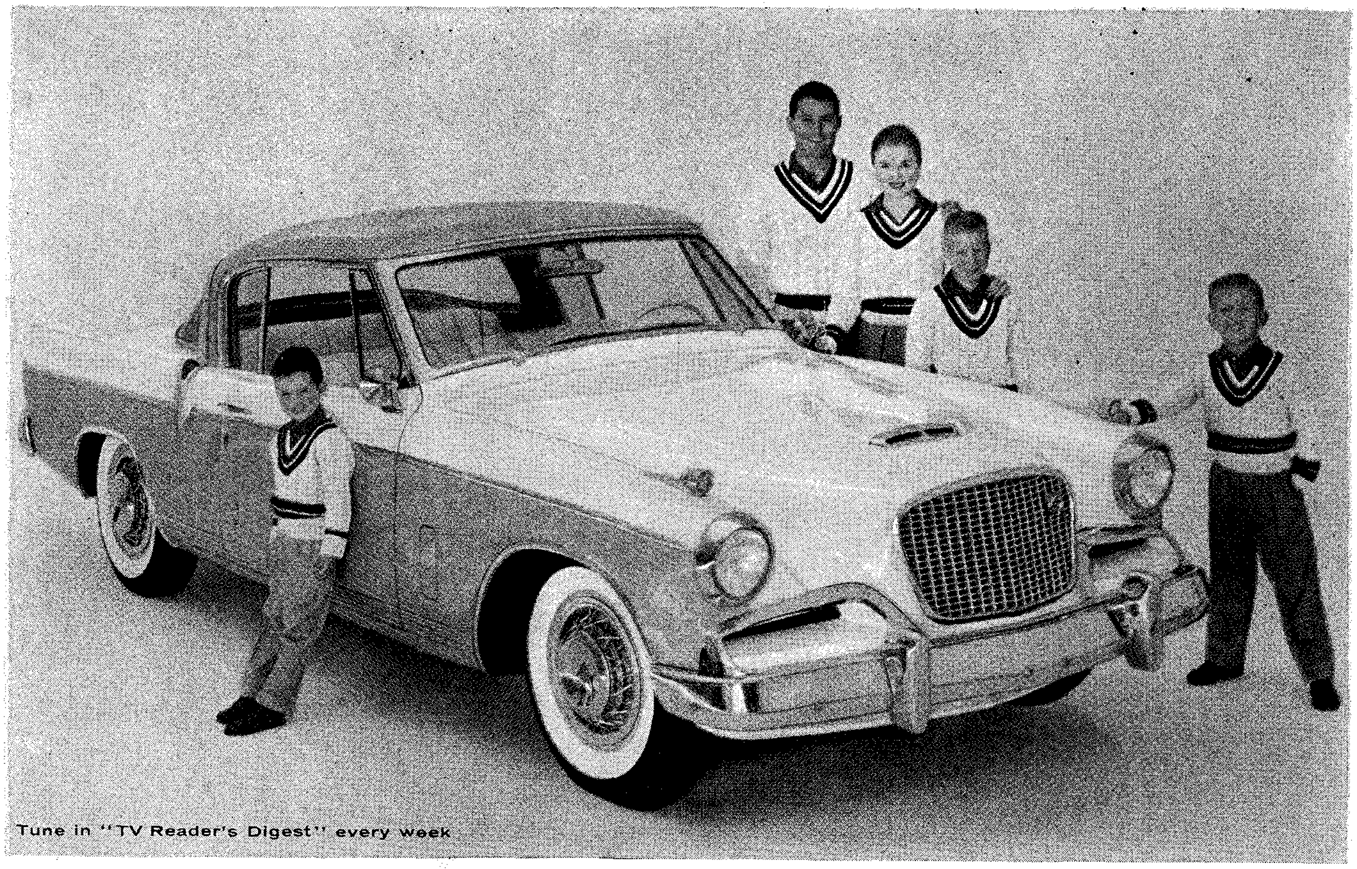

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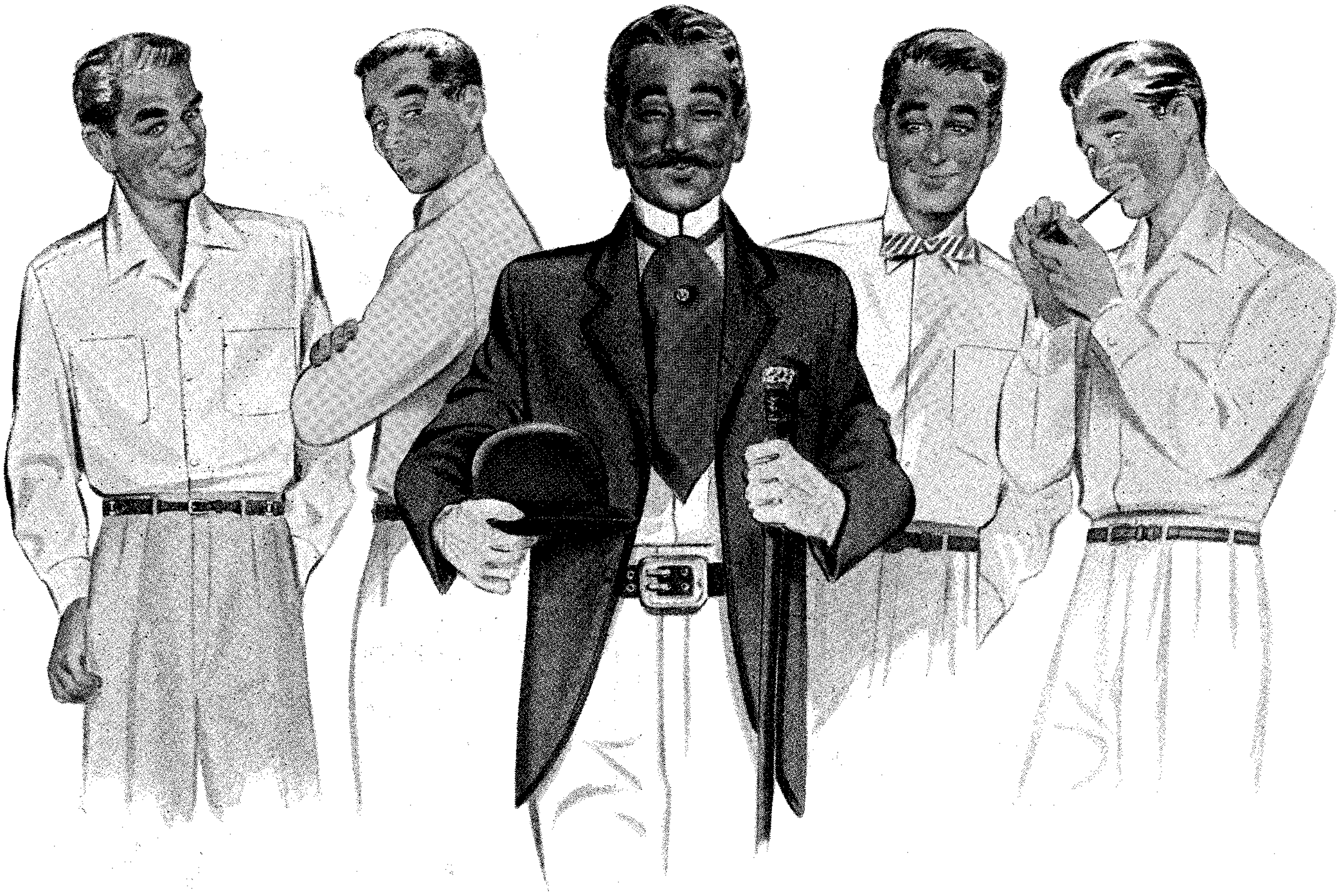
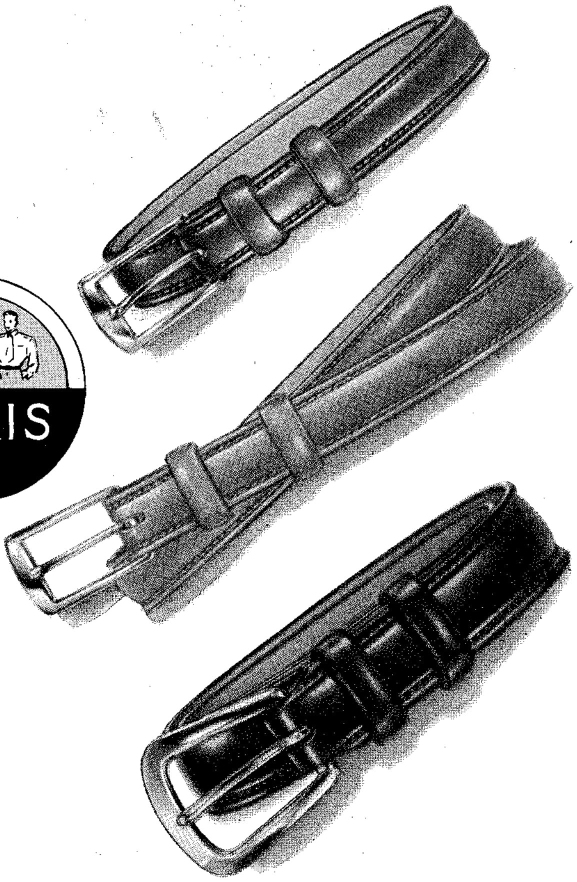


# If you saw your belt as others see it, you'd change it more often!



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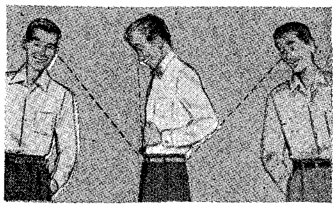

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PARIS BELTS—SUSPENDERS—GARTERS
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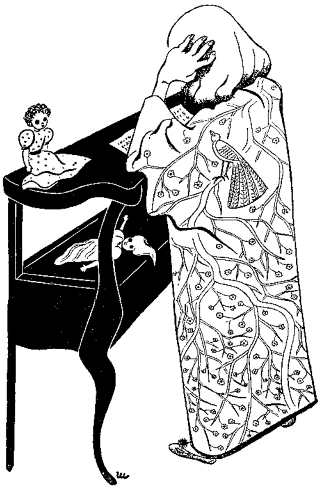
sultants at Oak Ridge and found that a lot of the cleaners they'd hired there—mostly mountain women who had never before swept the inside of anything bigger than their cabins—were trying to sweep that great big school building down there with corn brooms. Imagine—corn brooms! Quite apart from the fact that the cleaning efficiency of the brooms was about zero—a corn broom is O.K. for little wooden porches and such but hopeless when it comes to big areas with smooth finishes—those poor old girls were murdering themselves by the way they handled them. The sharp side-to-side motion housewives use can put a terrible strain on the *latissimus dorsi.* Well, naturally, we junked the corn brooms and provided the women with twenty-four-inch push brooms, and then we held some sweeping classes to teach them how to use them with the minimum of effort. Their cleaning efficiency went up right away."

Fraad gazed appreciatively at the section of the floor that the sweeper had been over. "Just look at that sheen coming up," he said. "If that isn't the prettiest thing! This must be his sixth sweep he's on now. Four hundred feet a sweep. He'll make forty-four trips across the floor before he's finished the concourse. That's about three miles of walking, and he'll finish it in just about four and a half hours—if *that* doesn't happen too often." He pointed at a drowsy couple who were standing directly in the path of the sweeper, with their backs to him. "He's not allowed to ask people to move out of his way," Fraad said. "That's a regulation laid down by the terminal authorities in our contract. If those two don't move on, he'll sweep around them, and then come back after they've gone and sweep up where they're standing." The sweeper got to within two or three yards of the couple, then stopped and, nursing



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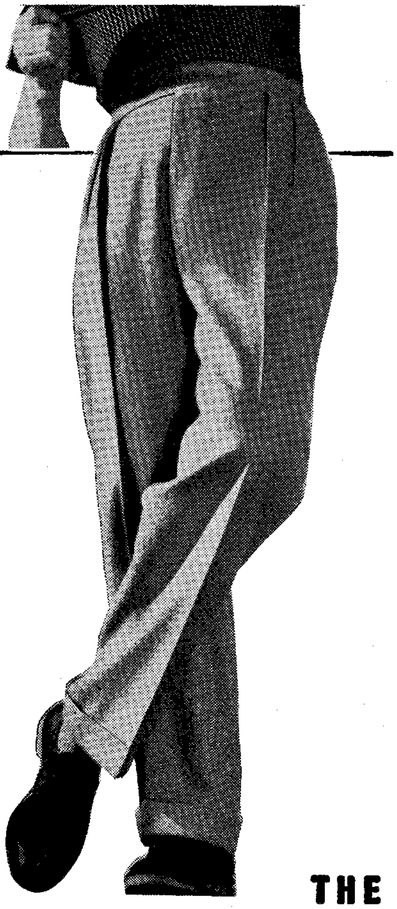

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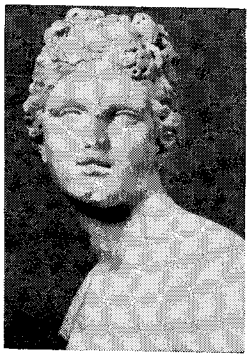
and patting the pile of dirt before his broom with short, gentle, rhythmic motions, raised his eyes from the floor to stare without expression at their backs. Almost at once, they seemed to sense his presence, for they looked around quickly, and stepped aside. The sweeper then resumed his sweep, his eyes again on the dirt before him.

Thim suggested that we go have a look at the mopping operation in the main waiting room, and Fraad roused himself from the trancelike state in which he had been admiring the performance of the sweeper and agreed that that would be a good idea. The three of us made our way through one of the electric-eye doors at the eastern side of the concourse and into the waiting room, where we stopped to survey the cavernous scene. "Now, this is a *big* baby to clean," Fraad said. "And it's also a tough one, because it collects dirt at a terrible rate. It's really a kind of well, with a bottom far below the street level, and dust just pours down into it from the Thirty-first and Thirty-third Street entrances. As a matter of fact, if the dust simply settled on the floor it wouldn't be so bad, but in winter the hot air coming out of the heating vents in the bases of those eight big lamp stanchions around the floor creates a draft that carries the dust high up on the walls—and those walls are a hundred and fifty feet from floor to ceiling. That's as high as the average fifteen-story building. The walls are made of travertine down near the floor and of synthetic travertine the rest of the way." He peered upward into the gloomy reaches near the ceiling. "Travertine's a nice-looking stone, but it's very porous," he said. "It's a bad dust-catcher. Look at that map there," he went on, pointing to a faded mural, far up on the western side of the north wall, that was dimly recognizable as a colored representation of Long Island. "Dust—great festoons of it—collects on that, and on the other murals around the place. We vacuum these walls and murals every two years, and it's a pretty tricky undertaking, let me tell you. The cleaners have to work on riggings suspended from winches anchored to the ceiling." It made me dizzy even to think of it.

Perhaps a dozen people were in the waiting room, some of them wandering aimlessly here and there and the rest just standing, except for two or three clustered in front of the tired-looking clerk in the information booth. Over everything hung that heavy, still, musty odor that pervades all railroad waiting rooms, and the oddly magni-

MAN

DISCOVERS SECRET



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fied sounds reverberating from the ceiling far above seemed to be not generated by the desultory activities of the waiting travellers below but echoes left over from some forgotten rush hour.

In the waiting room, the attack on dirt was well under way. Near the escalators leading to the Seventh Avenue arcade, a pickup man was standing on a large push truck and trampling down a great pile of old newspapers and other trash. To our right, a sweeper was pushing his broom parallel to a row of ticket windows. The southwest corner of the room had already been swept, and a three-man mopping team was now at work there. Thim told me that the floor, of pink Tennessee marble, was swept, and then mopped, section by section, beginning in the southwest corner; for cleaning purposes, that part of the room is the first to become "dead" at night, meaning that few, if any, travellers will be encountered there. The cleaners then proceed to the other corner areas, in a counterclockwise direction, leaving until last the center of the room and the bay leading to the train concourse, which don't begin to die until around three-thirty in the morning.

We walked over to watch the moppers. They were working in a glistening patch of moisture that was surrounded by a number of signs, mounted on tripods, that read, "DANGER, MEN WORKING." The three-man team—a wet man, a squeegee man, and a dry man, to give them their professional titles—formed a line in single file. As they worked, they moved slowly backward, step by step—first the wet man, whose job it was to slosh around the water that had been laid down by an itinerant wheeled tank car; then the squeegee man, who pushed the water around on the floor and loosened up the dirt beneath it with a yard-wide squeegee; and, finally, the dry man, who alternately slid his mop around the floor and wrung it out into the waste compartment of another tank cart, leaving the floor in a state of clean dampness.

"Looks like a relatively simple operation, doesn't it?" Fraad said. "And, in a way, it is, but I imagine a lot of people would be surprised to know the amount of study we've put in to make it possible for those three men to do their work properly. For instance, each of those heavy-duty mops that we use for big jobs like this—and we've got an entirely different set of specifications for light-duty mops—contains ninety-five double strands of cotton cord. Each of those mopheads weighs exactly thirty-two ounces and each can absorb six

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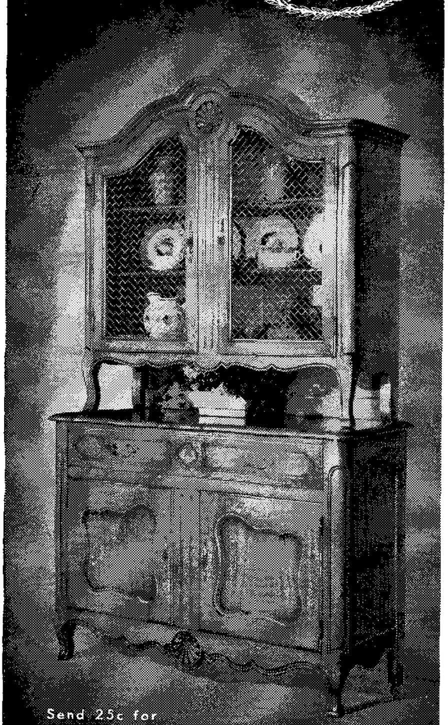

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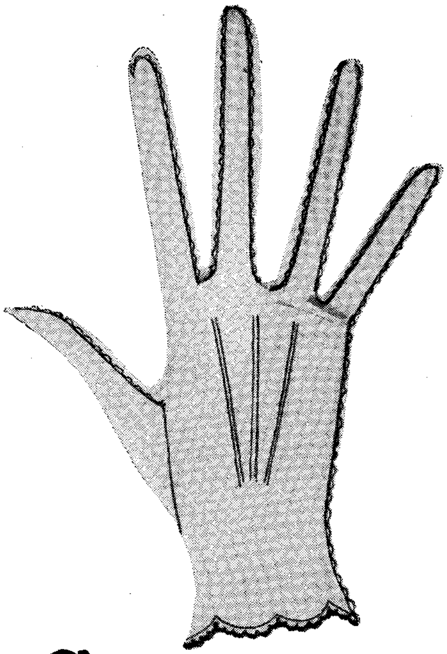

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British Antirain

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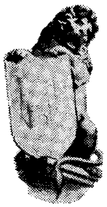

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pounds of water. If we have a mopper who is six feet tall—and we usually like our moppers tall, because they can cover a greater area with each swing—the handle of his mop is six feet six inches long, and we know that he can swing it in a seventeen-foot arc. We try to make up teams of men who are all about the same height, because then they can all travel at about the same speed. The progress of a team, like that of a naval convoy, is determined by its slowest unit, which in mopping means the man with the shortest swing."

I noticed that the dry man on the team we were watching—a man in a spotlessly clean white shirt, which contrasted sharply with the drab working clothes of his colleagues—was quite a bit shorter than the two other men. When I mentioned this to Fraad, he said, "Oh, yes, that's White Shirt John, and he's an exception—a real veteran. In fact, although he's only five feet eight, he's about the best dry man we have. John doesn't have the natural reach of taller men but he has a wonderful sense of rhythm and a beautiful style, and he can manage a longer-handled mop than most men of any size." He added that the dry man's full name was John Marsenich, that he was sixty-eight years old, and that he had been working for Allied as a mopper in Penn Station since 1926, when he came to this country from Fiume, where he was born.

As the mopping team made its way past us, Fraad called out, "She's drying fast tonight, eh, John?"

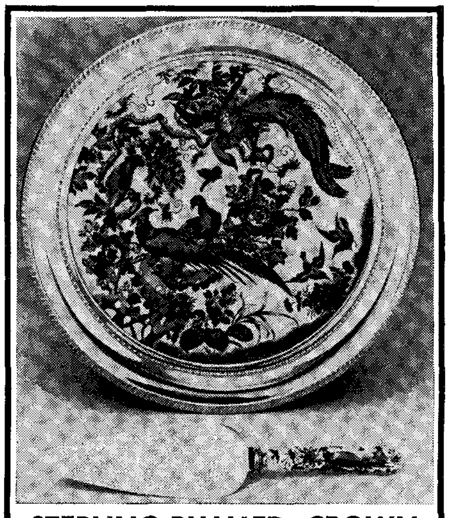
White Shirt John looked up and smiled shyly. His face was pink, and looked newly scrubbed. "Sure, sure, Mr. Fraad, a good drying night," he said. "She dries up in a few seconds. A couple of nights ago, it was so damp I had to backtrack and do everything over three times." He nodded earnestly to emphasize how difficult things had been, and then went on with his mopping.

A tall, thin man in a blue business suit came hurrying across the floor toward the moppers.

"How's that new squeegee working out, Bill?" Fraad called to him.

"Oh, great, Mr. Fraad," the man said. "It seems to get right *underneath* the dirt. I think we may save as much as eight man-hours a night with it on this team alone." He peered quickly into the tank cart, and looked at his wristwatch. "The next tank is a couple of minutes late," he said. "I'd better go see what's holding it up." And he darted away.

"That was Bill Karel, the assistant



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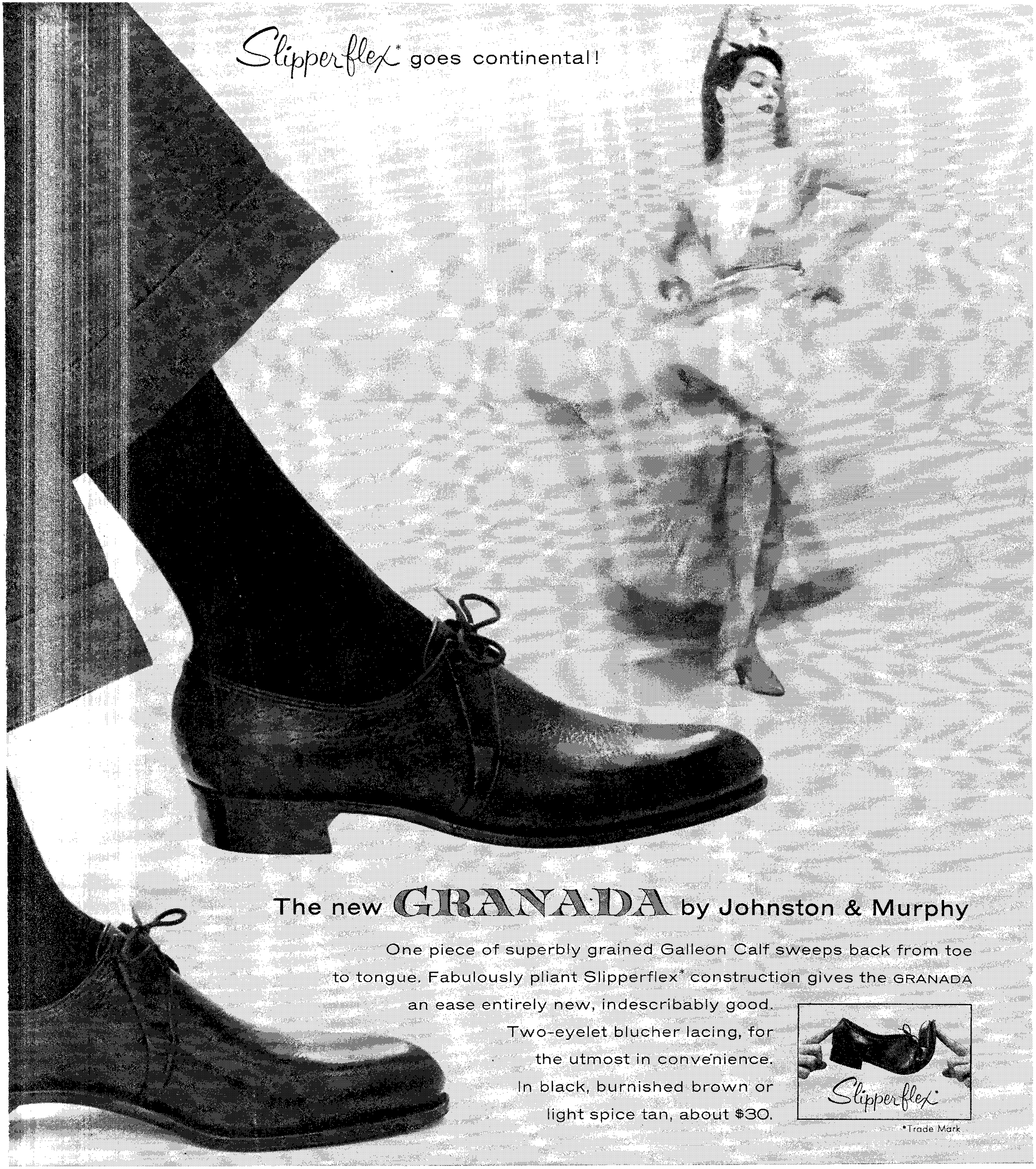

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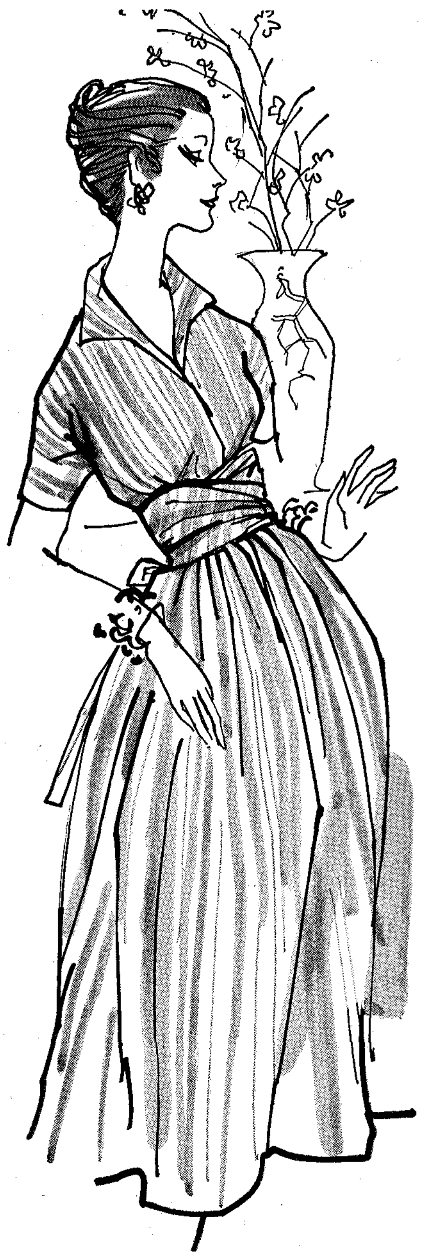

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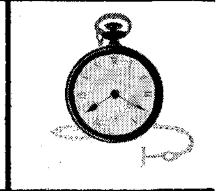

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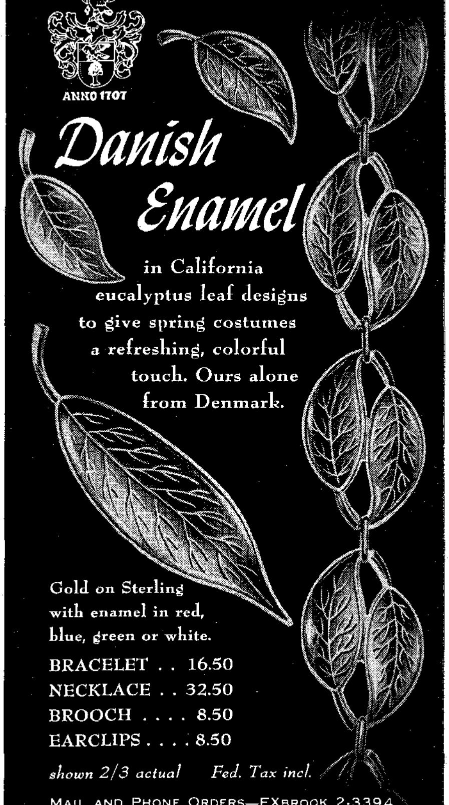
supervisor of our operations here at the station," Fraad told me. "He developed the idea of using a squeegee instead of a mop to push around the water that's laid down from the tank. I think it's a swell idea, and we're giving it a careful trial. I've always been in favor of using more water than we have in the past—there's nothing like water to float off dirt—and it may be that a squeegee can push a lot more water around in a given time than a mop."

Fraad raised a prodigious forefinger and pushed the sagging bridge of his glasses back into place with the force of a small blow. "By God, it's *nice* to see our people experimenting!" he said. "Bill has been brooding about that squeegee for months. When you consider that we have to clean forty thousand feet of floor space in this one waiting room every night, three hundred and sixty-five days a year, a little touch like that can mean a lot." He went on to explain that while there are several kinds of commercial mopping machines on the market, and some other building-maintenance companies use them, his doesn't, because he hasn't yet come across one that can clean a floor as well as an experienced mopping team. "We don't use machines just for the sake of using machines," he said. "Mechanization can be overdone. We stick to handwork until we're sure a machine can do a better job. You've got to know just where to use machines. For instance, we've been using electric floor scrubbers for years now, but we rarely put one on a terrazzo floor, like the one on the lower level. Terrazzo is a mixture of cement and marble chips, ground to a smooth surface. If you work the surface with a heavy scrubbing machine, you're apt to scrub out some of the cement along with the dirt. More dirt will collect there, and eventually it'll work its way under the chips, giving them a grayish cast and ruining the appearance of your floor. Before we touch a floor, we *prescribe* for our clients the treatment it should have."

Fraad stood silent a moment, admiring the moppers. Then he exclaimed, "Oh, that wet man really is graceful! See how he slaps his mop around on the floor—one-two-three-four, one-two-three-four! See how his rhythm carries him? I love to watch a team mopping down a floor!"

"Would you like to feel what it's like to swing an Allied mop?" Thim asked me. "Here, try White Shirt John's." He called out to the little dry man, who smiled his shy smile as he came over and handed me his mop. The mop was very



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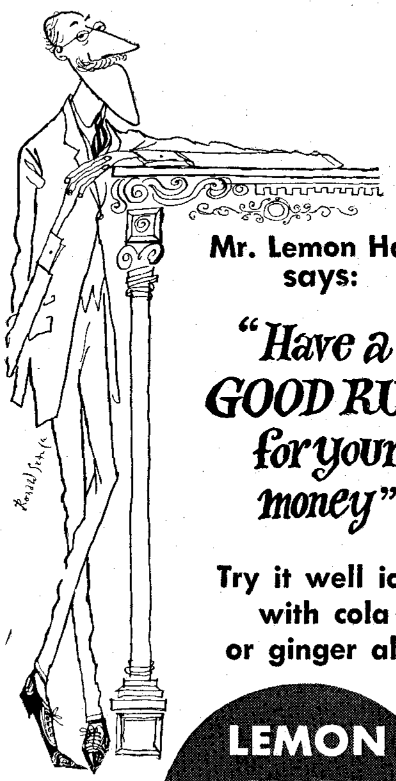

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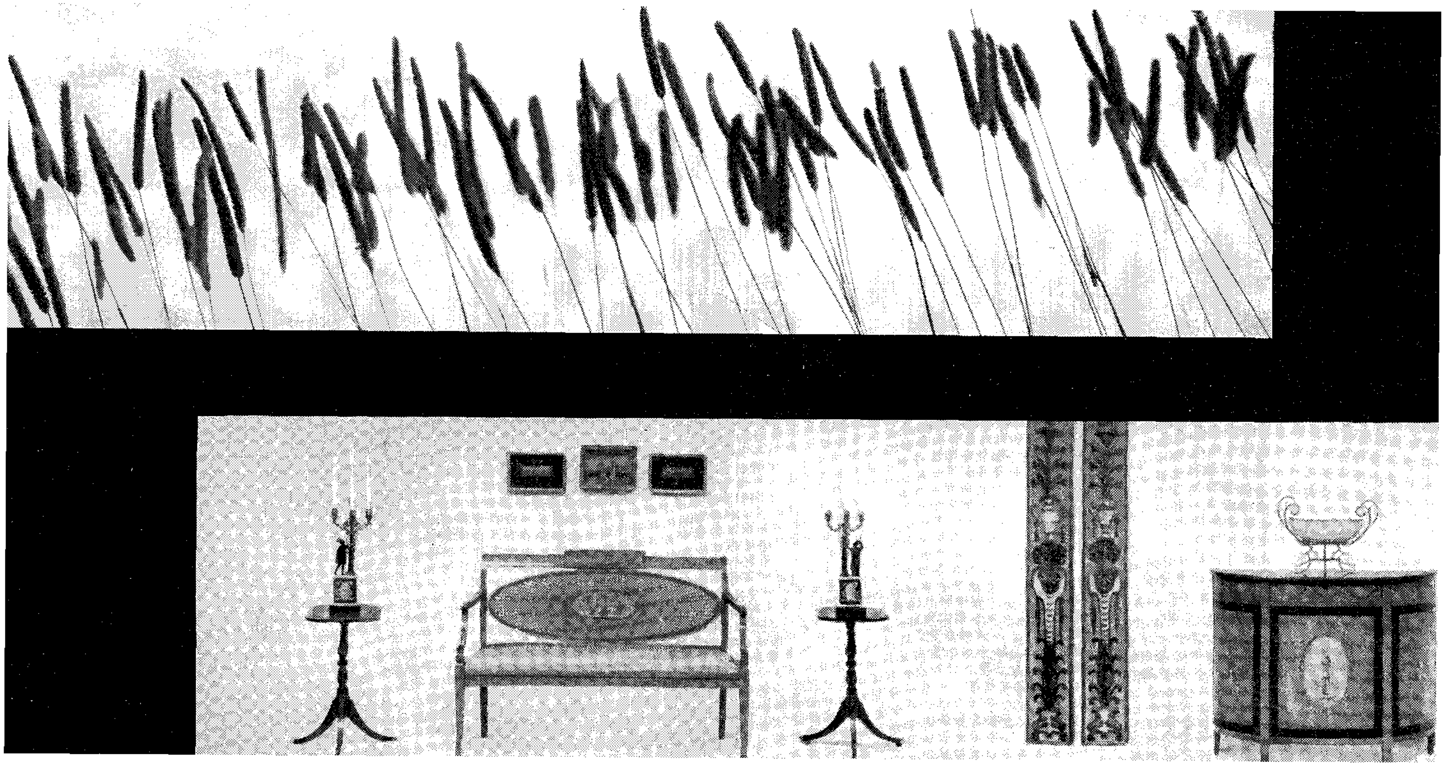
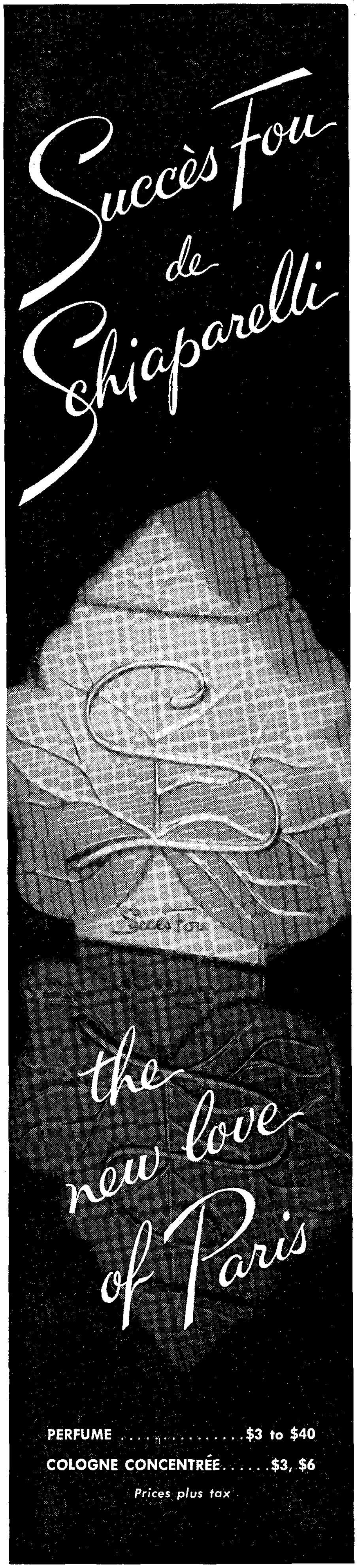


much heavier than I had supposed, and its handle suddenly seemed much longer, too. I tried to swing it in an arc, as I had seen the men do so easily, and instantly the strands became hopelessly tangled. After a couple of minutes, during which, with considerable effort, I had managed to produce only a few wet, uneven smears on the floor, I was glad to hand the mop back to White Shirt John. He smiled again as he accepted it, and then, standing with his feet well apart, began to swing it. I now noticed that he did not execute a simple arc with it, as at a distance he had appeared to, but, instead, outlined a slender figure eight, in such a way that at the end of each full swing the strands of the mop flared outward and around into the next swing without tangling—or, indeed, seeming even to touch one another. He undid in a few seconds the mess I had made, and, still smiling, picked up where he had left off, swaying and bending his body to the gliding strands with such rhythmical grace that it seemed as if the mop rather than he were responsible for the motion.

"John went home last year to pay his folks a visit," Fraad said. "Then he came right back to work in this room. We don't have many left of his age and experience. Until the last few years, the cleaning business, especially in New York, depended to a very great extent on immigrant labor, but that era's about over. Mass immigration ended with the depression, and many of the people who came over from the other side earlier in this century and went to work here as cleaners have retired. You can't blame them; they were getting on in years, they'd had a tough life, they could claim Social Security benefits, and often their kids, who were beginning to earn fairly good money, were anxious to have them take it easy. How those people used to work! Most of them had to hold down two jobs to feed their families. Nowadays, all our people are unionized, and I'm glad of it. The unions give us headaches—we have to deal with around seventy different ones—but they give our workers, and consequently the operations of our company, a certain stability, too. Mind you, we don't think of ourselves as benefactors of labor—what the unions get from us, they have to come and fight for. But we do try to be fair."

The escalators on the Seventh Avenue side of the waiting room suddenly stopped running for the night, and when the echo of their rumble had slowly settled, like dust, from the immense spaces



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above us, the place became strangely peaceful. In the general quiet, the strokes of the wet man's mop made a distant lapping sound. It was still making that sound when, well after four o'clock, Fraad and I returned to the waiting room from a tour of the other parts of the station in which Allied teams were at work; Thim had left us to go check on the progress of a crew of cleaners in the United Nations Plaza branch of the Chase Manhattan Bank, which provides the company with another of its nightly cleaning chores. From where we stood to its farthest reaches, the floor of the waiting room looked fresh and pink—all except the last, center stretch, on which the mopping team was now at work. As the men retreated toward the electric-eye doors at the west side of the room, the big, shining patch of water in which they swung their slithering mops slowly moved along with them, while here and there, close by, stood numbly waiting passengers, like long-legged waterbirds on a beach when the tide is ebbing.

—THOMAS WHITESIDE

•

## CLEAR DAYS ON THE PUBLISHING SCENE

[*Letter circulated among employees of the Los Angeles Examiner*]

TO MEMBERS OF THE EXAMINER TEAM:

You do not have to be a coach on the team to have your opportunity to play in the game. Everyone cannot be a coach on the team, but every member of the team has an important part to play in winning the game. I enjoy my work as an artist in the Editorial Art Department of the Examiner team.

Coach Frank Payne has asked me how the team was lining up for a sure win in the seasons ahead. When I told him what I thought, he asked me if I would write a letter to all the rest of the players on the team, so that they might know my appraisals.

I have been in several departments of the Examiner, and everyone with whom I talked seemed to have the feeling that "This is it." Those who have heard Frank talk on different occasions have found in his voice, and words, the sincerity, frankness and humbleness that would convince anyone that here is a great opportunity for every member of the Examiner team to show what he can do.

Coach Payne has his door wide open at all times, and any member of his team who has an idea, or suggestion, of any kind, may take it to the publisher himself. It is a certainty that, if everyone will do his best, the Los Angeles Examiner will be the greatest newspaper in the West, if not in the entire country.

Franklin S. Payne is the Leader in the Renaissance of the Newspaper Publishing Business.

Sincerely,
WALTER A. BAILEY

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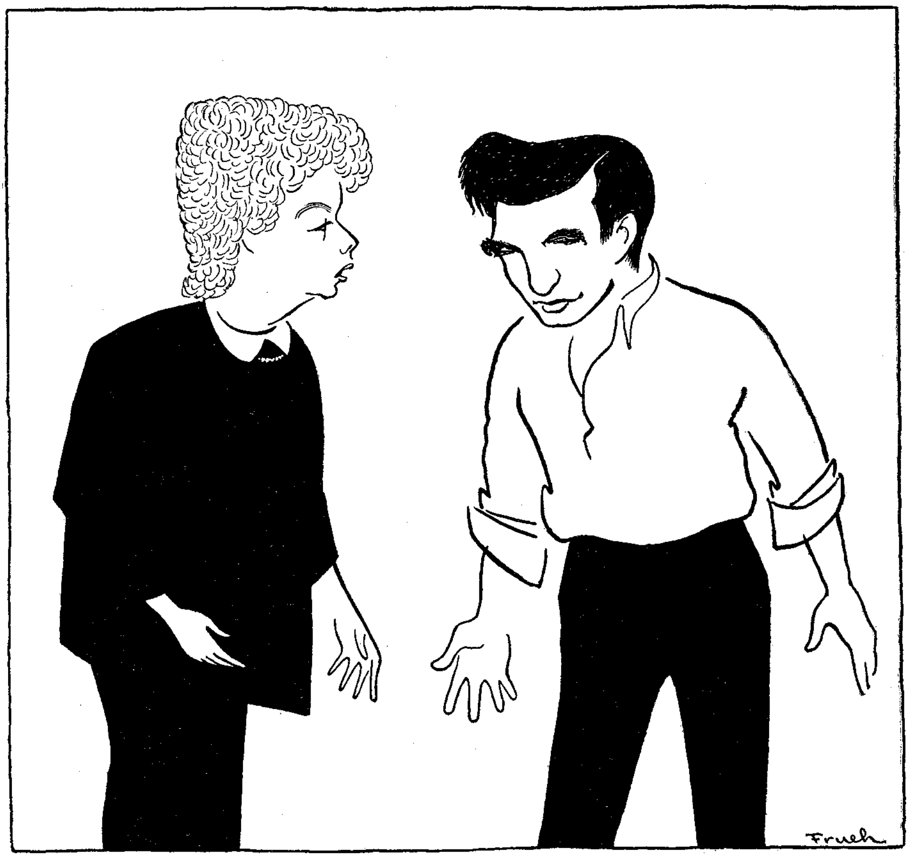
# THE THEATRE

## SHAW WITH MUSIC

JUST about the most brilliantly successful scene I remember seeing in a musical comedy turns up somewhere about halfway through "My Fair Lady," the adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion" at the Mark Hellinger. Eliza Doolittle, the Cockney flower girl whom Professor Henry Higgins is grooming to talk like a lady, suddenly manages to say "The rain in Spain falls mainly on the plains" with all its treacherous vowels intact, and so enchanted are her listeners that they go into a triumphant little tango by way of celebration. It is a moment that has practically everything—charm, style, wit, gaiety—and I will cherish it as long as I live. The rest of the play never quite achieves this magic level, but it is still all wonderfully entertaining, and extraordinarily welcome in a season that previously offered no musicals except two glum exploits called "The Vamp" and "Pipe Dream."

"My Fair Lady" is meritorious in every department, but probably its greatest accomplishment lies in its remarkable humanization of Mr. Shaw, who has been transformed from an amiable but fundamentally sardonic observer of human behavior into a beaming old sentimentalist, as warm and lovable as Santa Claus. The changes and elisions that Alan Jay Lerner has made in the text are surprisingly few, considering the peculiar demands of musical comedy, but there is certainly a new sympathy for love. In "Pygmalion," the approach, while by no means hostile, was still pretty chilly and vegetarian, giving the impression that the author was quite willing to tolerate sex but rather preferred to discuss the caste system. Mr. Lerner has remedied that. The science of phonetics and the general absurdity of hereditary aristocracy get into "My Fair Lady" all right, but the real emphasis is enthusiastically on romance. It seems to me that here and there something has been lost—Eliza's raffish papa, for instance, is a healthier and much less complicated scoundrel than he was in the original—but on the whole it is a highly intelligent and tremendously engaging piece of work. An only slightly smaller miracle has been accomplished with the songs, whose lyrics, by Mr. Lerner, if not precisely Shavian, are always cheerfully in key with the rest of the proceedings, and whose melodies, composed by Mr. Frederick Loewe, are as bright and stylish as everything else about the production. In addition to its pleasant sound, "My Fair Lady" is entrancing to look at. Oliver Smith's sets, ranging from the crazy squalor of Covent Garden to the icy grandeur of an embassy ballroom, are handsome, posterlike inventions, and Cecil Beaton's costumes—by far the best we've seen this year—show impressive wit and imagination. People really looked like something in 1912, I thought, surveying my neighbors in the opening-night audience, who seemed to have gone out of their way to dress in a singularly melancholy and uninspiring fashion.

As Eliza, Julie Andrews fulfills all the promise she showed last year in "The Boy Friend." The part, of course, could hardly be more gratifying to an actress, since the transition from the screeching Cockney slattern of the early scenes to the composed and majestic elocutionist of the later ones is almost guaranteed sorcery, but Miss Andrews goes far beyond the obvious effects. She turns very satisfactorily from a howling savage into a suitable companion for duchesses, but there remains a fine suggestion of incorruptible vulgarity smoldering somewhere inside. Even when her poise and accent are most implacable, she still seems just on the verge of a yell. It is a hilarious and at the same time singularly touching performance. Rex Harrison, who plays Higgins, is rumored to have resisted even the slightest tampering with the original text, and there are times when he appears to be condescending somewhat to Mr. Lerner's version of the role. Nevertheless, it is generally an attractive effort, and he talks his songs at least as effectively as a lot of actors would sing them. Stanley Holloway, as Doolittle, is marvellously funny in his rendering of two



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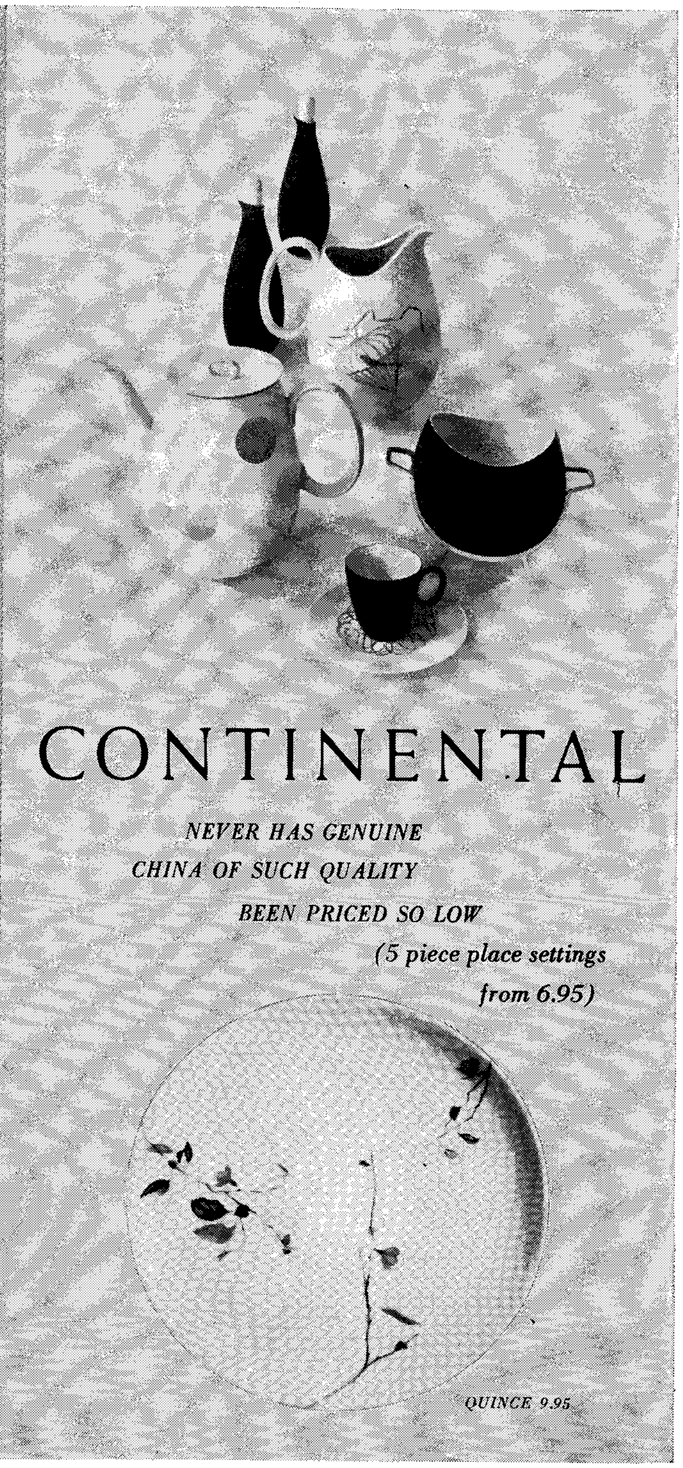

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numbers called "With a Little Bit of Luck" and "Get Me to the Church on Time," and there are other valuable contributions by Robert Coote, as a stuffy bulwark of the Empire; Cathleen Nesbitt, as a handsome Mayfair matron; and Viola Roache, Philippa Bevans, and John Michael King, in more or less subordinate assignments. Moss Hart has directed the cast of thirty-one with his customary skill, and Hanya Holm has staged at least two dances that struck me as being as lovely as dreams.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

A mother writes:

"We have observed this more than a dozen times. In semi-dark our five-year-old daughter's eyes have glowed like two red coals. Seeing this sends such a chill through me. I'm ashamed to admit it frightens me and I would be relieved if you can explain what it means . . .

Our little daughter is bright and adorable . . ."

All right, madam, I'll tell you the truth. You must brace yourself and keep calm. It means—

I bet Aunt Mary would have made even more chilling drama out of such a phenomenon had it occurred in Brigham Hall.

The red coal glow is the normal color of the retina in the back of the eyeball. The light coming from behind you is reflected by the retina to your eye. In persons of fair complexion the retina is orange-red; in persons of darker complexion it is a deeper brick-red.

So, you see, in semi-darkness red coal glow of eyes looking toward lamp or fire is perfectly natural. The eyes of animals in the dark looking toward a campfire glow in the same way, if the observer is between the fire and the animal.

For goodness sake, folks, don't worry about things you don't understand. Consult your physician or, if you won't or can't submit the matter to your physician, ask me about it, inclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope.—*Dr. Brady in the Montreal Gazette.*

What? With your eyes shining that way, Doctor?

•

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She looked away from me as she passed in front of me, and a million tiny electric shocks ran through my body.—*Page 8.*

"Me, too," he mumbled, taking her hand. It was warm and electric in his grip.

—*Page 79.*

Her grip was firm and casual like a man's, yet there was an electric warmth in it.

—*Page 194.*

Her hand moved along the table and rested on mine. . . . I could feel the electricity shooting up my arm from her fingers.

—*Page 271.*

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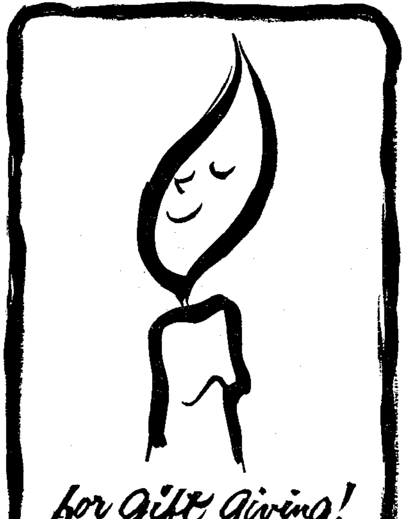

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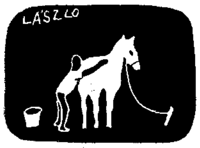
# THE RACE TRACK

## *Out of the Money*



THOSE groans you may have heard over the weekend were *not* the complaints of horseplayers who were snowed out at Lincoln Downs, in Rhode Island, but lamentations over Nashua's defeat in the Gulfstream Park Handicap, in Florida. To the mild surprise of practically everybody, the Brookmeade Stable's Sailor led all the way at Gulfstream Park last Saturday, winning with something to spare from Mielleux. Find was third, Wise Margin was fourth, and Nashua was fifth—the first time he has ever been out of the money. It is a rueful thought, but it may be that Nashua isn't quite as good as he was last year. He looked all right on the television screen, though you really can't judge the finer points of condition that way. Also, he was on his toes at the start, getting a good position early and matching strides for more than half of the mile and a quarter with Jet Action, a fast runner who the wiseacres said was the one most likely to win if Nashua didn't. Approaching the turn off the backstretch, Nashua made a move, but he didn't give out with the great surge of power that marked his efforts last year, and when he had gone about twenty strides observers knew he wasn't going to catch the leaders. After the race, Arcaro, who rode him, was at a loss to account for the poor performance. Jim Fitzsimmons, his trainer, said, "I hope we get another chance."

Well, it wasn't Nashua's last race, after all. As you may have heard, there had been rumors for some time that if he won the Gulfstream he would be retired to the stud. It was pointed out that the $83,300 that was the winner's share of the purse, added to the $1,038,015 he had already earned, would make him the greatest money-winner in the history of racing, and that this would be a perfect time to say farewell. All the rumors were denied by his stable before the race, and Mr. Fitz added that Nashua would remain in training unless the weights assigned to him in the big handicaps this summer got altogether too high. (He didn't say how high that was, though.) In the days when the late Jack Campbell was handicapper for the Jockey Club, he had what he called his Hundred-and-Thirty-Pound

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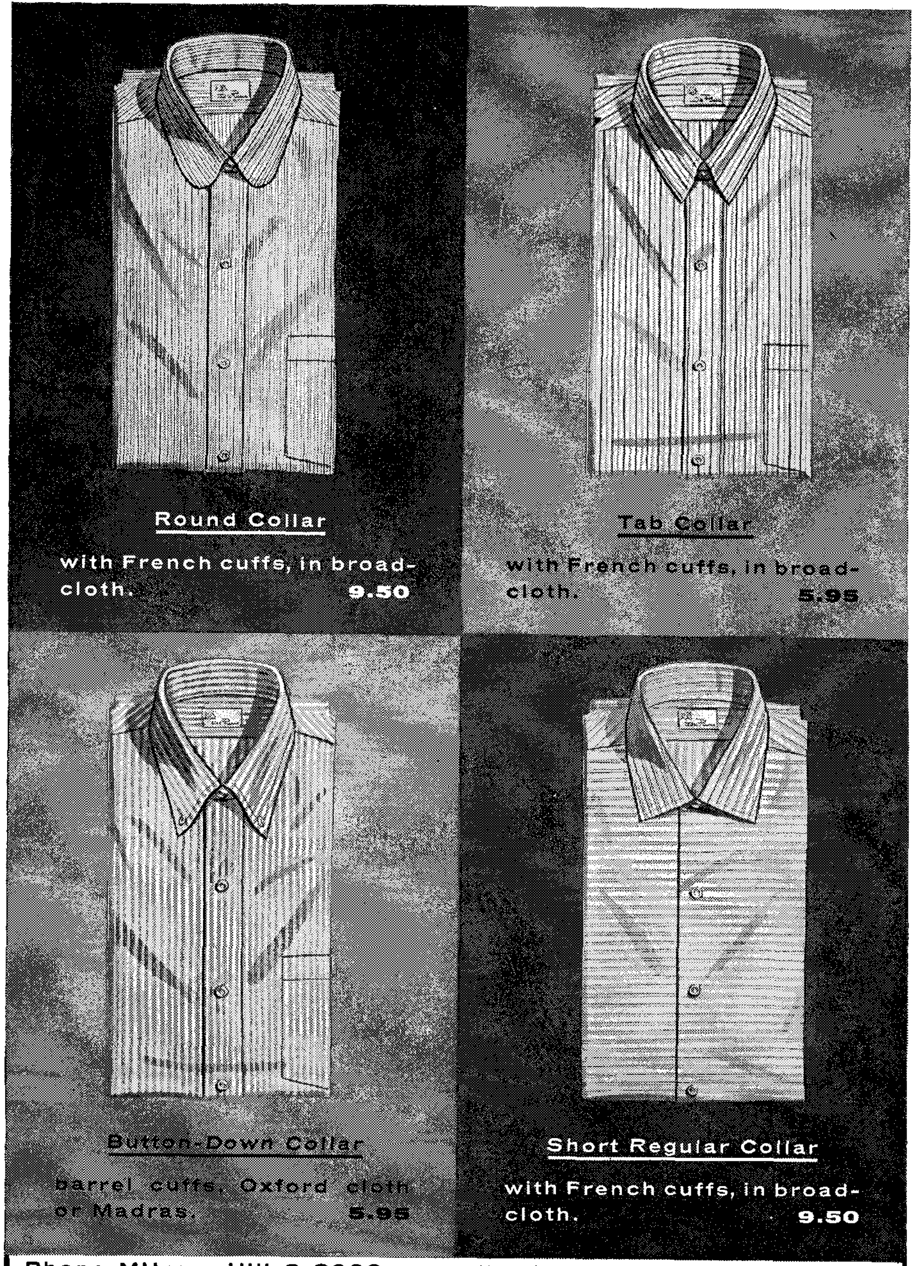

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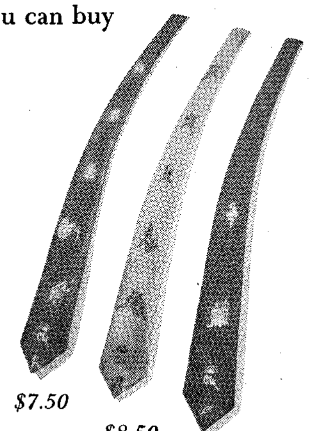

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Club—trainers who would scream for the S.P.C.A. if one of their horses had to carry more than that weight in a race. I'm sure Mr. Fitz wasn't on the list, but I have a notion that it would be all right with Nashua's new owners if he never carried more than a hundred and twenty-six from now on.

Sailor, who ran third to Nashua and Social Outcast in the Widener at Hialeah last month (and with luck might have done even better), deserves full marks for his effort in the Gulfstream. So does Hartack, who rode him, for making use of the colt's speed but conserving his energy and not wasting an inch of ground. Curiously, like Bobby Brocato, the sensation at Santa Anita this winter, Sailor started off as a sprinter, winning the Toboggan at Belmont last spring and the Fall Highweight there last September. After that, he learned to carry his speed over a longer distance, and he wound up the season by beating Mister Gus and Social Outcast in the Pimlico Special. From now on, he'll be rated one of the best.

I am not usually a pushover for newsreel shots or telecasts of races, but I thought the telecast of the Gulfstream Park Handicap was well done. You saw the horses in the paddock and a closeup of the parade to the post, and then you got an excellent, uninterrupted view of the race. The Florida Derby at Gulfstream this weekend should be another good show. If you're looking for ideas from a fellow who thought Nashua would click last weekend, my guess is that Needles will win.

As a rule, horses who have raced in California all winter don't run too well when they first come East. (For one thing, the footing of the racecourses is so different.) Joe Jones is an exception. After a rather unsuccessful time of it at Santa Anita, he popped right off at Bowie last Saturday and won the Southern Maryland Handicap handily from Golden Admiral, Switch On, who was the favorite, and eight others. The explanation is easy. Joe Jones is an old Bowie veteran. Last spring he won the Bowie Handicap, and the year before that he won the first running of the Campbell Memorial. They always come back.

—Audax Minor

•

Once William Shakespeare forlornly asked "can spring be far behind?" and down here in Texas we could assure him now that it won't be long.—*Houston Chronicle.*

He wrote that in the winter of his discontent.

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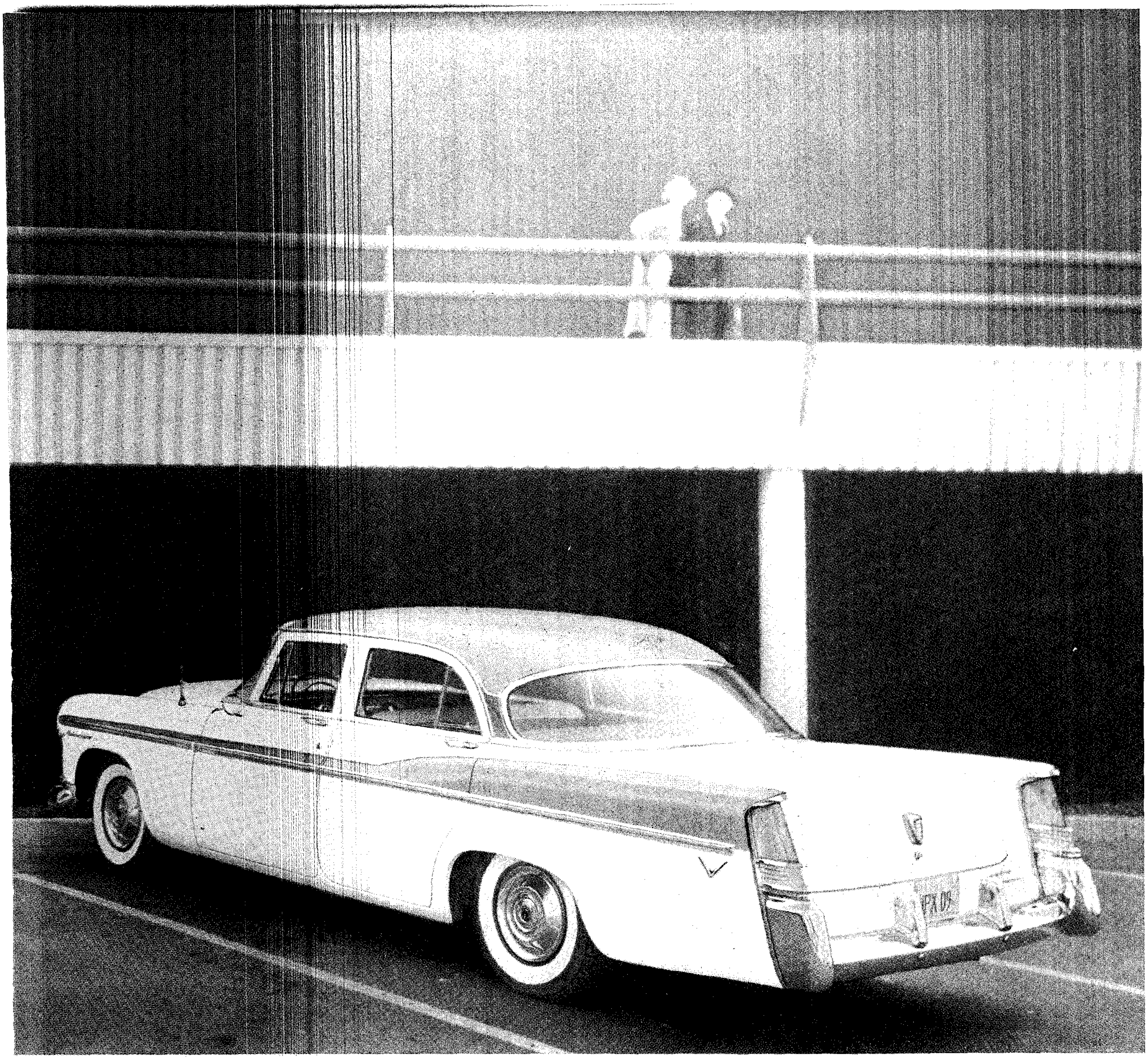

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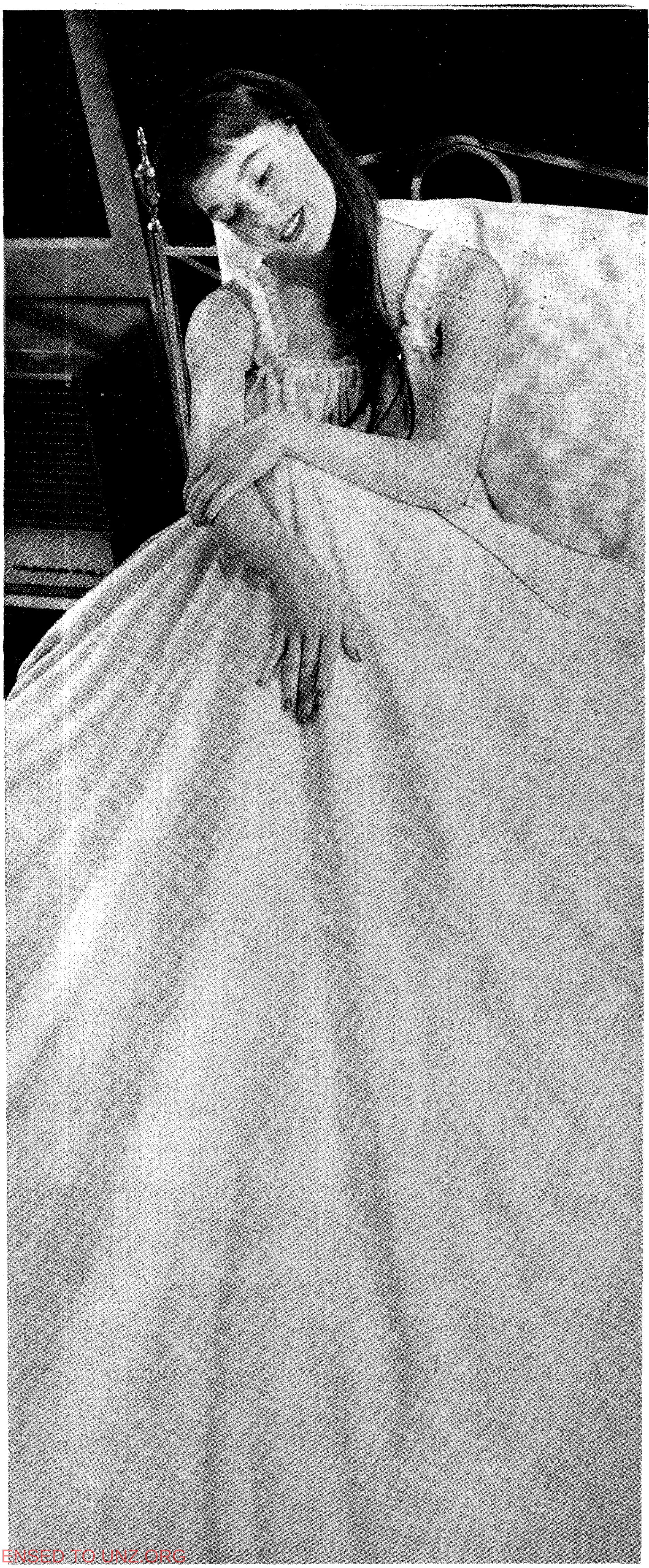

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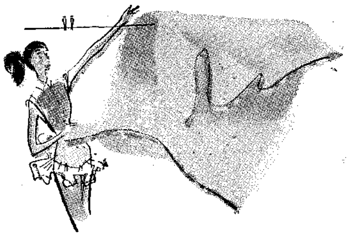

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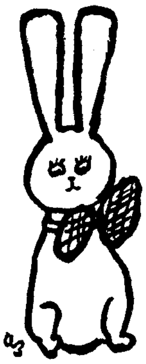
# VIOLENCE ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE

SOME time ago, I came upon a newspaper item from which I learned that the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument on Riverside Drive was in an advanced state of disrepair. It had, in fact, been roped off to prevent crumbling capitals and cornices from landing on the heads of passersby. Because of lack of funds, the city wasn't doing anything about repairing it, and attempts to solicit private contributions had met with a cool response.

The story gave me pause, for the state of the monument is symbolic of the decay of a part of the city that for me was once a place of passion and drama in a setting of almost Oriental opulence. To see its flashing outlines blurred by the settling dust of the years, to see the inescapable air of seediness take over, is a saddening experience. As the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument is a symbol of Riverside Drive, so Riverside Drive is to me a symbol of emotion, because I think of it always in connection with my rich uncle's house.

Like great numbers of New Yorkers, I was not born here. But when I was a child, only eight miles of Jersey meadows lay between Manhattan and me, and from my window at night I could see the trains speeding toward or away from the city. Often the sparks that flew from their stacks set fire to the meadow grass, and in the darkness these fires glowed with a dangerous and romantic beauty. Above the trains, beyond the Palisades, the sky was filled with the city's light. In the day, when the west wind blew, I could see the Gothic spires of the brand-new Woolworth Building. The city was always there, and time was measured by when I had last seen it and when I would return.



Two or three times a year, my uncle, a very kind man with a strong sense of family obligation, took my two sisters and me to lunch at the Lafayette. From there, dizzy with excitement and French food, we moved on to the circus, or to the Hippodrome, where real automobiles drove off cliffs into a tank of real water and where, as a grand climax, absolutely everyone in the show submerged. To cap even this, we were taken to my uncle's house for dinner.

The feelings that house inspired in me were of two kinds. There was, first, sheer awe at the magnificence of the things it contained. Passing through the heavy, iron-scrolled front door into the marble entrance hall was itself an impressive experience, and from then on my already overwrought nervous system was subjected to a series of aesthetic raptures with which I found it difficult to cope. The gold and maroon velvet of Florentine chairs glowed darkly against brocaded walls. Marble nudes lurked in corners. A bust of Lincoln smiled its sad smile from the top of a piano. On a pedestal, a hand-carved wooden horseman was eternally poised to spear a wild boar. There were tapestries and embroideries, fans of Spanish lace, and locked rococo cabinets filled with minute, mysterious objects of—I was sure—incalculable value. Enormous paintings made windows in the walls through which I saw breathtaking vistas of the Alps and the Bay of Naples. In the dining room, the pictures were horns of plenty that spilled out fruit and fish and flowers. It was as though the Louvre, the Parthenon, and the Taj Mahal had all been fused into a single shimmering splendor. The senses reeled.

I have come by now to realize that the house was not very large and that the things in it were no more than a pleasant clutter of the good, bad, and indifferent. But in those days the sightseeing buses stopped in front of it. The barker pointed and the people stared. I knew, when I saw them, that the house was being singled out because its former owners had been E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe, but I was never quite convinced that this was the sole reason the sightseers were there. No walls, I felt, were thick enough to contain such glory, and some of it must surely penetrate them to dazzle the people on Riverside Drive.

This was my primary emotion about that house. Like first love, it is unforgettable, but it was centered on material things and it lost its lustre with the passing years. The eyes of sixteen were different from the eyes of six. The eyes of twenty-six or thirty-six were amused by what had still enthralled the eyes of sixteen. But the house produced other, more profound feelings than this.

It was from there that I first saw flags flying and heard bands playing as the 7th Regiment, gray and white and gold, passed by on parade. It was from there that I watched the Atlantic Fleet steam up the river and, during the Hud-

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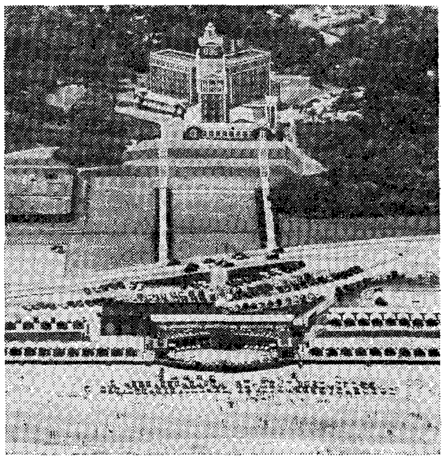
son-Fulton Celebration, when I was six, saw replicas of the Half Moon and the Clermont re-create history under a deluge of fireworks. And it was there that some changed quality in the voices of adults as they mentioned the names of Stanford White, Evelyn Nesbit, and Harry Thaw first gave me a sense of the existence of evil. Although I had no idea who these people were or what they had done, I knew it was something fascinating, different, and new. Riverside Drive was charged with patriotism and intimations of sin. But above all it was charged with Emotion itself.

Like the title of a book or a painting, the word must be capitalized. It had there an existence of its own. It was never absent. Under what seemed like circumstances of the most complete relaxation, it was always fizzing slightly, like a lighted fuse. It moved, an invisible presence, among us and through us, the legacy and ghost of two small, furious men whose portraits looked down at us from ornate gilded frames.

These men, the grandfathers of my cousins and me—one with a nutcracker face and one with a black mustache and imperial—looked, respectively, like Richard Wagner and Napoleon III. Like the men they resembled, they had passion and pride. Like them, too, they were autocratic and not always reasonable. They were given to hurling glassware and kicking people downstairs. During the German and Austrian political upheavals of 1848, they were jailed for their democratic convictions. Escaping to this country, they threw themselves into the Union cause with the same single-minded intensity. They named their children Washington, Lincoln, and Edwin Stanton. Like all idealists, they were gullible, and when they died, their safes were filled with worthless IOUs. At the same time, they were good bourgeois men of affairs, and in with the IOUs were many gilt-edged securities. These, with the prosperous businesses the two men left behind, were a comfort to their heirs, but of less importance in the long run than the heritage of their clashing chromosomes and their embattled genes.

I have always envied pure Nordics and pure Latins. This does not necessarily mean that I have always admired them, but I have envied them their inner harmony—the restraint of the Briton, and the ebullience of the Frenchman or the Italian. To express deep feeling by the merest twitch of an eyebrow and to express it by screams of agony or delight are both good. De-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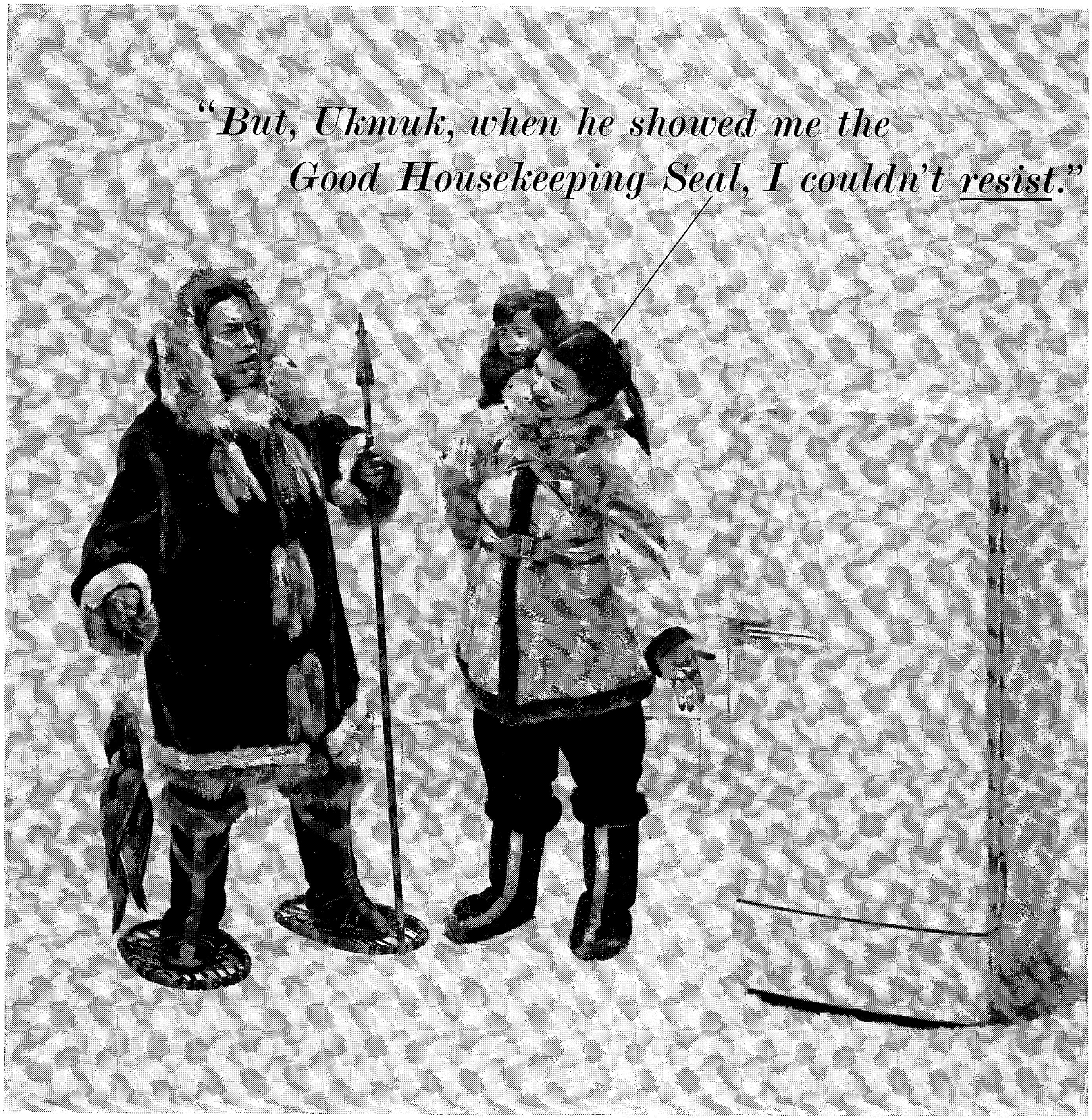
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pending on one's standard of behavior, either is acceptable.

Our background contained no such absolutes. If we had been pure North German, things would have been simple enough—we would have been colder than the coldest Englishman—but we were some of that, plus a great deal of Austrian, which is another matter. To complicate life further, we were South Austrian and therefore, after the First World War, technically Italians. Personally, I found the idea of suddenly, at the age of sixteen, becoming part Italian rather engaging and not at all inappropriate. In fact, I once pointed out that we often behaved like Italians, but the faces around me became apoplectic with denial.

We were a large family whose various branches within themselves led quiet and well-ordered lives. It was only when we came together on Riverside Drive that we were caught up in the tides of drama. Why we should have had this effect on one another I could never decide, but I'm sure that Sothern and Marlowe, remembering the resounding speeches they once rehearsed within those walls, would have listened to us with interest.

The house on Riverside Drive was the embodiment of the split personality. It was either ringing with laughter or tense with reproach. People were either embracing one another or curbing their almost uncontrollable impulses to strike. No dinner was ever complete unless at some point someone suddenly rose, clutching a napkin and swallowing hard, then turned and swept out of the room. Others followed, pleadings could be heard in an adjoining room, and eventually the injured party returned, smiling bravely through her tears—for it was, of course, usually a woman.

The men, more rigidly trained to stoicism, would merely sulk when offended. At large gatherings, there was often a considerable time lapse before it was realized that Cousin Albert—over in a corner and perhaps partly concealed by a Christmas tree—was really deeply hurt. The singing of "O Tannenbaum" or "Old Nassau"—for we were all loyal sons of Princeton—would trail off dispiritedly while we did something about Cousin Albert.

ALTHOUGH Albert enlisted my sympathy, I did not feel the intense admiration for him that I did for some of my more virile male relatives.

In fine weather, the neighbors were sometimes startled by whacking sounds

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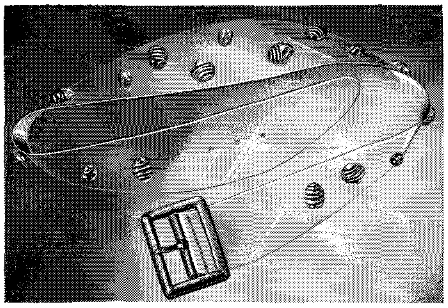

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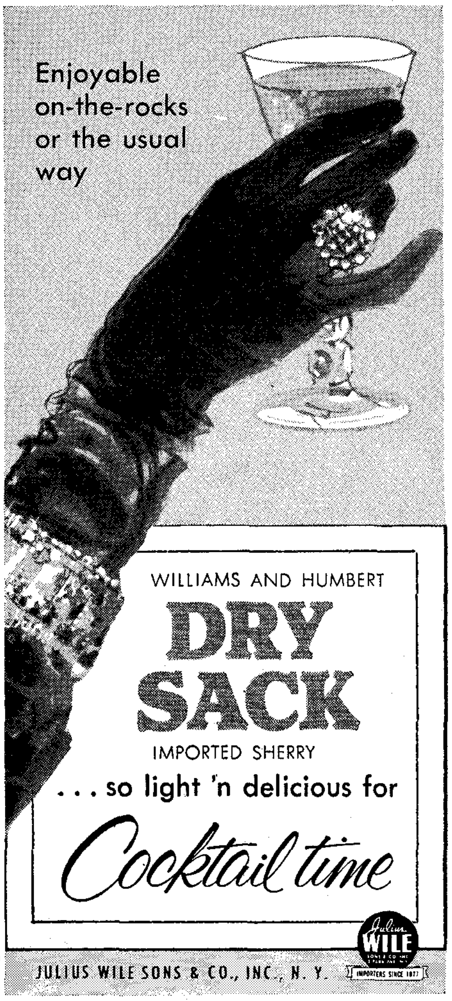

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**SAKS FIFTH AVENUE**
AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER AND WHITE PLAINS

coming from my uncle's roof. Investigation would disclose two men, in padded masks and gauntlets, belaboring each other with long sticks. These would be my Cousin John and a friend, happily engaged in duelling practice. John was dark and handsome, but the thing I really envied him was the two-inch scar that ran upward at a slight angle from one corner of his mouth. It gave him an air of constant sardonic amusement, of swashbuckling arrogance that made even the senior Douglas Fairbanks in the role of D'Artagnan seem nothing more than a dressed-up fraud. The fact that the scar was actually the result of a sabre duel at the German university he had attended after graduating from Princeton made Fairbanks' efforts seem all the more shabby. But when I learned that he had never finished his course because he'd had to flee the country after beating up a Berlin policeman—at that time practically a capital offense—my respect for him turned into reverence.

A series of deafening explosions ending in a screaming of brakes generally heralded the arrival of Cousin Charlie, crouched behind the wheel of his chain-drive Fiat and almost invariably late. Unlike most of us, he was a taciturn man, but from what little he said after removing his goggles and duster we knew that his lateness was not owing to any lack of performance on the part of his car but to his having left whatever place he had come from some unbelievably short time before, or to his having been arrested on the way. His car, painted a bright red and equipped with a cutout and a siren, created something of the sensation in the New York streets of the time that a jet-propelled fire engine might create today. It was capable, as he now and then gruntingly observed, of travelling at a speed of a mile a minute, and I am sure it rarely did less. Unfortunately, after my parents and I rode in it once, they never allowed me to get into it again. This seemed an unbearably stuffy point of view at the time, but, as it turned out, they were probably right. It was only a few years later that Cousin Charlie, in the best tradition of the Hippodrome, shot through an open drawbridge and disappeared from sight in a river.

As far as I was concerned, John and Charlie were unquestionably men of distinction, but perhaps because there was a certain unattainable, Olympian quality about their exploits, Cousin Richard, who was nearer my own age, fascinated me even more. There was a remote possibility, I felt, that someday

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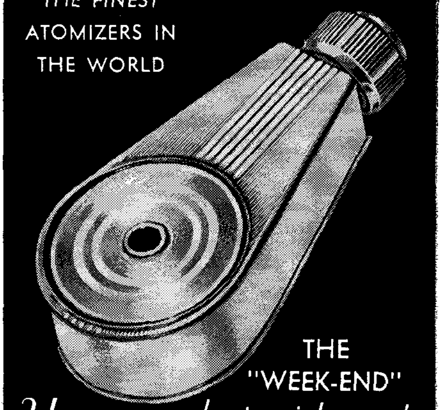

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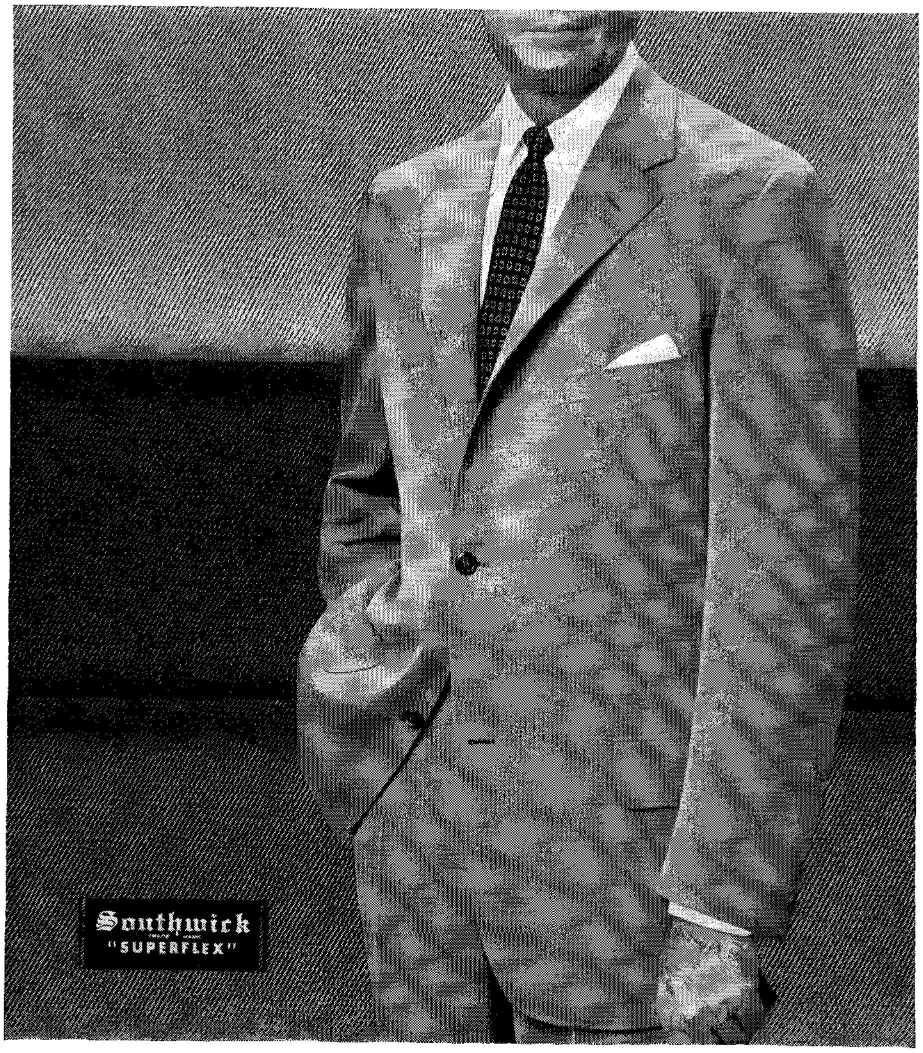
I might be like him. A rather frail-looking young man, he performed feats of what seemed to me the ultimate in physical prowess. Suddenly rushing from the room, he would dash out the front door and start running along the bridle path up Riverside Drive. On his return, he might casually mention having scaled the Palisades or having paddled a canoe untold miles up the Hudson, often in the midst of ice floes. That he was telling the truth was, I think, proved by the fact that he returned home in an ambulance one day and spent the next several months in bed with a strained heart. What I did not find out until many years later was that when he wasn't at his job or running, he wrote poetry.

As long as none of us actually contemplated taking the arts up as a career, they were highly thought of on Riverside Drive. Among my uncle's guests there were frequently painters or musicians. Since people of this sort are not, as a rule, noted for their phlegmatic qualities, their presence helped to enliven the proceedings. Their quarrels among themselves over questions of artistic dogma were always picturesque, and their powers of description were vivid and uninhibited. It still makes me a little uneasy when I remember the pianist who, to illustrate the behavior of wolves in pursuit of his sleigh across the Russian steppes, slid under the dining table and peered forth, growling, his eyes glistening balefully above his beard. The singer who lay full length on the floor and made me jump on his diaphragm to demonstrate how strong it was was interesting, too, except that I found it hard to keep my footing on this surface and was embarrassed when I fell off.

PRESIDING over all that went on was my uncle. Without his sanction, no activity could have lasted very long. In a way, he was a kind of one-man Good Housekeeping Institute or Consumers' Research, before whom things, people, and moral attitudes passed in review, to be ticketed or not with the seal of approval. He approved of large families, of certain makes of automobiles, and of rye whiskey as opposed to Scotch, which he claimed was merely rye adulterated with creosote. He approved of French cooking but he deplored French morals. He approved of most things German but had very little use for German-Americans, whom he branded either as delicatessen dealers, if they were poor, or as brewers, if they were rich. On the other hand, he at-



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tributed most of the faults he found with America, such as prohibition and low culinary standards, to the puritanism and hypocrisy of England.

His convictions, while positive, were not always consistent. They tended to be swayed by circumstances and personalities. His disgust with certain American qualities and his high esteem for everything European were subject to abrupt change. Europe, he would observe as he nibbled the truffle in a Strasbourg *pâté de foie gras* or held a Rüdesheimer Schlossberg Spätlese to the light, was decadent. The only bright hope for the future lay in the simple democratic virtues of our own, our native land.

This kind of about-face generally took place during the visits of Austrian relatives or friends of relatives who, armed with letters of introduction, arrived at frequent intervals. Often titled, always charming, usually short of cash, they came looking for jobs or for free board and lodging and an occasional small loan. During their visits, the house echoed with the clicking of men's heels. Monocles glittered. There was a great deal of bowing from the waist and hand-kissing, accompanied by murmurs of "*Küss' die Hand, gnädige Frau.*"

There would have been no objection to this display of Continental grace had it not been for the fact that my uncle's daughters, Martha and Louise, were in the habit of falling in love with these urbane aristocrats. American men, my uncle knew, made the best husbands. It was all very well to be a count and an officer in a crack Bavarian cavalry regiment with the elegant name of Chevaux Légers. A uniform of forest green with pipings of salmon pink was very dashing. But when the count, nostalgic for the saddle, rented a horse and galloped among the Sunday riders in Central Park at such breakneck speed that he was arrested by the Park police, my uncle was not amused. In such instances, the Herr Graf or Herr Baron would soon find himself facing the icy winds of Riverside Drive alone, while behind him Louise or Martha pressed a tear-stained face against the storm windows and tried to reconcile herself to the prospect of life with a broker.

NO members of my uncle's immediate family, and few of the rest of us, had the courage to dispute him. The only defeats he ever suffered were at the hands of his butler. With this man—a bald, melancholy, drunken Croat named Franz—he carried on

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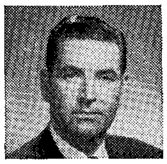

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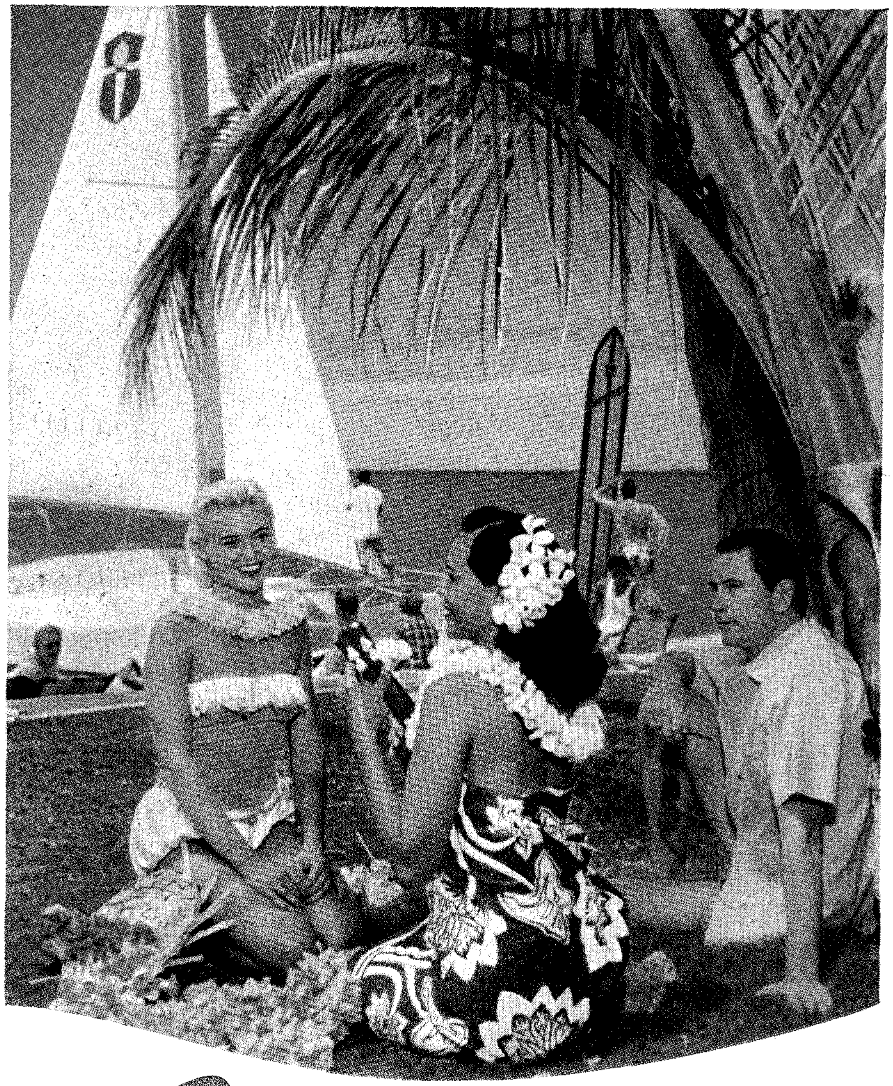

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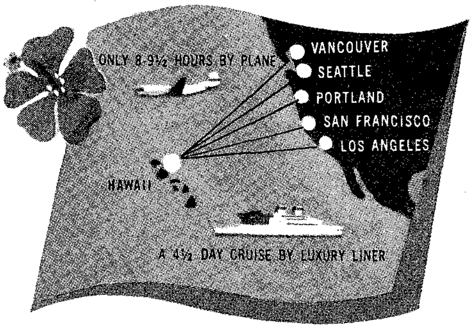

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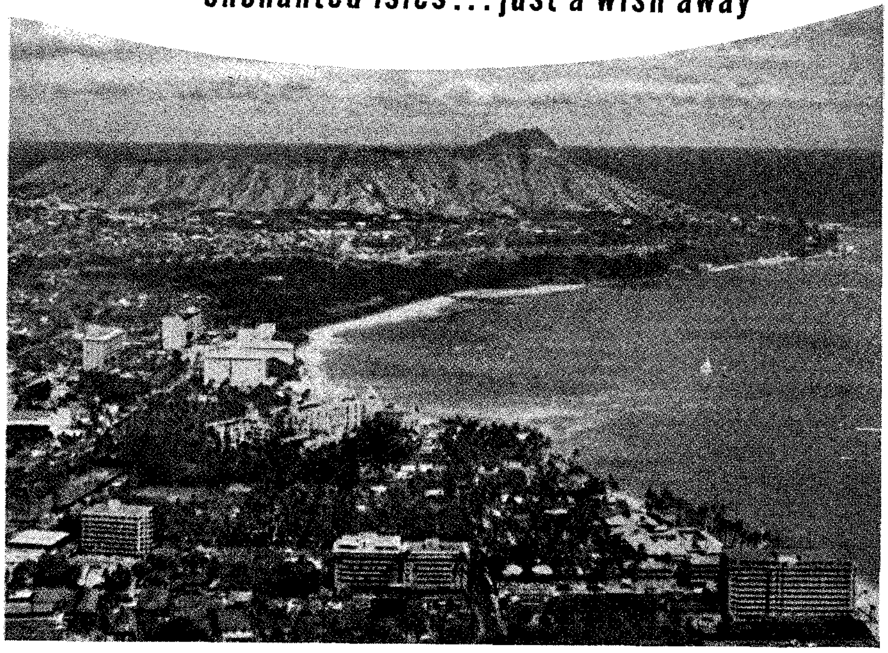

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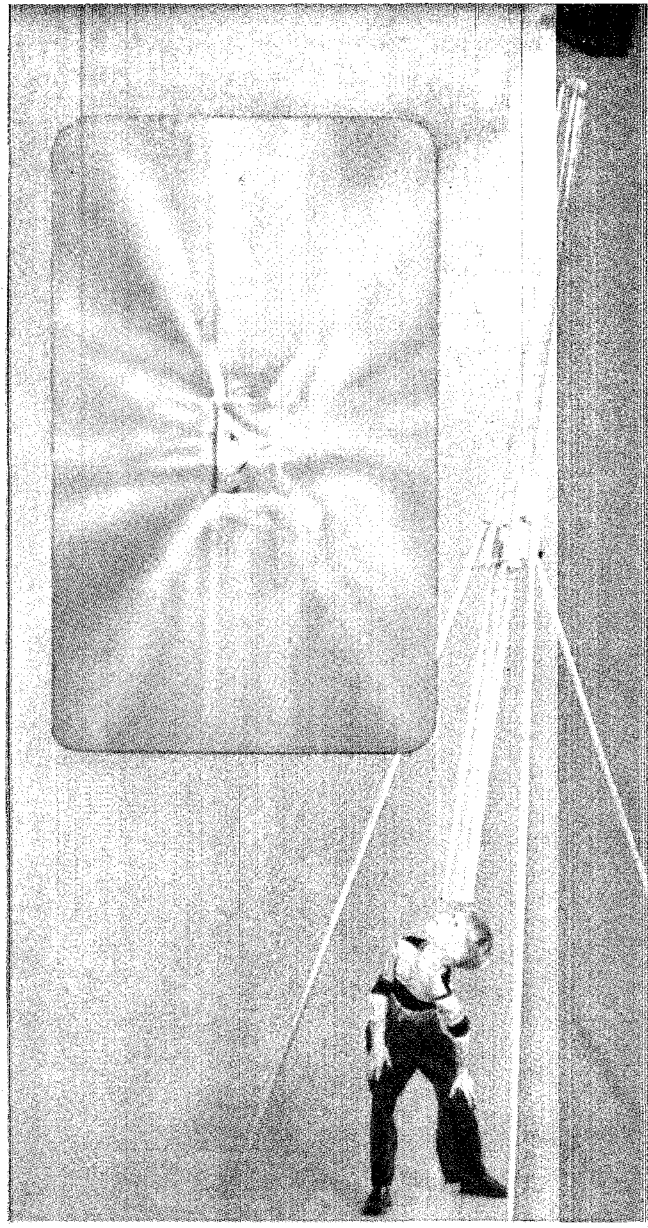

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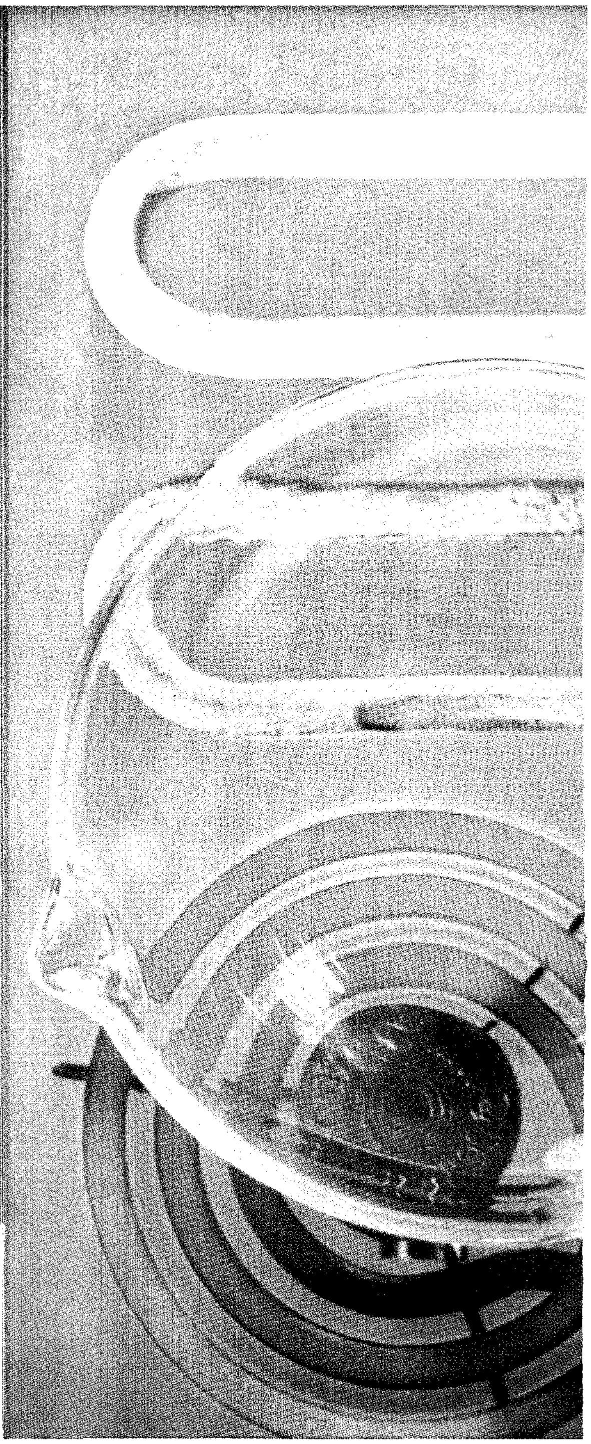

**Don't worry — it won't crack!** It's a Corning laboratory dish trademarked VYCOR, which is 96% silica, and made to resist extreme temperatures. Heat one side to 1800° F., subject the other to subzero cold at the same time. It won't crack . . . is stable to most chemicals. Some types of this glass transmit a high percentage of ultraviolet light.

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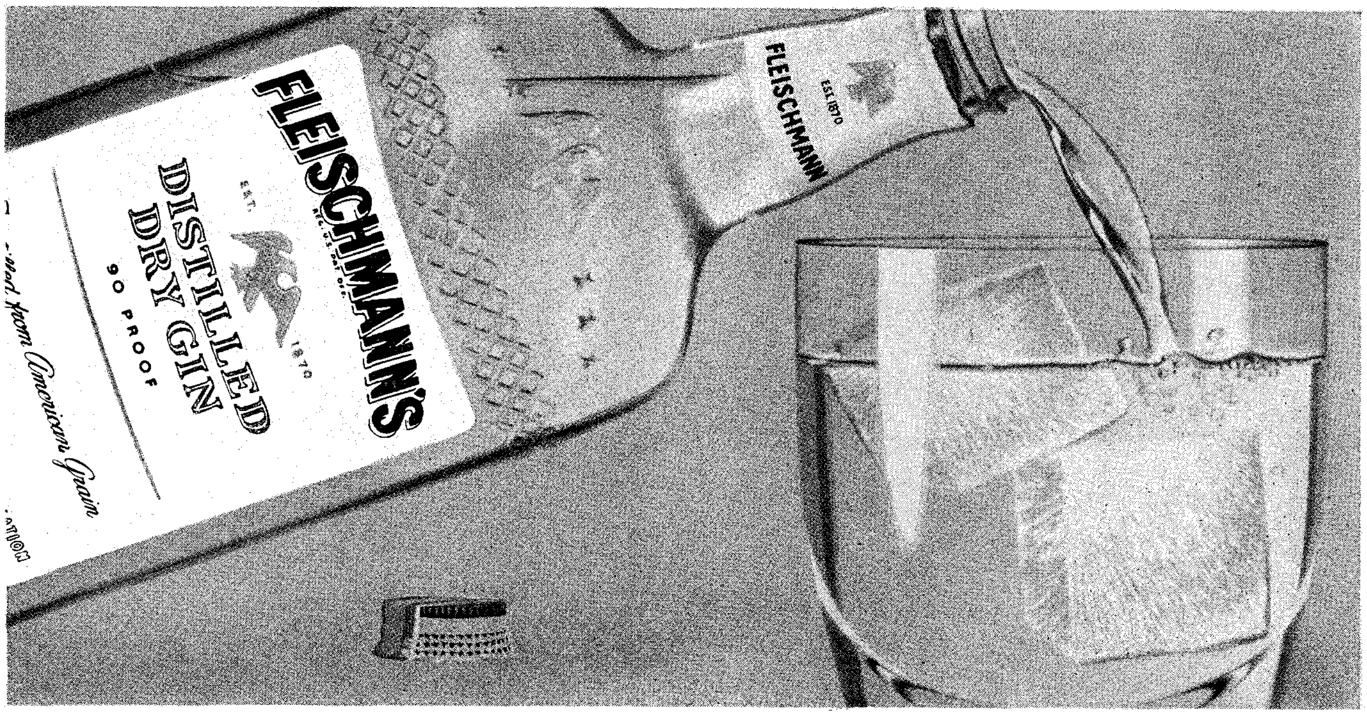
# What? Gin 'n Nothing?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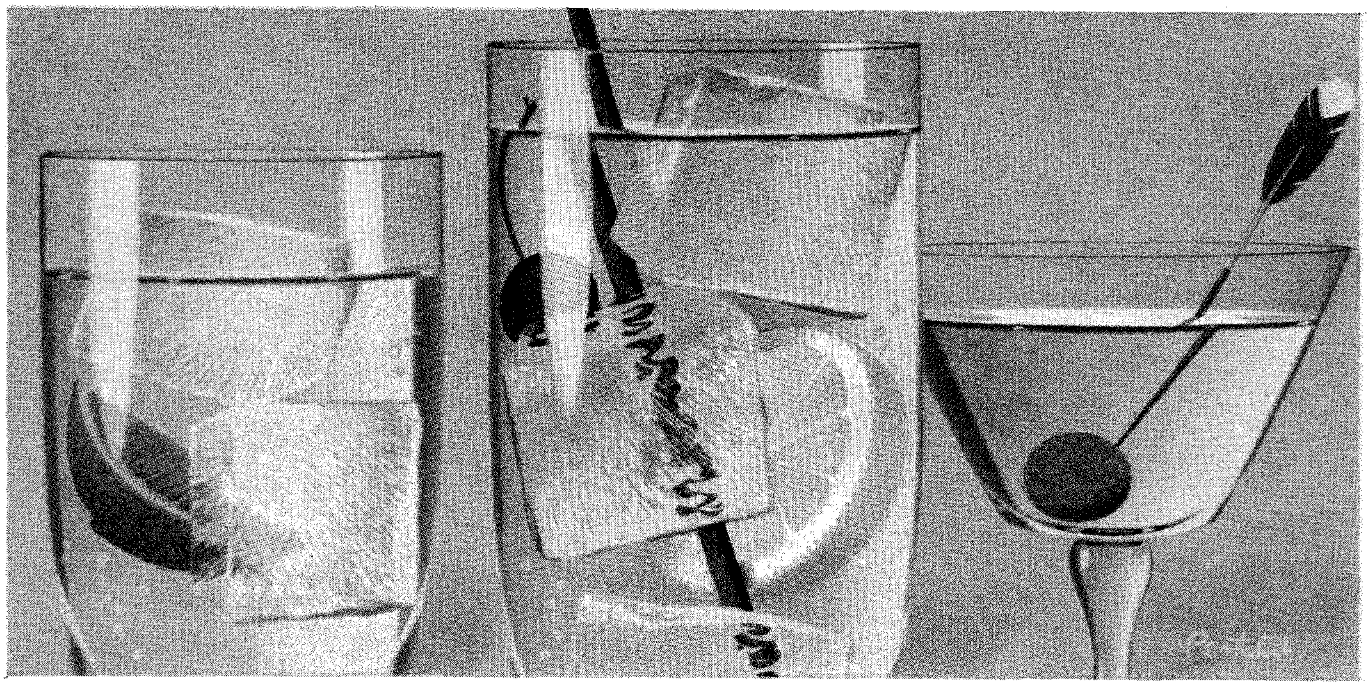

## And gin that smooth makes perfect mixed drinks every time!

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what could literally be called a Thirty Years' War. On and off for more than a quarter of a century, Franz was hired, fired, and rehired. Each firing was presumed to be final, yet a few months later, when my sisters and I visited there again, the front door would be opened by Franz, who would greet us either in his strange brand of English or his equally strange brand of German. I knew that until he was again discharged, my uncle would be constantly preoccupied with seeing that all liquor closets were locked. I knew, too, that every evening at ten o'clock he would jump to his feet, mopping his brow, then descend to the cellar and throw open the furnace door. As a result, the fire would usually be out in the morning and Franz, obliged to restart it, would be more melancholy than ever. This nightly struggle never deterred him, though, from what my uncle seemed to feel was a deliberate plot to roast him to death. Nor did it ever result in Franz's dismissal. It was only when he was really steeped in alcohol that this radical step was taken.

The premonitory symptoms were not hard to detect. There was a tendency to lurch while setting down the soup plates. With the fish, there would be mumbled and sometimes derisive comments on the conversation. By the time the meat course was ready to be served, his mood would have shifted and a tear would be slowly trickling down each cheek. At this point, my uncle would rise, grasp Franz by the arm, and lead him to the pantry. From there he would call down the dumbwaiter shaft to the kitchen, and a few moments later a flustered-looking maid would appear, hurriedly tying on an apron, to finish serving.

In addition to being a drunkard, Franz was a miser. His single extravagance took place on his day off. Then, dressed in a black suit, carrying an umbrella, and wearing a ring set with an artificial diamond, he would get on the subway, ride to the end of the line, and return by the same route. Since such an outing could be indulged in for five cents, his bank balance must finally have grown into something quite respectable. Even he must have felt comfortably off, for the day came when he announced his intention of returning to his native Zagreb to retire. It was the only time he left Riverside Drive of his own accord, and his absence was briefer than anyone expected.

Long out of touch with the intricacies of Croatian finance, Franz was swindled out of his life's savings within six

STYLE NO. 851A

*A shirt is to wear*

"A PACKAGE IS TO LOOK INSIDE"..."a lap is so you don't get crumbs on the floor". Children's definitions go directly to the heart of a word's meaning—the foregoing examples being culled from that innocently charming book "A Hole Is To Dig" by Ruth Krauss. So, as Junior might phrase it, DONMOOR shirts are to wear. Delightful colors, yes. Well-bred styling, of course. But above all else—eminently wearable.

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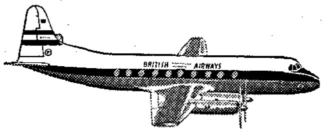

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months. One day my uncle received a cable that said, "ICH KOMME ZARUCK." That the message arrived is a tribute to the imagination of the cable company. My uncle's factory, to which the cable was sent, was located in Brooklyn, in the Greenpoint section. The address as written by Franz consisted of my uncle's name followed by the words "Grim Paint, New York."

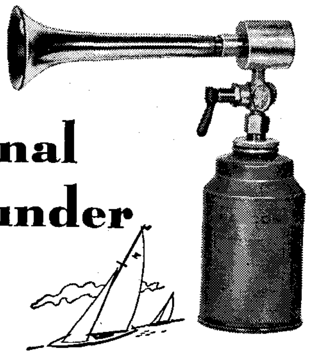
To the world belowstairs, the return of Franz was cause for rejoicing. Just why, I have never been able to understand, since there seemed to be frequent dissension between Matilda and Dolfie—the cook and the maid—and him. Perhaps it was because the kitchen world really resembled the old Austro-Hungarian Empire in miniature, and the return of Franz was not unlike the return of a lost province, bringing the sense of comfort derived from a restoration of the status quo. Matilda was German, Dolfie was Austrian, and Franz was a Croat. When he was drunk, they railed at him, but without him their small, tightly knit kitchen society was no more normal than the old Austrian Empire was when the Czechs, the Hungarians, the Croats, and all the other minorities were no longer a part of it. Besides, being good peasants at heart, they probably felt the need of the mere presence of a man.

No matter how miserable a specimen he was, or how young, there was a subtle deference in their attitude toward a man. I could feel it even as a child, and when, around my eighteenth birthday, they switched from the familiar "*du*" to the formal "*Sie*" in conversation, I felt self-conscious but at the same time important. Such flattering of the ego may not be good, but in a country noted for its relentless subjugation of the male it can be a pleasant experience.

The most completely spoiled living creatures I have ever encountered were the cook's two obese and lethargic cocker spaniels. Their names were Bismarck and Siegfried. Breathing stertorously, they lay on the floor beside the stove. From time to time, they would cock a significant eye in her direction, and in a flash a plate of whatever delicacy she was preparing would be set in front of them. This they might eat or not, depending on their mood of the moment.

From the point of view of indulgence, I ran Bismarck and Siegfried a close second. With eyes already glazed from overeating, I would totter downstairs after dinner and weakly allow myself to be persuaded into having another portion of *Kaiserschmarren* or *Strudel*,

A&F



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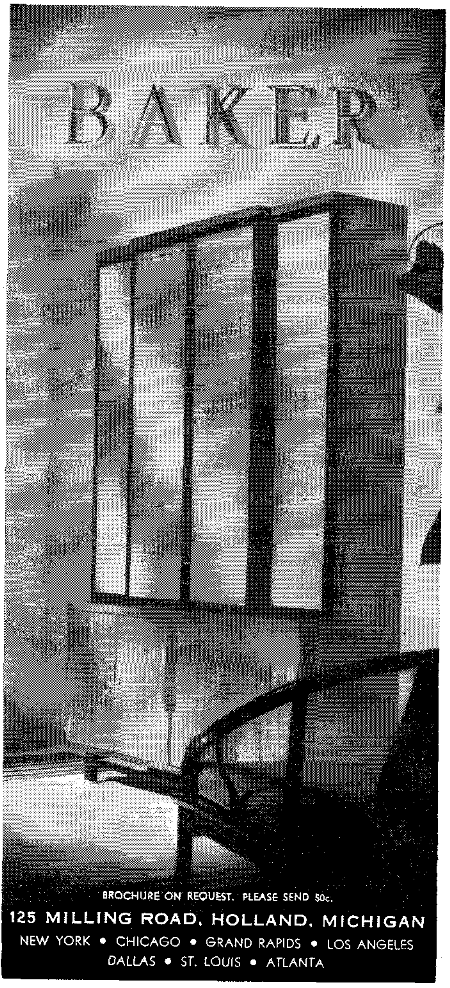

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL HESSE

**"Hold still!** No, move just a trifle to the right, please," says famous actor James Mason. "Now . . . a few strokes more and we'll be done. Then we can sit back, relax, and perhaps take a look at my work . . .

**". . . over a glass** of Rheingold. That's the beer Pam and I always serve . . . for it has a clean, clear Extra *Dry* character that's never been equaled. And that's why it's New York's largest-selling beer!"

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drowned in lashings of whipped cream. Although I told myself that I did this only to avoid hurting Matilda's feelings, I knew perfectly well that my logic was specious. Like the warm glowing of the ego that she and the maid produced in me, this may not have been altogether a good thing. But, like that other, it was extremely pleasant. In addition, it gave rise to a kind of sated philosophical indifference to the turmoils that were taking place on the floors above.

As time went on, there gradually crept into the house on Riverside Drive a procession of bewildered people with names like Smith, Robinson, or Brown. These were the people my sisters, my various cousins, and I married, and the fact that they were all of pure English descent is not without significance. Fundamentally, none of us really liked the excesses of emotion we were constantly involved in. They were tiring, and in marrying people whose background contained a firmer tradition of restraint I think we were all looking for a measure of peace. We admired in others the qualities we ourselves did not possess.

It was probably a sound instinct that made us do this, but there are times when we look back with some wistfulness to the furies, the tears, and the reconciliations of the past. With them life was often trying, but without them it lacks a certain savor. As a consequence, there are occasions when it becomes necessary to stage a small but satisfying scene.

—Benedict Thielen

•

London—(INS)—Dr. J. Gordon Cook discloses that starlings (small European birds) living in London's West End have been found to be more sexually mature than similar birds living in the country.

This is because of the bright lights, the advertising signs and the street lamps.

"This light influence," said Dr. Cook, "has been shown to affect mammals too. Ferrets, which normally breed in Summer months, can be persuaded to breed in Winter if they are kept in artificial light to simulate Summer days."

Britain's air minister has learned to fly.
—*Tampa (Fla.) Tribune.*

Whee! Off he goes!

•

The Fourth Street Theatre's run of "Uncle Vanya" will be extended beyond the scheduled period of six weeks. Franchot Tone, the play's star, is growing his own whiskers because he is weary of having to paste a beard to his chin before each performance.—*The Times.*

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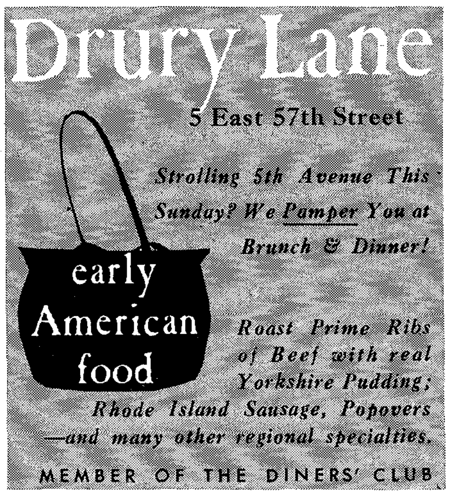
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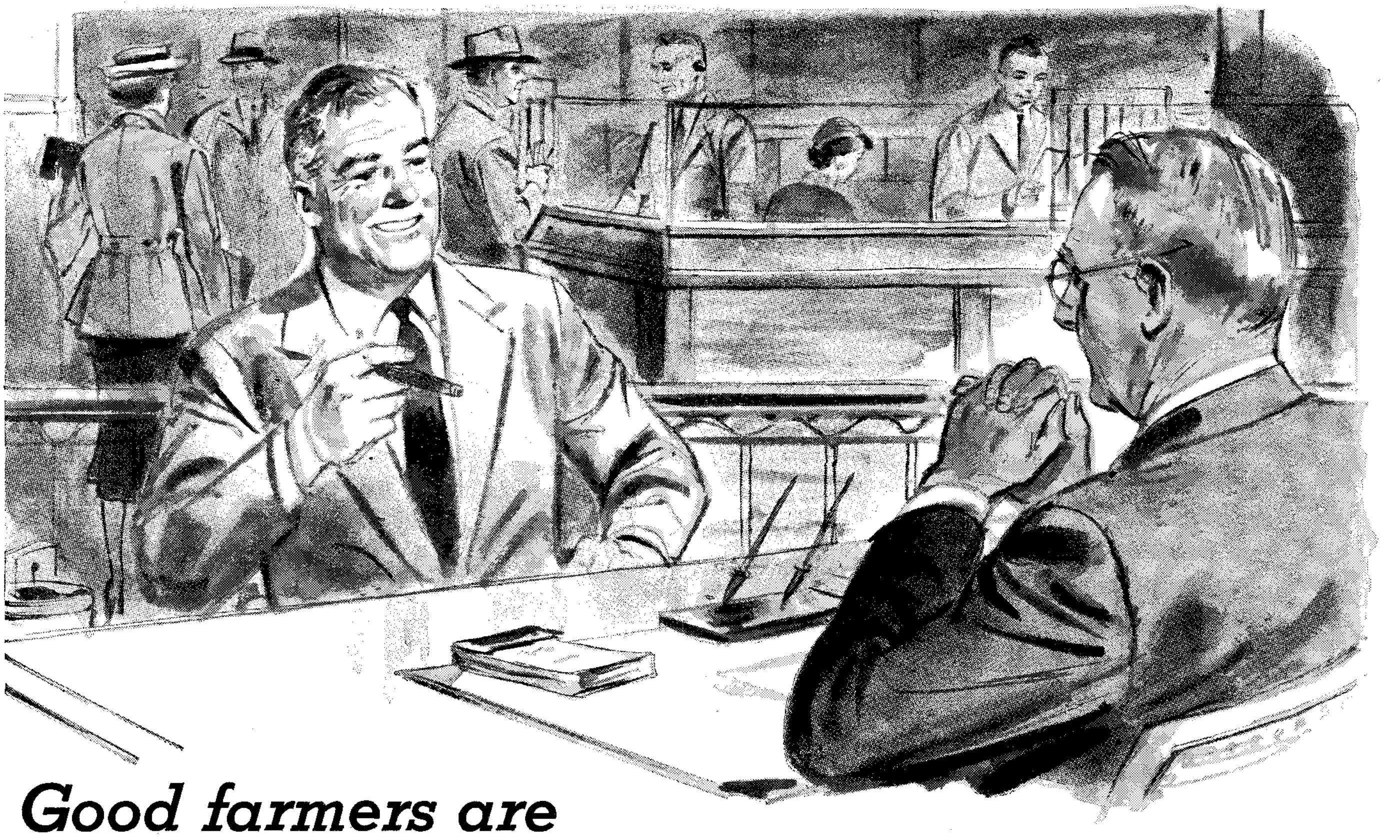


# Good farmers are still making money...

Said the cattle feeder from Nebraska ..."*It sure would be wonderful if we had 30¢ beef as we had in 1947. But I made a profit this year at current prices (24¢-25¢). Even if beef should go down to 12¢, I'll still get by.*"

**H**E wasn't bragging. Because smart farmers are producing more beef, pork, milk, poultry and eggs – per acre, per pound of feed, per day, with less work, than in 1947.

Farming is still a good business for the farmer with enough land, enough equipment, enough production, enough capital, and enough brains–to make use of new discoveries, aids and methods.

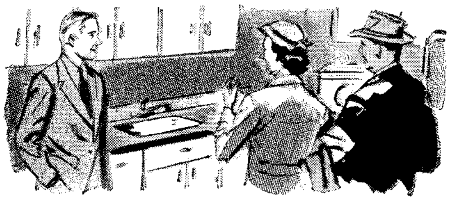
Farming is not a good business for the farmer with too little land, poor soil, inadequate capital and equipment, limited production. Or for the farmer who resists change, wants to stay put. And parity prices, soil banks, restricted acreage don't help the farmer who doesn't produce.

While farm prices are down from their peak, nevertheless the 1955 per capita farm income is still above the average for 1946 – 1950, which were years of farm prosperity.

Despite farm prices, the 1954 Census of Agriculture shows an increase in farms earning $10,000 – from 491,959 in 1950 to 582,812 in 1954, a gain of 90,850 or 18.5%!

So farm buying power is better than ever – and so is SUCCESSFUL FARMING!

Three out of four SF subscribers are in the minority 39% that gets 88% of the total US farm income. And the average farm cash income of the SF farm subscriber is around $10,000, and has been for several years. With more than 1,300,000 circulation, SF alone represents an $11 billion market!



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# OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

## THE SIGNIFICANCE OF SAFFRON

FOR some time now, the battle lines in the Far East have been relatively quiet, and the Cold War has been edging into the arena of trade fairs, which have become frequent events in the Orient and are attracting huge, costly displays from the Cold War belligerents, including Russia, China, and the United States. Although the United States did not enter the lists in a big way until a little over a year ago, it has already competed with the Communists at expositions in half a dozen Asian cities, including Tokyo, Jakarta, Karachi, and New Delhi. Of these fairs, the recent one at New Delhi was by far the largest—it covered seventy-three acres of ground, just east of the city—the best-attended, and the most expensive, and it exemplified most strikingly this new form of rivalry between the Reds and the free world.

One chilly Sunday, the New Delhi fair drew more than a hundred thousand visitors. All day long, a steady stream of them flowed through the Chinese and Russian pavilions, and a somewhat less steady stream flowed through the American pavilion. Our exhibit was trickier than the others, for it had a large number of performing machines, as well as an ambitious and generally rather highbrow explanation of the atom; the crowd piled up in front of the eye-catching machines, moved rapidly past the atomic section, and then piled up again at the final exhibit, in which a curvesome Anglo-Indian girl, who looked like Hedy Lamarr and was wearing tight-fitting saffron coveralls, operated two big mechanical hands of the sort used at Oak Ridge for manipulating radioactive matter. The girl was separated by several thicknesses of glass, set in a section of plywood wall two feet deep, from a table with a scattering of objects on it—a bottle full of dark liquid, a beaker, a rag, and so on. Sitting on a chair and controlling the robot hands by rod-and-pulley devices, she lifted the bottle, uncorked it, poured most of the fluid into the beaker, spilled the rest on the table, mopped up the drops, and then took a pencil and triumphantly wrote "*Jai Hind*" ("Hurrah for India") on a piece of paper. The crowd watched her spellbound, and at other points on the fairgrounds crowds were watching other exhibits in the same way. Even by the standards of Asia, the land of bazaars, this fair had a wealth of fascinations. And it had a wealth of industrial products, too, for the participating nations were seeking to advertise their political and economic systems and the fruits thereof.

*"Yeah, but while I'm biding my time, he's beating the hell out of me."*

IN the course of the New Delhi fair, I learned something about how the United States came to be so deeply involved in these Asian expositions. My informant was Robert Warner, Assistant Director (for the Near and Far East) of the Office of International Trade Fairs, which was set up in September, 1954, as a part of the Department of Commerce. The previous year, a fair had been held at Bangkok and the Russians had put on a big show there. Japan, which more or less represented our side, had put on a big show, too, but the United States had exhibited almost nothing except some photomurals and documentary movies, along with a few products displayed by private dealers. Cold War feeling was intense in Bangkok at the time—Siam is a neighbor of Indo-China, where the Battle of Dienbienphu was soon to be fought—and Americans on the scene complained to Washington about our poor showing. This helped start a ferment, from which the new government office was born. Besides the Department of Commerce, two Washington bureaus had a hand in its creation and are now helping to run it—the Department of State and the United States Information Agency, which handles our overseas propaganda. The Commerce Department's interest in trade fairs is, naturally, somewhat different from that of the two other bureaus; it is concerned chiefly with fairs in Europe, which are important to us in a business way, while the State Department and the U.S.I.A. are concerned more with Asian fairs, which they consider important politically. When the Trade Fairs office was first set up, most of its funds were allotted to European activities, but now about seventy per cent of them go to Asia. Warner, who has general charge of the Asian operation, is normally helped by a manager and a designer, whom he brings over from the United States—a different team for each fair. He says his main contribution to the program so far has been to recruit good managers and designers and to put a maximum of animation into our displays. Warner is much in favor of ani-

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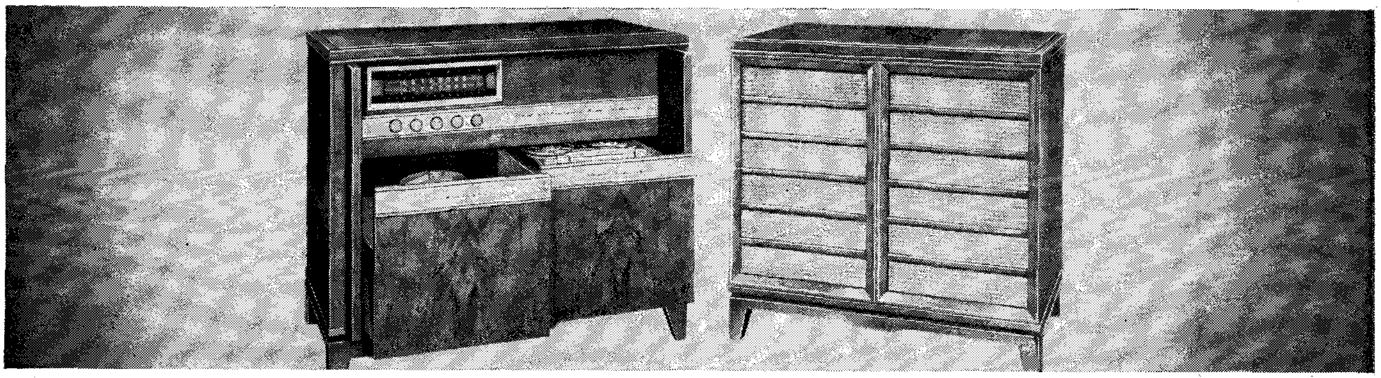

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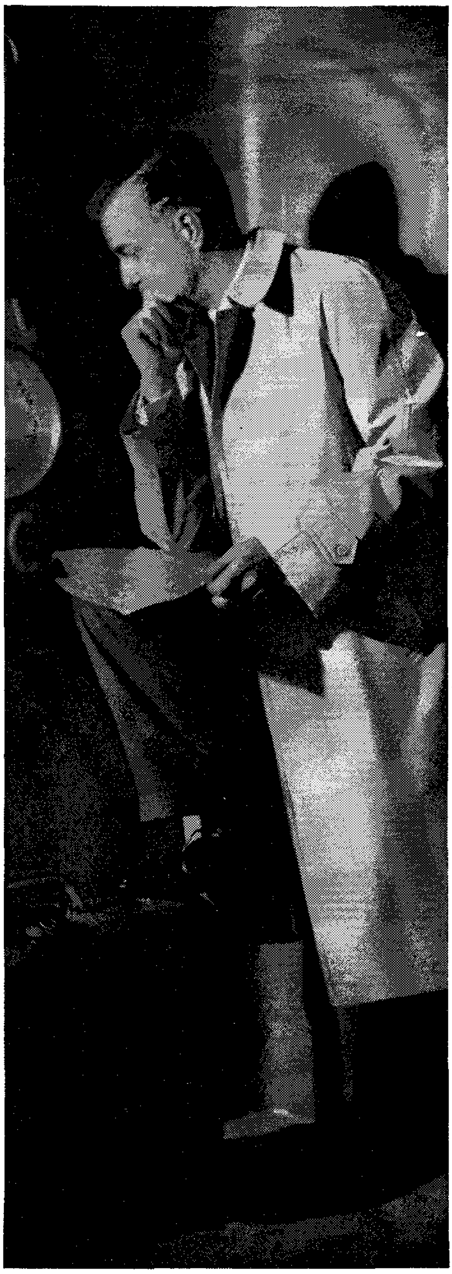

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mation, and he is pretty animated, or restless, himself; he rarely sits still for long, and he speaks with strong emphasis and frequent gestures. He is a fifty-year-old Bostonian, light and wiry, with brown hair and blue eyes. In the thirties, he lived in Manchester, Vermont, writing, fishing, and engaging in politics. During the Second World War, he joined the O.S.S. and went to Asia, for which he conceived a liking. After V-J Day, he dabbled in various publishing ventures around New York, and during the Korean war he headed up the salvage program of the National Production Authority, a now defunct branch of the Department of Commerce. It was through an N.P.A. (and trout-fishing) friend, he says, that he got his present job.

The Trade Fairs office made its début at Bangkok in December, 1954, only three months after it was set up. Warner and his designer for that occasion—Worthen Paxton, a former art editor of *Life*—were reluctant to tackle Bangkok, feeling there wasn't enough time for a good job, but their superiors insisted, because of the bad showing the United States had made there the year before. Warner says now that he and Paxton got off on the wrong foot by trying to arrange too many details before they left Washington. They drew up their sketches and plans without ever having seen Bangkok, let alone the fairgrounds, and this led to trouble, for it turned out that our tract of land had been haphazardly surveyed, and the exhibit buildings would not fit into it without drastic changes. "Cinerama," in an outdoor theatre, was one of the exhibits, and when Warner and Paxton got to Bangkok, they found that the site they had chosen for its heavy brick projection booths was a patch of extremely squashy ground near a *klong*, or canal, so they had to find a new place for the theatre, and that meant shuffling several other exhibits around, too. Then, there was the trouble with the tower. The Siamese are known as gay, fun-loving people, and perhaps for this reason Paxton put a good deal of fantasy into the exhibit. As its central motif he designed an aluminum tower a hundred and fifty feet high, to which colored balloons, eight to fifteen feet in diameter, were to be attached. The tower was to be set in a circular pool eighty feet in diameter, and just above the water level there was to be a ring of pipe with holes in it, from which clouds of steam were to rise. Shifting colored lights were to play on the creation at night. Warner had sent a steam-making machine over

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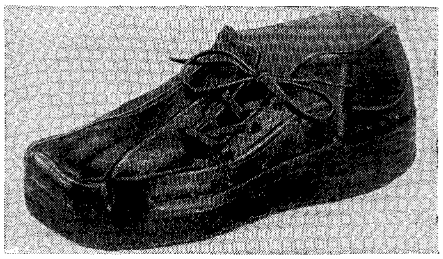

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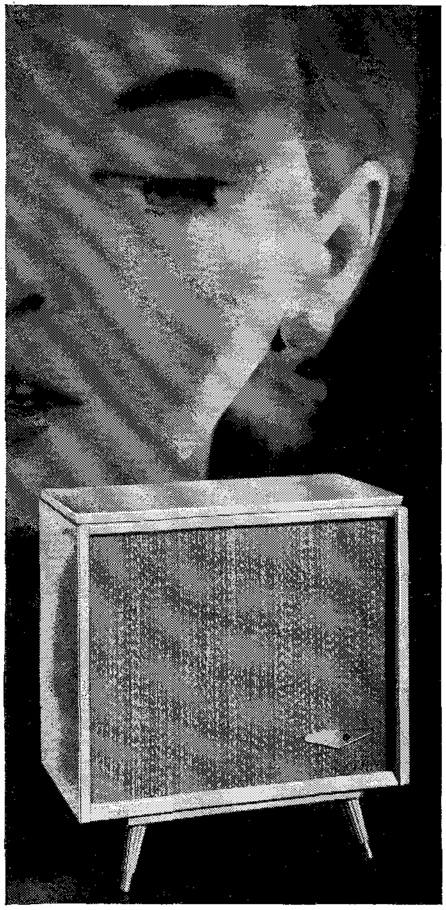

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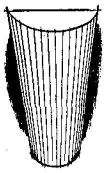

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from the States, but the steam never billowed, because the machine just wasn't powerful enough; he says now he should have sent two. Moreover, the contractor, a hardheaded Dane long resident in Siam, refused to erect the tower's top thirty feet; he was worried about wind, it seemed. Warner looked up old weather records of the area and found nothing in them to cause alarm, but the Dane was adamant, and the finished tower measured a hundred and twenty feet. As ill luck would have it, an unprecedented gale materialized half an hour before the fair was to open, causing the tower to buckle in two places and collapse. The gale also tore loose a row of eight-by-four-foot plywood panels bearing the legend "FRUITS OF FREEDOM," in Siamese, which had been hung on a cable high above the American site. The panels sailed through the air menacingly but fortunately hit the ground without decapitating anyone. The fair opened on schedule, and within forty-eight hours the American exhibit, including the balloon tower, had been restored, after a fashion. The "Cinerama" theatre proved to be a big hit; crowds stormed it nightly. The King came one night, after the theatre had been rearranged to accommodate his throne and to provide a private entrance for him, with a red carpet leading to it from the street. Another night, the King's aunt came, and, still another night, the King of neighboring Cambodia came—each after the theatre had been fixed up to comply with this or that bit of protocol. By and large, Warner thinks, our show at Bangkok achieved its aim, which was to play to a large crowd. A good many American products were shown, and three of these were what he considers animated—a Lionel electric train, a set of bouncing ball bearings from General Motors, and a TV Eye, or small television hookup that made it possible for visitors to see their own faces on a screen. These all drew well and impressed Warner deeply. "I decided then that animation was the answer," he says.

Things went much more smoothly for Warner at the next big fair, which was held in Jakarta last August. (In the interim, there was a small, unspectacular indoor fair in Tokyo, but Warner did not attend it, for our aim there was strictly business—to explain the licensing procedures under which Japanese firms are permitted to manufacture devices patented in the United States.) The Russians did not go to Jakarta, but the Communist Chinese were there, taking fifty thousand square

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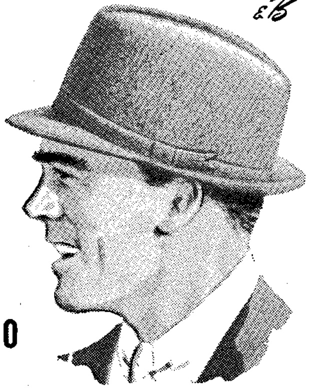

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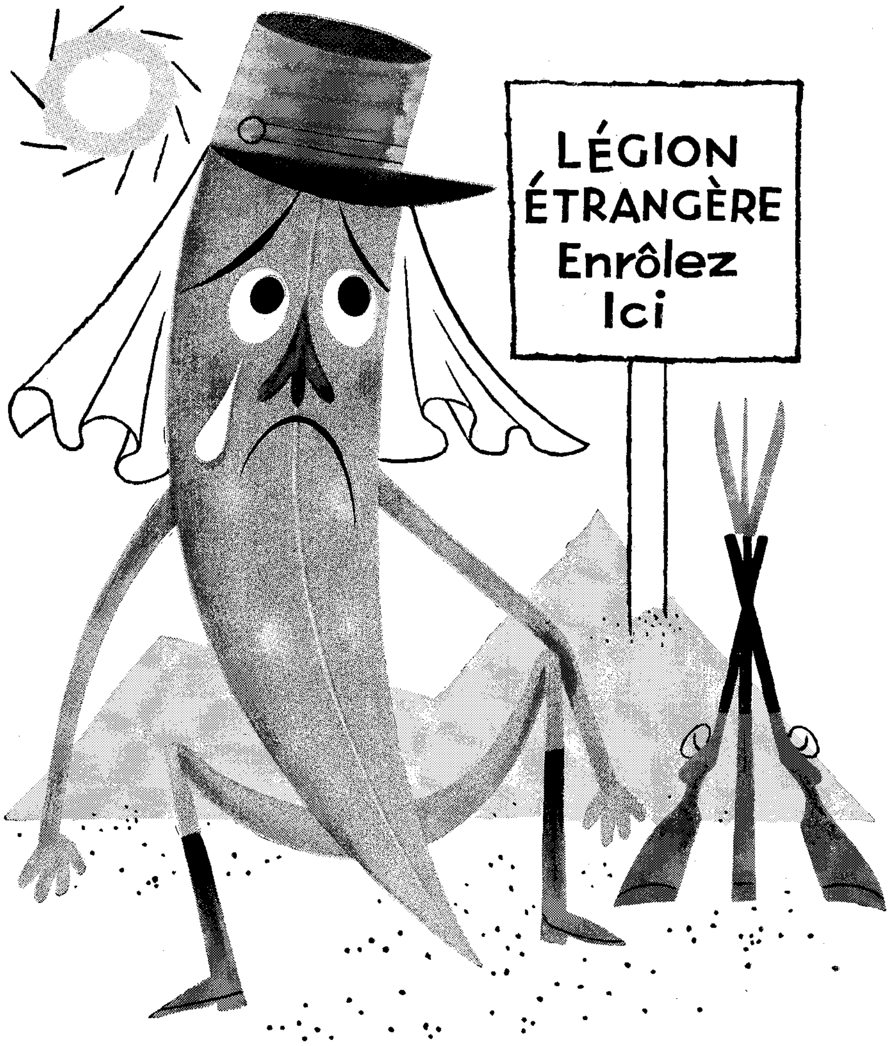
feet of space—five times the area the Americans took—and putting up a building whose cost has been estimated at a quarter of a million dollars. The Czechs went to Jakarta, too, with what Warner describes as the biggest machine-tool exhibit he has ever seen. Among the things the Americans showed were the Lionel train, a model of the Norris Dam, some sewing machines, some knitting machines, and some mechanical saws—all animated. But our chief attraction was an ice show. This was a privately owned American enterprise—called "Holiday on Ice International"—that Warner had found touring nearby Malaya; he set it up beside the American exhibit and had a liberal amount of red, white, and blue paint applied to its equipment, so that it seemed part of our official display. Ice is unknown in Jakarta except in the form of cubes and cakes, and most Indonesians were baffled by the rink and its physical properties, but at least one of them—the servant of an American connected with our exhibit—felt that he had solved the mystery. "I have figured out how those people move so fast on that stuff," he told his employer. "They are pulled with magnets. That is why they have those steel things on their feet."

The Karachi fair was held late last year, ending just a couple of weeks before the New Delhi one began. Our principal stunt there was television. The exhibits all faced on a rectangular open space, and the Americans scattered thirty television receivers—done up in red, white, and blue—inside it. Each night at dusk, we put on a series of programs, ranging from Shakespeare in Urdu to nautch dancing, which invariably drew the crowds away from everything else. Whole families would come in mid-afternoon and picnic in front of the receivers, waiting for the show to go on, and on several occasions the management asked Warner to cancel his television program, because the other exhibits were being neglected. The Russians are said to have complained that the American use of television at Karachi smacked of "Wall Street capitalist-imperialist chicanery." The animated machines in the American display drew well, too, and Warner says that on some days more people were clocked going through our pavilion than entering the fair as a whole; repeaters accounted for the discrepancy. One item in the American pavilion attracted abnormally large crowds for a while—a model of a ten-thousand-ton freighter. Puzzled that such an ordinary ship should get so



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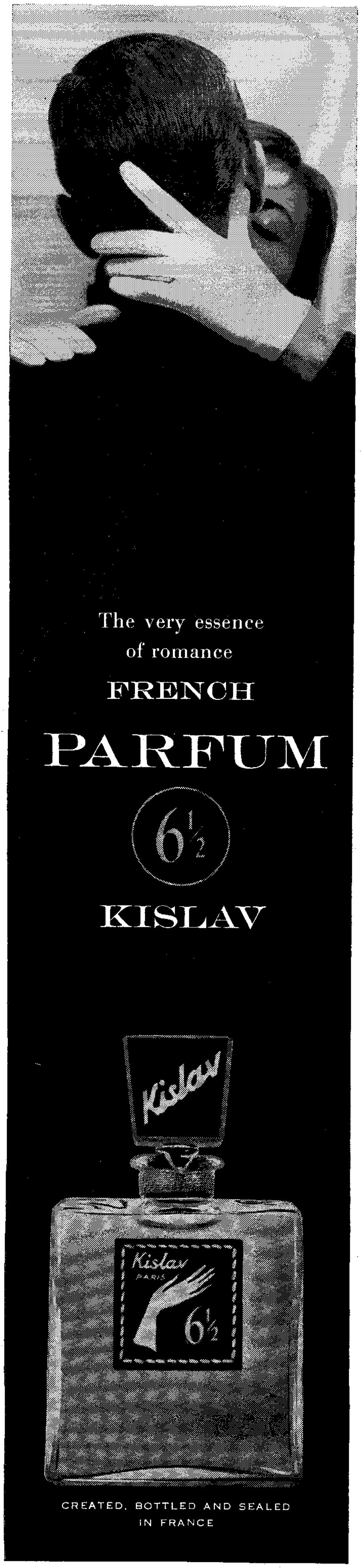
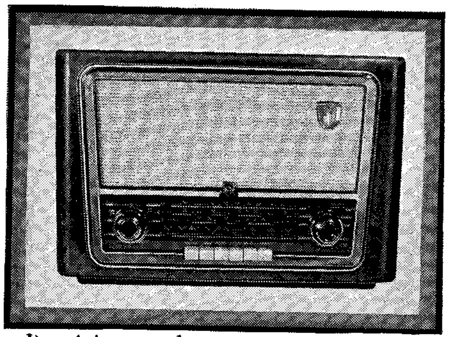


much attention, Warner's manager investigated, and found that a Pakistani attendant was telling people that the freighter could carry two thousand passengers and could travel at eighty-four miles an hour. After he was instructed to stick to the facts, the crowd dwindled to a reasonable size.

The two-week gap between the Karachi and New Delhi fairs proved nowhere near long enough, because floods in Pakistan and India stopped the rail service that some of the exhibitors had counted on for moving their shows. The Americans decided to leave a few of their larger exhibits in Karachi and have the smaller ones flown down to New Delhi. These were carried from the fairgrounds to the airport in twenty rubber-tired camel wagons—the customary vehicles for hauling local freight in Karachi. The wagon drivers were not supervised, and on their way to the airport they took a shortcut across one of the stretches of desert that surround Karachi on three sides. The drivers had been moving decorously in single file, but now they organized a race and went dashing twenty abreast over the sands while their cargo, including many cases of delicate TV equipment, bounced up and down, and even off. Notwithstanding his enthusiasm for animation, Warner was disturbed when he learned of this. Luckily, however, the equipment was found to need only minor repairs when it was checked over upon its arrival in New Delhi. The incident seems symbolic of the atmosphere that surrounds the American fair program, which is often in a state of emergency. "Everything is a crash operation," Warner says. "Our appropriations are always late. We can't plan in advance, and we're always trying to dream something up at the last minute."

THE American exhibit in New Delhi, true to form, was a crash operation, and it was far from ready when the fair opened. It was in good company, though, for owing to the floods and the vagaries of contractors most of the other displays, including those of the Indian government and Indian private firms, were late, too. Only the Communist countries, which had sent teams of their own well-disciplined workmen to set things up, were strictly on schedule. Just before the opening, the fairgrounds were a chaos of oxcarts, big machinery, fantastic architecture, and coolie women carrying bricks on their heads. This time, the American site was the largest at the fair—a hundred thou-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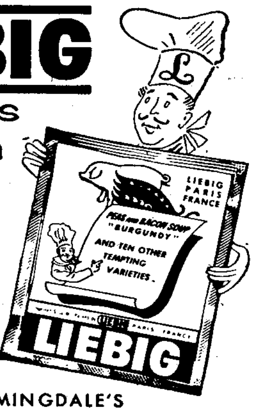
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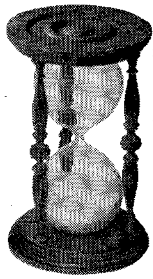
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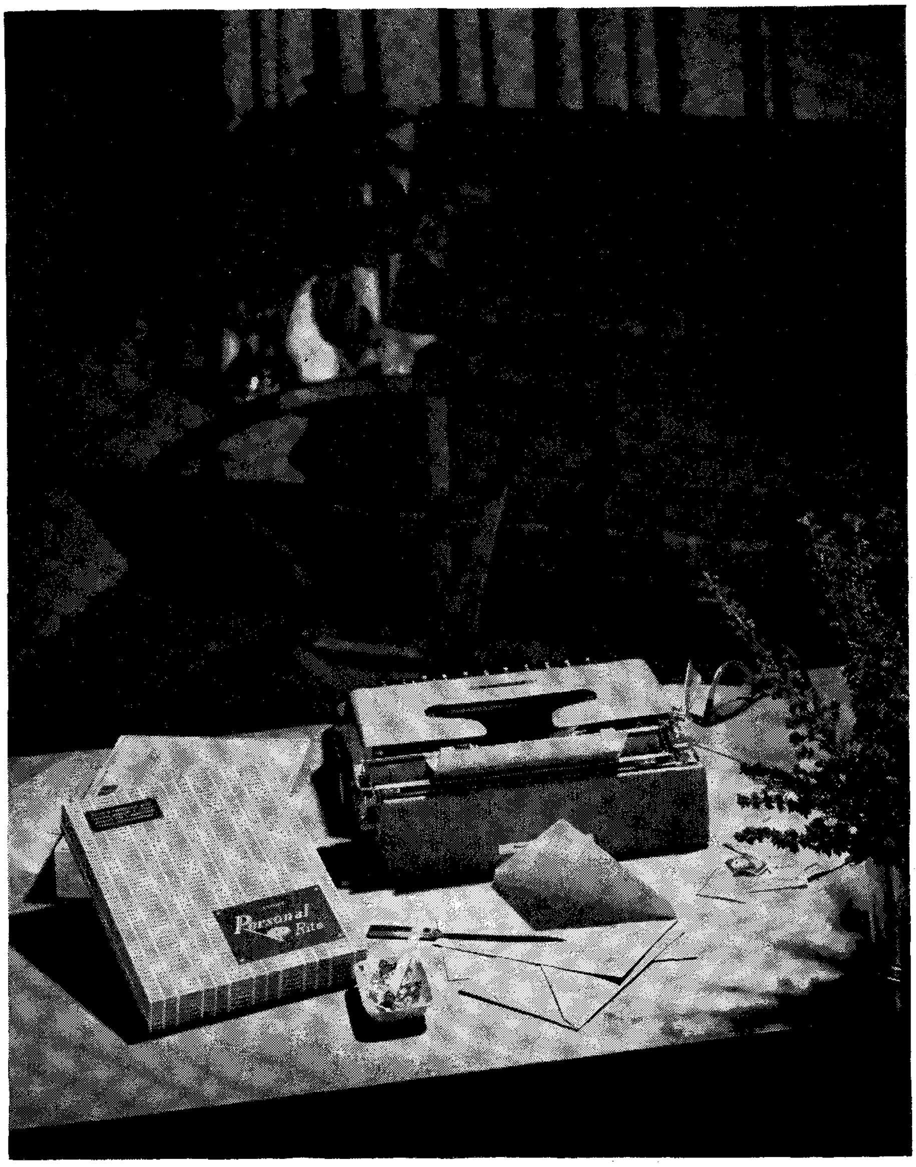
sand square feet. Much of this was sublet to private American firms, including Pan American, Remington Rand, and the Standard-Vacuum Oil Company, whose exhibits were separate from the main building. (This was also the most expensive exhibit the United States has put on at an Asian fair, costing the government about half a million dollars, for transportation, construction, salaries, and so on, to say nothing of the cost to the private firms.) The main American building was one story high and shaped like the Flatiron Building, and mounted above it was a large, multicolored simplification of the atom—the conventional assemblage of balls within a spherical cage of hoops, representing (with, I suppose, some veracity) protons, neutrons, electrons, and the electrons' orbits. At one corner of the building was a glass-enclosed rotunda that served as a television studio, into which the crowd could peer from outside. Otherwise, the pavilion was faced with expanses of plate glass (around the displays of animated machines) and blank white walls (around the atomic exhibit), and the whole thing was topped off by a frieze of red, white, and blue bands. The design was outlined roughly by John Vassos, an industrial designer for R.C.A. and the Remington Arms Company, who visited New Delhi briefly last spring, and it was carried out by a firm of Indian architects. Charles M. Shaw, of Wilton, Connecticut, a free-lance designer, came over and worked out some of the details while the pavilion was going up. The exhibit manager was Richard A. McDonald, a sixty-eight-year-old official of the Crown Zellerbach Corporation, whom Warner had served under in the National Production Authority. McDonald worked without pay, and left town as soon as the pavilion was completed, vowing never again to get involved in the fair business. While he was in New Delhi, a fortune-teller warned him that this would be the worst year of his life, and by the time he departed, he was convinced that soothsaying is an exact science.

Despite the jumbo atom, the pavilion was not especially noteworthy from the outside. Inside, it was more impressive. The stalls made effective use of solid colors like orange, blue, and yellow, and the collection of mechanized marvels, billed officially as "Industry Serves Man" ("Machines Move Entrancingly" would have been more to the point), made a colorful and lively display. Among them were several old-timers, still going strong, from the New



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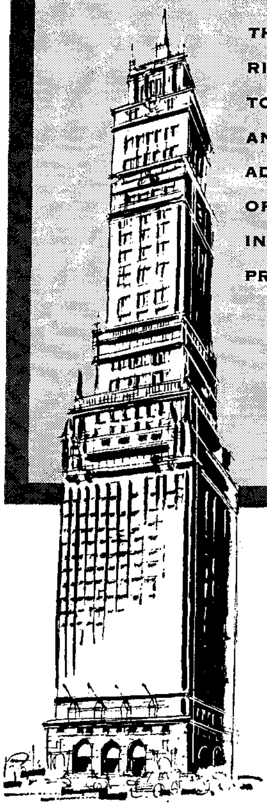

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York World's Fair of 1939. There was the General Electric House of Magic, for instance, in which a technician performed some legerdemain with things like stroboscopic light and the electric eye. There was also the classic General Motors ball-bearing display, in which bearings repeatedly dropped out of a pipe and bounced through a turning ring and into another pipe. Besides these, there were the hardy Lionel-train layout and an array of mechanical saws, sewing machines, and the like, operated by Indian men and women dressed in white and adorned with red, white, and blue ribbons. There was also a model American kitchen, with an electric stove, a washing machine, and a dishwasher, which drew such big crowds that admission eventually had to be limited to women. Having watched the crowds, I can attest that Warner's faith in animation is well founded. When a wandering fairgoer comes to an animated display, he stops at once, because he wants to see what it will do next. When he comes to a display that is not animated, he is apt to supply his own animation by walking on. It seems that Warner and his associates, in their brief experience with trade fairs, have learned how to apply the age-old traditions of show business to modern technology. Indeed, as I stood in the House of Magic, surrounded by a crowd of wide-eyed Indians, I couldn't help thinking of snake charming and the rope trick. At one point, the technician said, "There are no tricks. No switches. We would not think of deceiving in a scientific demonstration," and I found myself wondering whether his audience had not often heard fakirs utter similar pious declarations while making themselves comfortable on a bed of spikes.

In New Delhi, as in Karachi, the American television show started at dusk. A crew of American technicians, supplied by R.C.A., ran it, shooting Indian dancers, musicians, puppet shows, and other acts, all hired for the purpose. The audience could simultaneously see the acts themselves, through the glass, and the television replica, on a number of screens that were mounted here and there around the outside of the pavilion. From time to time, the cameras were trained on the crowd itself, and this was always a popular move, prompting people to jump up and down, make faces, and wave at themselves. As before, the show drew the biggest crowds of the whole fair. There was another television studio on the grounds, belonging to Philips Radio, a Dutch concern. It was

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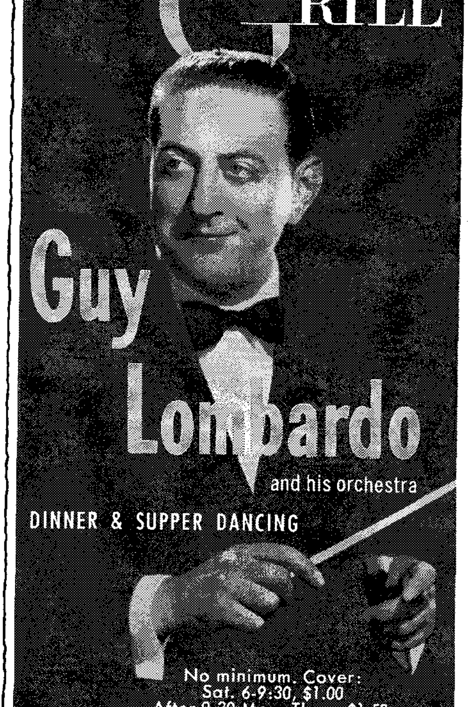

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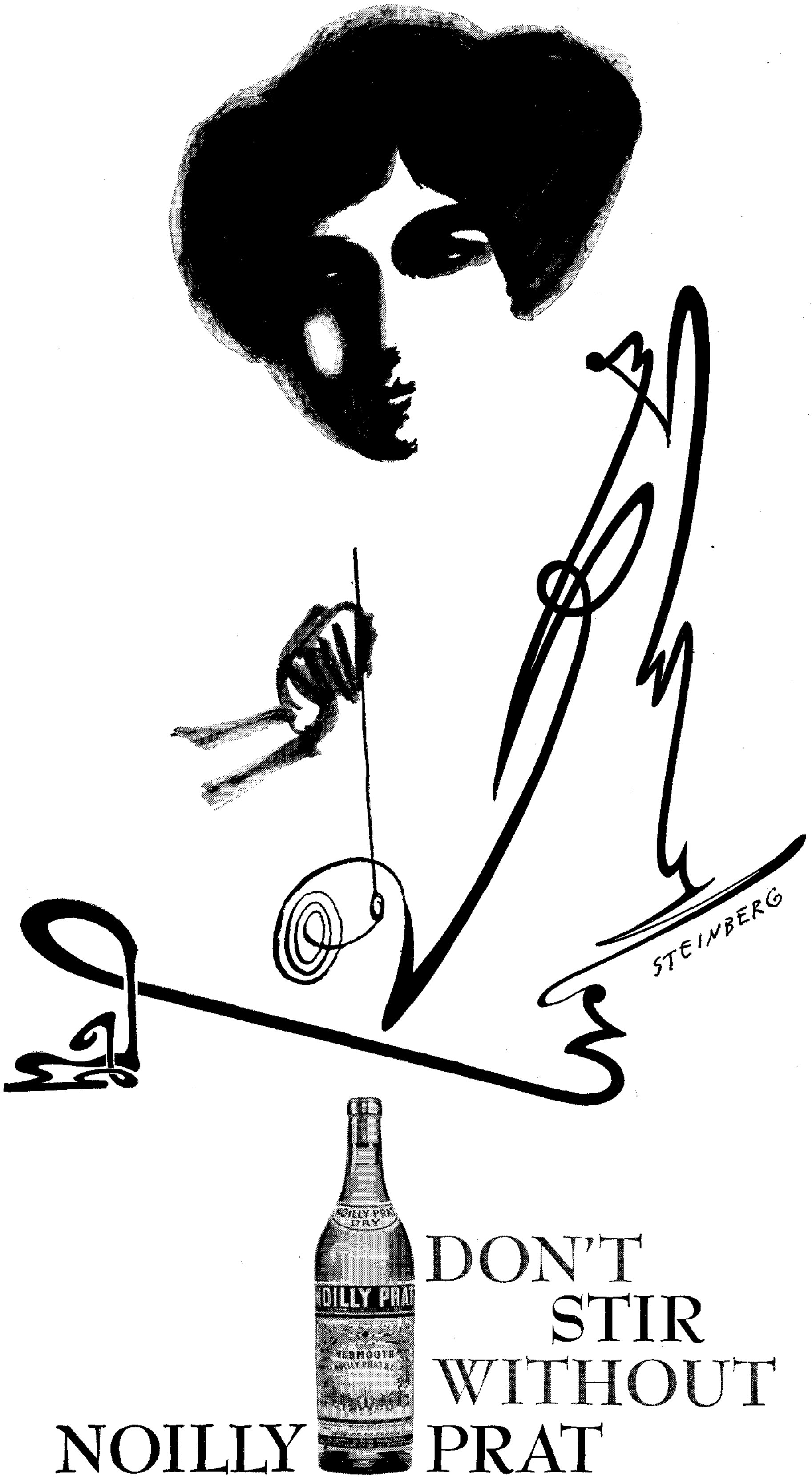
less accessible than ours and its shows were somewhat stodgier, but the Philips people outmaneuvered us in one respect, at least. Our programs were broadcast on a closed circuit and could be seen only on the fairgrounds; theirs were broadcast on an open circuit, and they had spotted some receivers in public places in New Delhi proper and had given others to high Indian officials, among them Pandit Nehru.

As might have been expected, the atomic section of the American exhibit was more earnest than the rest, for its purpose was to show the constructive uses of nuclear power and to dissuade the Indians from thinking of the atom solely in terms of fallout and massive retaliation. The atomic show, which took up more than half the pavilion, had been put together in Germany for thirty-five thousand dollars (a third, or less, of what it would have cost in the United States, I understand), and it employed the latest in display techniques. It took the visitor past a hundred yards or so of sprucely arranged photomurals with smartly lettered captions, which explained what the atom is, what nuclear fission is, and how atomic energy can benefit man. All this was lucid, but there was little animation to it, and little to interest anyone except a serious student; for this very reason, though, it may have made quite an impression on India's intellectuals, who have a penchant for abstract knowledge, and who are perhaps the most influential class in the country. Like the Anglo-Indian girl with the robot hands, the attendants at the atomic exhibit wore saffron coveralls, brought over from Oak Ridge, where they are the required uniform for all employees working in radiation areas. By a peculiar coincidence, this color also has a special significance in India; it is symbolic of the Hindu faith and is reserved for the garb of holy men and for one stripe in the national flag. Undeniably, the saffron coveralls lent a touch of verisimilitude to our atomic display, but they must also have had an odd effect upon many Indian visitors to the American pavilion.

THE exhibits of Russia and her European satellites—Poland, Czechoslovakia, East Germany, Rumania, and Hungary all put on shows—differed a good deal from ours, and closely resembled one another. China put on a show, too, but it didn't have a great deal in common with the other Communist exhibits. (Indeed, Yugoslavia's pavilion was more in the general Red style than China's, however far



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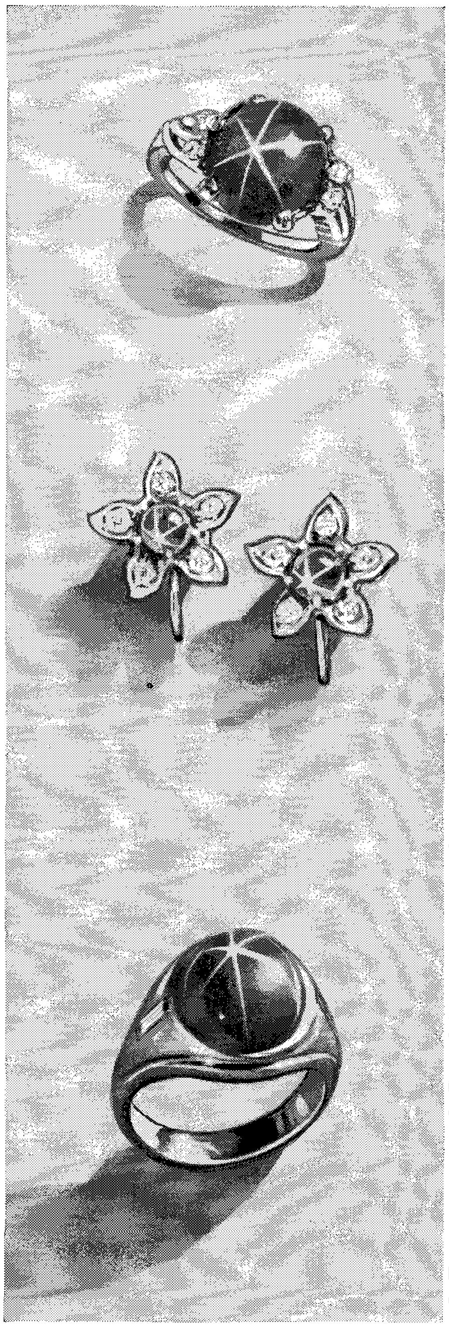

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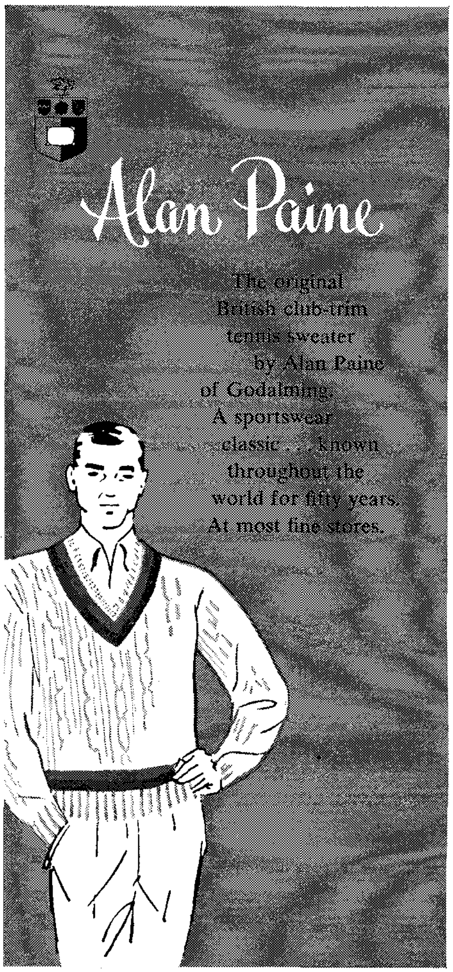
Tito may have strayed from the example of Moscow in other matters.) One feature shared by nearly all these exhibits was a huge photomural that showed the chief of the nation concerned shaking hands with Pandit Nehru during the Indian leader's tour of Russia and Eastern Europe last spring and summer. As a rule, the Red pavilions were smart by modern European standards, going in not only for photomurals but for bright lighting and intense colors, and each of them tended to stress three things—the grandeur of the country's heavy industry, its wealth of consumer goods, and the persistence of its old culture. The culture angle was taken care of by, say, an exhibit of folk arts, or a collection of books about ancient national heroes, or musical performances—Tchaikovsky in the Russian pavilion and Chopin in the Polish. The consumer-goods sections were reminiscent of well-stocked department stores. There were radios and other gadgets, fabrics, home furnishings, crockery and glassware, and, above all, things to eat—candy, tinned food, and jars of delicacies piled high. The Russians showed a deep freeze full of sausages and a bank of sturgeon-shaped shelves packed with tinned caviar, and these provided an air of bounty and well-being.

The Communist heavy-industry exhibits were less inviting. They consisted mainly of big, abstract-looking, motionless machines, which I found almost as tedious as the language of Communist propaganda. Some of the machine tools—in the Russian and Czech pavilions, especially—were bigger than automobiles. The Russians made a vigorous showing in mining, metallurgical, and power equipment, and they displayed electric motors, transformers, X-ray apparatus, drills, and a yardful of trucks, tractors, and farm machinery, including a reaping-and-threshing combine capable of cutting a swath of wheat fourteen feet wide. On the whole, the Russian gear was much like the gear the United States used to produce back in the nineteen-thirties; the lighter farm implements reminded me of implements I had seen at county fairs in upstate New York a quarter of a century ago. The Russians also had good small-scale models of a dam with a power plant and of a steel mill, and these were like things that could have been seen in the thirties at the Deutsches Museum, in Munich. The Iron Curtain displays in general looked dated to American eyes, and presumably to the eyes of Western Eu-



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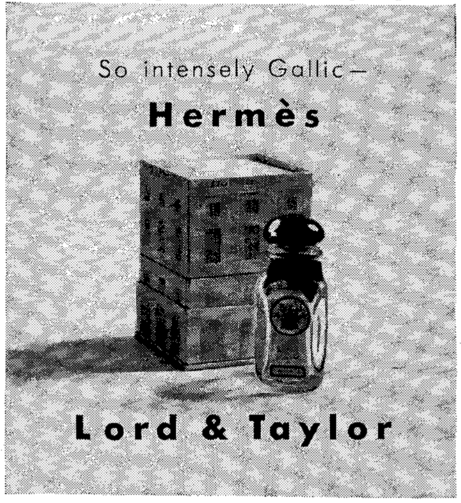

So intensely Gallic—
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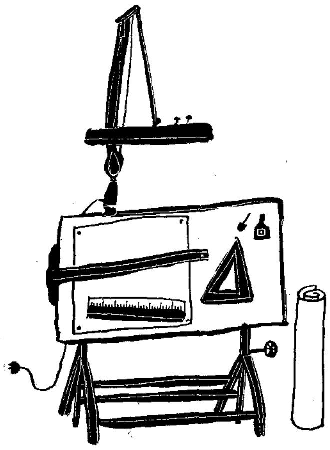
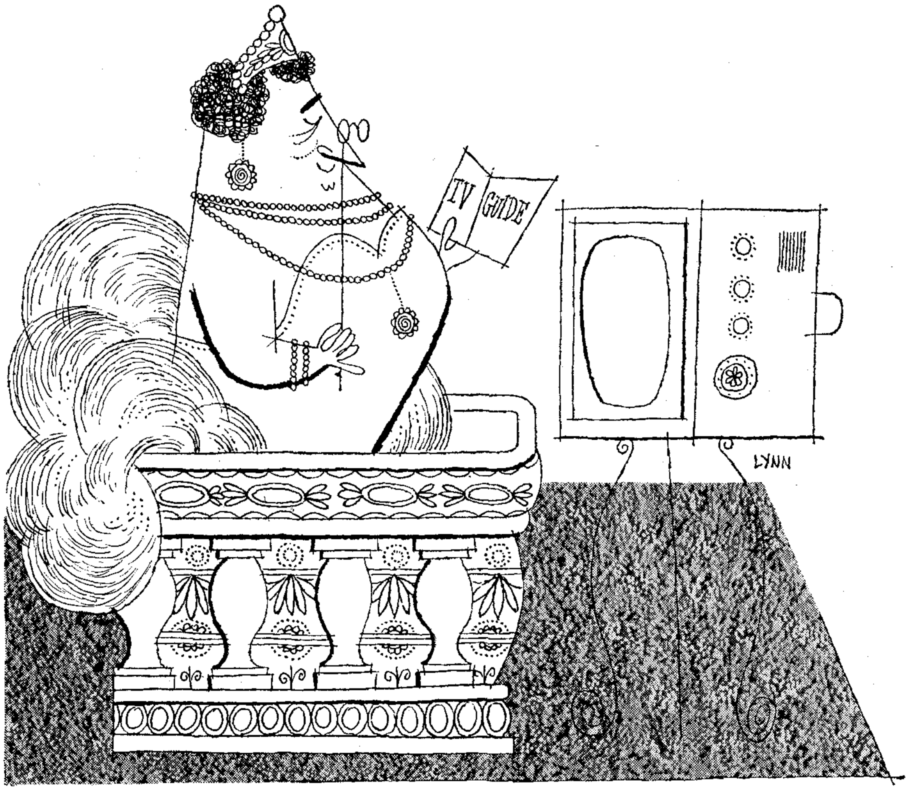
ropeans, too. How they looked to the Indians is another matter.

For all the similarity in the Iron Curtain shows, there were certain differences, too. The Czech machinery, for example, struck even my untrained eyes as being of high quality, and this impression was confirmed by experts. By comparison, the Polish machinery looked shoddy. In the Russian show, an Indian could examine a collection of walrus-ivory carvings—one portrayed a dog team, and another a reindeer sleigh—and puzzle over them, since the walrus is unknown here and the carvings had no explanatory sign. (I was contemplating them one day when a young Indian, evidently taking me for a Russian, came up to me. "Excuse me, sir," he said, "but is the elephant found in Russia?") Nearly all the exhibits of the Iron Curtain countries were static, and did not hold the eye as well as the mysterious, whirling, shimmying displays in the American pavilion did. (When the visitors entering the various pavilions were clocked off one day, the Americans scored about twenty-nine thousand, to lead the field, and the Russians and the Chinese were runners-up, with twenty-one thousand apiece. The American figure doesn't include the people watching the television show, who were outside the pavilion and therefore unclockable.)

The primary aim of the Communists at the fair was to promote their system, but they were obviously interested in promoting their wares, too, and they did this by advertising fairly heavily in the Indian press. Nowadays the Iron Curtain countries are trying to establish an almost orthodox kind of foreign trade with India. They are, in fact, trying to replace Britain as India's main source of factory goods and factory techniques, and they appear to be having at least some success; before the fair had been open many days, big





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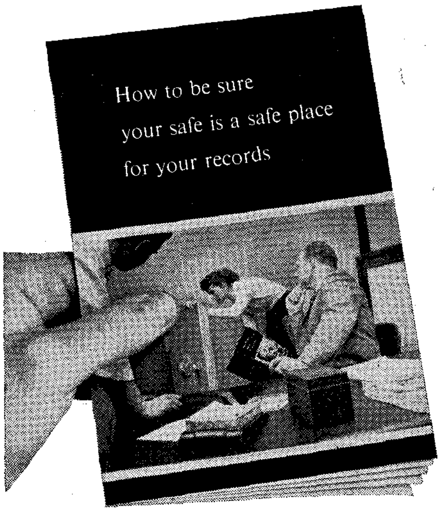

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"SOLD" placards were to be seen on some of the Czech and Russian machines. The American motives at the fair were less simple. Aside from our special wish to demonstrate the peaceful possibilities of the atom, we seemed to be out to defend our prestige—to keep the Reds from dominating the fair, from having full use of it as a propaganda vehicle. We were not trying to show off our industrial strength for its own sake, and we exhibited almost no heavy machinery. Warner told me that everyone knew we had the heavy stuff, and that it was unnecessary to rub the fact in. "All we want is good will," McDonald, our fair manager, remarked to me shortly before he left. "And you don't get much of that by showing how rich you are." So we were not flexing our muscles. Nor, as I learned somewhat to my surprise, were we trying very hard to sell things. There were some small mechanical tools in our display, such as lathes and saws, that would be useful in India, but on inquiring I learned that European manufacturers can afford to sell the gadgets to India for half the price we must charge. The reason is partly that India is in the sterling bloc and partly that, by any monetary standard, our labor and other costs are high. All things considered, any large-scale attempt on our part to sell merchandise would not have been welcome; one Indian official objected to our model kitchen, which drew such a crowd, on the ground that it would create a demand that couldn't be satisfied under India's Second Five Year Plan. We continued to exhibit the kitchen anyway—not, of course, to stir up sales but to show how well our housewives are faring under a free economy. What we seemed to be engaged in at New Delhi was not commercial enterprise but an almost academic contest of showmanship. We exhibited virtually nothing unless it was either entertaining, like the machines, or didactic, like the atoms.

THE more one ponders the New Delhi fair, the clearer it becomes that India means little to us in the way of a market for our goods, and also that our goods mean little to her; our products are naturally geared to our own standard of living, and the great mass of Indians hasn't begun to approach that standard. Consequently, there was something a bit forced and artificial about our exhibit. There may be ways of minimizing the gap between the two economies, but there was no sign of any of them in the American pavilion. It

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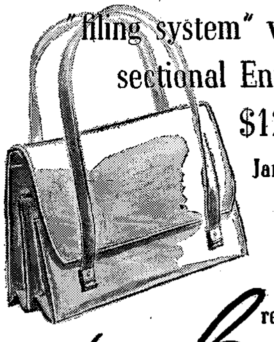

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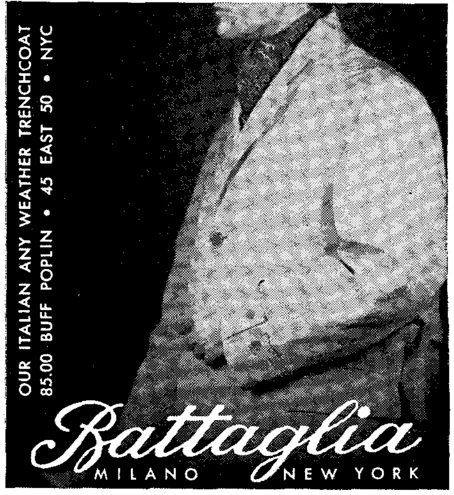

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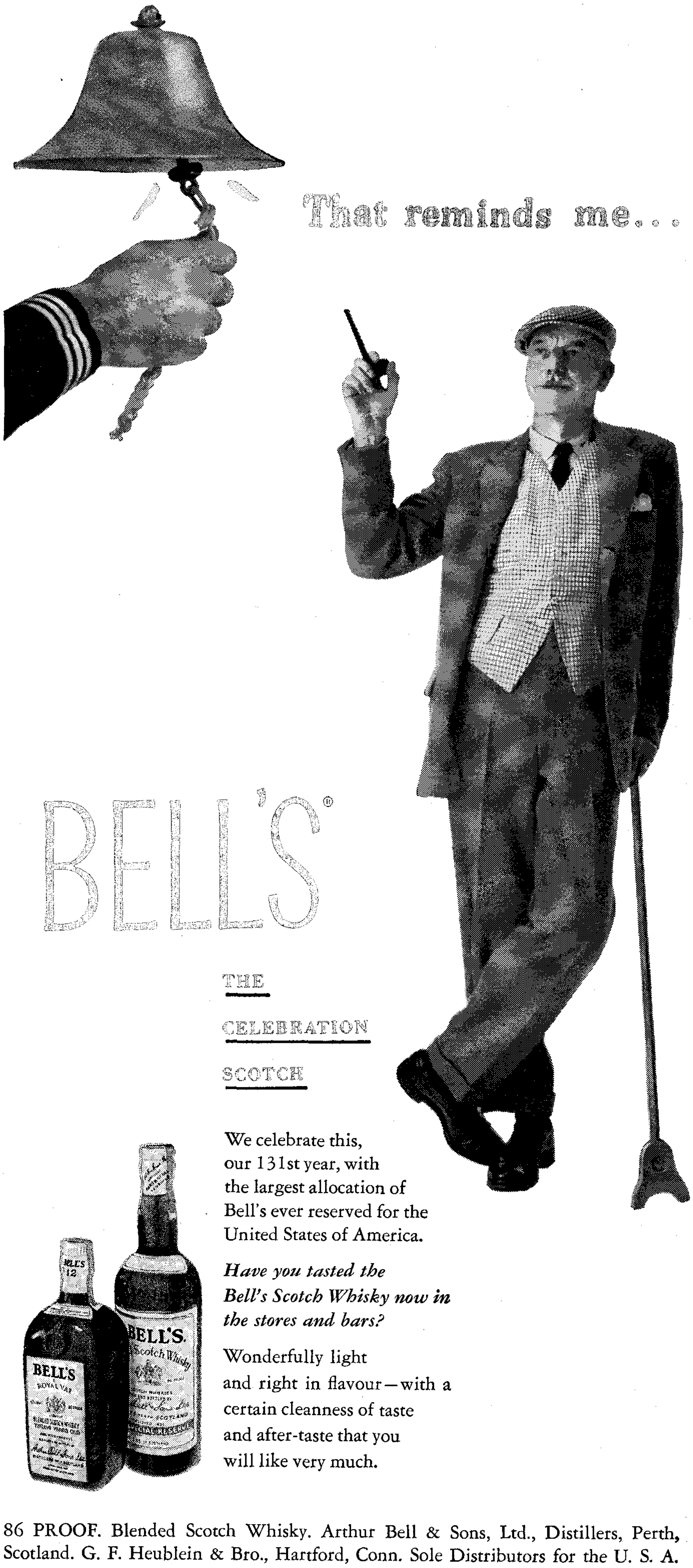
might have helped if we had put on a display to dramatize what our Point Four program has done to assist underdeveloped Asian countries, stressing things like improved crops, scientific livestock breeding, and sanitation, and perhaps we can do something of the sort in the fairs to come—in Rangoon and Damascus, for example. Or we might encourage some of our Asian allies, notably Japan, to exhibit in a grander way than they did at New Delhi. The Japanese can do what we cannot do—they can make consumer goods for the Asian pocketbook. These may not be particularly durable, but they are cheap. In Afghanistan last year, I was told that Japanese cloth and crockery were selling there for less than half the Russian price, even though Afghanistan is a landlocked country bordering on Russia. The Afghans were grateful to Japan, and this would seem to suggest one way to help out the uncommitted Asians and to touch their hearts. In the contest for crowds at fairs, animation may, as Warner says, be the answer, but it is hardly the answer in the larger contest that the fairs represent—the contest to show which side is doing more to improve the lot of mankind. The New Delhi fair gave the impression that the Red countries, with their big machines and bursting larders, hold the lead in this contest.

It should be said, however, that in some respects the Red displays were just as academic and artificial as ours. The way things stand now, the Russians' big tractors and fourteen-foot wheat combines wouldn't be of much use to the Indians; farm machines in any country break down continually and need repeated servicing, and this is simply not available in most parts of India. As a matter of fact, the Indian government already owns quite a few tractors, and most of them, according to reports, are out of action for lack of parts. Aside from the problems of maintenance and repair, which could, of course, ultimately be solved, it's questionable whether fourteen-foot combines and huge tractors would help India or hurt her. Mechanization of agriculture tends to mean a lower yield per acre (though a higher yield per man), and while that doesn't matter in less heavily populated countries, like the United States and Russia, it might matter a great deal in a country like India, where the peasants are thick on the land. The reasons are different, of course, but the Russians' wheat combine was no more applicable to Indian life than our model kitchen was.

During the fair, some Indians made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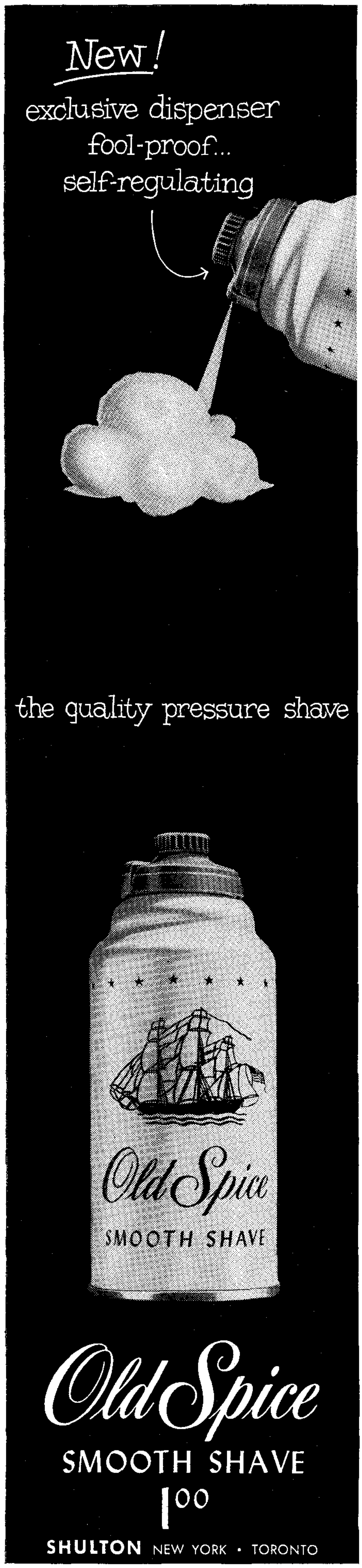
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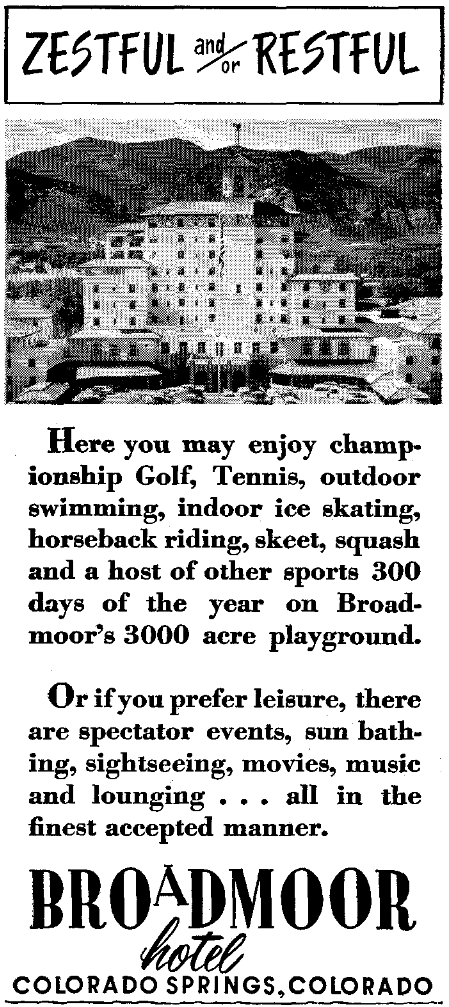
gentle pleasantries about how they had brought the enemies in the Cold War amicably together; Pandit Nehru said something to that effect in a speech on opening day. But, actually, the mood of conflict was plain, and the fair merely provided another basis for feuding. As soon as the Russians saw what a hit our television show was, they announced at a press conference that they, too, would put on television, and they quickly made good on the promise, though rather lamely—with only a few sets, offering nothing more than crowd shots and movie shorts. For our part, we answered the photomurals of the Red leaders shaking Nehru's hand by running off a newsreel of his visit to America in 1949. In fact, the two world systems were on trial here, just as they are in other areas of the Cold War. There was even some debate about the means the two sides employed in putting up their pavilions. The Communists' method of bringing along workmen of their own for the job was in keeping with their procedure in other foreign undertakings—in the running of consulates, for instance, where even the janitors and charwomen are apt to be imported from the home country. This has the double advantage of enabling the Reds to get the work done the way they want it and eliminating the ticklish question of disciplining native labor. We proceed in the traditional Western way; we hire Indians to do the work, and pray that it will come out all right. While the fair was going up, New Delhi residents with anti-American sentiments pointed out how democratic the Reds were, how they dirtied their hands with honest toil. Our apologists countered by saying that the Reds weren't doing anything to ease Indian unemployment. I don't know which argument prevailed, but I can report that one batch of Red workmen, in their spare time, behaved like unsophisticated tourists from the West, patronizing New Delhi snake charmers and dancing-bear owners, to the horror of culture-proud Indians, who felt that they should have been taking in more elevating attractions.

THE Chinese pavilion was set apart from all the others in both location and style. It stood on a broad, though shallow, site at the back of the fairgrounds, beyond a big lawn. The designers exploited this setting by creating a pavilion with a very extensive façade, consisting of a central unit and two spreading wings. The central building was reminiscent of a Confucian temple,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with tall red pillars, and swoop-eaved roofs of green tile, though the frame was altogether Western, even to the point of being made of cement. Architectural hybrids of this sort are common in China, where Western missionaries and their converts long ago began putting Occidental buildings under Chinese hats, so to speak, and these structures have often been criticized there as being neither one thing nor the other. At the fair, however, oddity was in order, and the pavilion pleased friends and critics of China alike. The Chinese also put up a tall crane, of the kind used on docks, behind their pavilion, and animated it, thereby winning Warner's grudging admiration; it moved back and forth, raising and lowering crates, and was adorned with a Red Chinese flag that could be seen from afar.

In one wing of the Chinese pavilion was a fairly wide assortment of machine tools—lathes, drills, planers—and these occasioned much rumor and speculation in international circles. It was widely claimed that they were not Chinese products at all but Russian and Eastern European products with Chinese labels. It is apparently true that at the Karachi fair the Chinese showed a lot of machines that were frankly labelled as Russian or Czech, and in that case it seems strange that they should have come up with such a big and varied new crop of their own in the brief period between fairs. At least one of the machines had Chinese characters cast into it, indicating that if it was not made in China, it was made for China. The truth may be that the machines were authentically Chinese but that China isn't yet producing them in any great number. After all, it is said that the Chinese Nationalists made a lone automobile in their heyday and exhibited it widely as proof that they were industrialized.

Red China has a tremendous fund of good will in India, which is something that we have had in the past but now conspicuously lack. The Indians who flocked through the Chinese pavilion were disposed to look enthusiastically at everything they saw. Few of them seemed to question the authenticity of the machines, and many did not even question the authenticity of a big display of artificial fruit and vegetables; they assured one another that the stuff was fresh and was constantly being replaced by plane from Peiping—that the Chinese not only grow marvellous things but transport them at marvellous speed. The Chinese asked visitors to write comments on the exhibits in guestbooks

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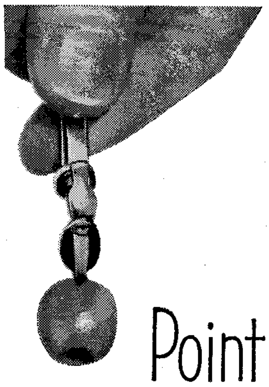

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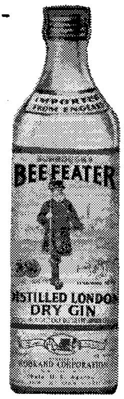

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provided for the purpose, and the pages were full of adjectives like "astonishing" and "magnificent." The writers, many of whom were plainly vague about China, seemed to assume that in achieving these wonders the Reds had started from scratch.

The other wing of the Chinese pavilion was devoted to the arts and crafts, and a trip through it showed that Chinese products in those fields are much the same as they were in the late forties—no better and no worse. They revealed, that is to say, a China in which the old arts have degenerated, a China still confused by many foreign ideas and influences, badly assimilated. In passing, it may be of interest to note that the Chinese gift for creating fantastic nonsense, which one might have feared would be dead by now, showed up here and there in the pavilion, the most notable example, perhaps, being a collection of little velvet objects—velvet storks, velvet trees, velvet peacocks, and so forth. There was even a painstakingly accurate velvet model of the Marble Boat at the Peiping Summer Palace, which itself was a piece of fantastic nonsense dreamed up about half a century ago by the Empress Dowager Tzu Hsi. That the Manchu dynasty should make a model of a boat in marble and that the Reds should make a velvet model of the marble model suggests a continuous strand of thought, however incomprehensible it may be to us.

INDIA's own exhibits at the fair—spread out in countless pavilions representing firms and organizations—contrasted sharply with China's. They indicated that industry, of certain types, anyway, is more advanced in India, and that handicrafts are less degenerate. Perhaps this state of affairs can be attributed to the uneven development of the country in British times. The British built good railways and ports in India, making it possible for some local industries (the great and versatile houses of Tata and Birla, for example) to get off to an early start, and many of these showed their wares impressively at the fair. Indian village life, though, remained primitive under the British, and handicrafts continued to flourish, with the many rich Indians, including hundreds of native princes, supplying the necessary clientele. Skilled handworkers can still be found in all parts of the country, specializing in one craft here and another there, and they may well be the best craftsmen in the world. They are certainly better than China's now, as a glance at the ivory work from Tra-

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vancore or the filigree from Orissa clearly showed. Indians seem more consistent in keeping their work personal—in breathing artistic concepts of their own into it—than craftsmen of other countries do. They do not fall readily into the trap of tricky naturalistic representation—of animals or whatever—that has been the ruination of handicrafts in so many places. This artistic sense is derived, I suspect, from their strong religious faith, which leads them away from the utilitarian and toward the symbolic. Anyway, it is a characteristic of theirs, and their handicrafts benefit from it.

Since the coming of independence, many rich Indians—especially the princes—have lost their wealth, and the craftsmen might be in a bad way if a new clientele hadn't appeared, in the form of the international luxury market, primarily in the United States. The Indian government is helping the craftsmen woo this market now, as New York must be well aware, and two of the best shows at the fair were related to that effort—the government's pavilions for hand-loom work and general handicrafts. Both were well designed, and the goods in them were displayed in the spacious, well-lit style of the modern West (rather different from the Indian merchandising tradition, which holds that the darker the shop, and the more things squeezed onto its shelves, the better). The hand-loom pavilion showed wonderful saris and piece goods, of silk and other fabrics, and the general-handicrafts pavilion offered an infinite variety of objects, of metal, ivory, and many kinds of wood. It also had a few stalls where craftsmen could be seen at work—sitting on the floor, cross-legged and very patient, as they carved Bombay sandalwood, put together Mysore inlay, or hammered designs into Moradabad brass. I stopped there shortly after the fair opened, and watched one of them carving a relief of Ganesa, the Elephant God, in wood. It was coming out beautifully, and I could almost feel the grain emerging under the gouge. The carver had been doing this sort of work since boyhood and would probably go on doing it until he reached old age. He had inherited the job, which was not a competitive one by our lights, for in his village most tasks are hereditary. He would probably never accumulate any money to speak of, and his greatest satisfaction, apart from a sense of religious duty performed, might lie in having sons to carry on the work. I found it hard to relate his life to modern economics or to any modern motiva-

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tion, whether capitalist or Communist; in every way it seemed to belong to a past age.

The hand-loom pavilion had some craftsmen working in it, too. One group consisted of a bearded old man and his two sons, who were making a special kind of cotton sari by a special process. It was hard work—a combination of weaving and embroidery—of a kind that is now done only in one small district of India. The three men together could weave no more than three inches of their sari a day, and when it is finished, they must get four hundred and fifty rupees for it (about a hundred American dollars) in order to support themselves at current prices. The old man and his helpers seemed cheerful and benign, but their art is almost a dead one; it is practically sure to go with the advent of high prices, a cash economy, and, above all, the machine. (Pandit Nehru went into this a little in his speech at the fair's opening. In discussing the pros and cons of the machine, he paid it few compliments, but he ended by declaring that it was inevitable. That seems to have been the fair's message, in fact: The machine is here to stay, and India has to choose the sort of social arrangements she will make in accepting it.)

From what I learned at the hand-loom and handicrafts pavilions, the switch to the foreign market involves some difficult adjustments. For one thing, foreigners like simple designs, whereas the wealthy Indian patrons liked ornate designs, which showed how much work had gone into them. For another, the foreign market likes something stiffer than the silk used in India, where saris cling softly to the body. Indian government experts are working on problems of this sort. They are setting up organizations to track down craftsmen in remote villages, catalogue their designs, and try to figure out how these can be better adapted to Western tastes. It is a big job, but the experts have made considerable progress at it over the past few years. Their worst problem, it seems, lies in standardization. Indian craftsmen, who usually work at home and by rule of thumb, can hardly be expected to make things of the same quality month after month. Their mood will vary from time to time, and the change affects their work, as it affects the work of all artists. Indian weavers can't be dragooned into consistently making cloth of the same width, and this presents a fearful problem to American manufacturers. But perhaps the worst difficulties are that the

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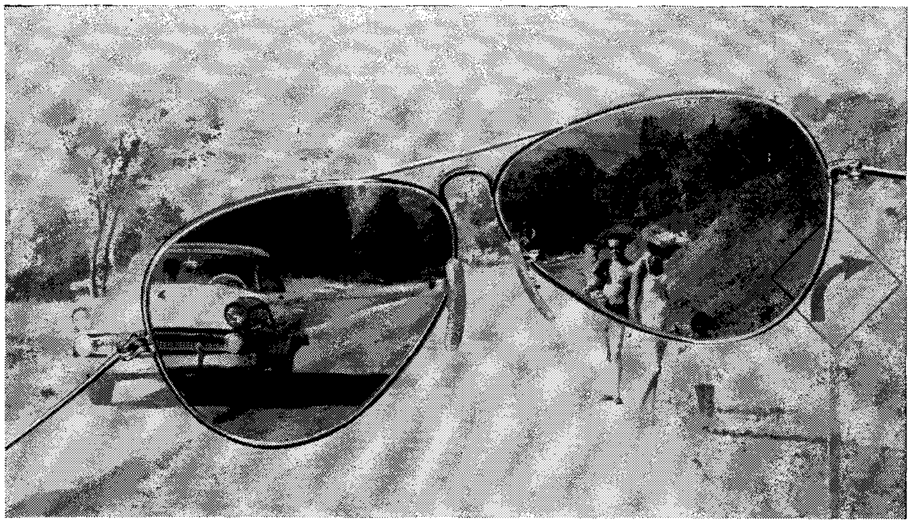
craftsmen cannot go into mass production and that they cannot change their styling on a nationwide basis to keep up with changes in foreign taste. Consequently, they are not in step with the merchandising methods of the United States, where new styles are introduced in a big way, with big advertising campaigns, which means that big stocks of uniform merchandise must be readily available. So the Indian craftsman and the American buyer don't mesh together well. Their worlds are out of touch, if less badly out of touch than American industry and the average Indian consumer.

ONE lesson of the fair is that however skillful private enterprise may be at creating machines, it doesn't know how to display them in this kind of milieu. There were many pavilions belonging to private firms, both Indian and European. Some of them were well designed, but except for the one set up by Philips Radio, with its television, they did not get as much attention as the big national shows. And the government pavilions that were set up along orthodox merchandising lines—the approach one would expect at a trade fair—did not draw as well as the ones that boldly resorted to the theatrical. West Germany, for example, had a large pavilion with many booths showing the excellent products of her factories—automobiles, electrical goods, and the like—but this drew lightly compared to East Germany's pavilion, which went in for such stunts as a small planetarium and a glass man whose internal organs could be lighted up. The United Kingdom had a fine pavilion of the orthodox kind, demonstrating the high quality of British goods from the merchant's viewpoint, but this was obviously eclipsed by the Red pavilions and our own—so obviously that British M.P.s and newspapers were indignant. A circus touch is needed, it seems. The failure of private American firms to meet the Red challenge at earlier fairs was, of course, the main reason Warner's job was created. So we have set out to defend the private-enterprise system by socialized means, and we appear to be committed to this course as long as the trade-fair craze endures. Warner feels grateful to the few American firms that did exhibit here, because they gave the place at least a touch of the atmosphere that prevails at big European trade fairs, such as the recent one in Milan, where some seven hundred American firms were represented.

In addition to Warner and his aides,



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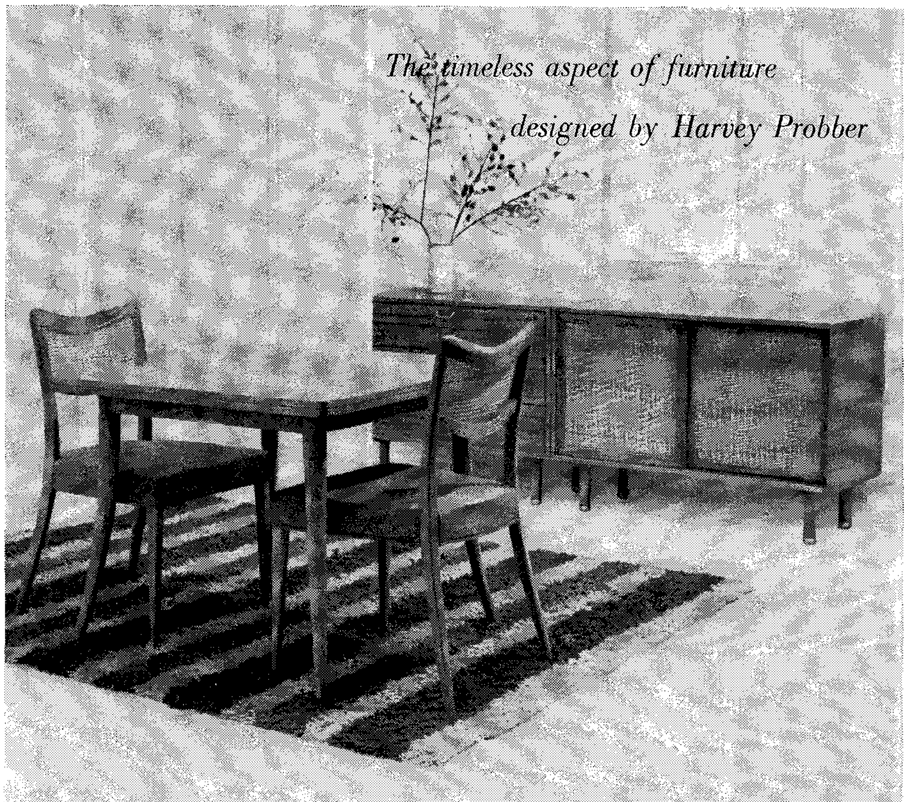
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the United States sent a trade mission to the fair—a group of six men, two from the Department of Commerce and four from private firms, whose job was to fan the embers of business. Before the fair began, they went on tour, stopping at Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta to meet Indian businessmen, and upon their return to New Delhi they established themselves in an office at the American pavilion and waited for callers with questions. It was a lonely vigil; only a handful of callers appeared. One day, I had a brief talk with two of these trade representatives—S. J. Hindle, of the American President Lines, and F. H. Von Mecklenburg, of H. E. Botzow, Inc., a New York import-export firm. Both said they had been lent to the government because their companies were interested in the mission's aim. They defined this as the promotion of trade in any way possible, but I gathered that what it had come down to on the tour was the promotion of Indian exports to the United States (which, of course, would give India dollars to buy things from us). Both Hindle and Von Mecklenburg were keen on the possibilities of Indian handicrafts, especially if the craftsmen could be organized properly. "I can visualize a tremendous market if the producers would only get together and give the customer what he ordered," Von Mecklenburg said. He thought Indian fabrics could be used by such New York stores as Tripler's and Abercrombie & Fitch for handkerchiefs and shirts, and suggested that the handkerchiefs could sell for a dollar apiece. When I asked him about the problem of getting standard quality, he said it was a formidable one. "The New York firms would have to send their buyers out here to find out exactly what they were going to get," he explained. "And even then they wouldn't always know for sure."

I asked Von Mecklenburg about the chances for increasing the sale of American goods in India, and he replied that many Indians had complained to him about our prices. "In Bombay, we were peppered with questions about why we can't give them a special export price. European countries think first of the export market, you see, and often subsidize goods for it. But American firms think of the domestic market first, and don't care much about export. Indians can't grasp this." Both men went on to mention various things that Americans can sell and are selling to India, such as fertilizer, chemicals, antibiotics, and even some earth-moving equipment, although as a rule India im-

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ports machines from Europe. "My firm won't quote on machinery for this market at all if we know that European manufacturers want the business," Von Mecklenburg said. "There's no point to it."

Neither Hindle nor Von Mecklenburg was by any means crêpe-hanging, and as we talked they told me of some other Indian things besides handicrafts for which there is a basic demand in America—manganese ore, mica, cashew nuts, oils, pepper, and tea. At the mention of tea, I remembered hearing, from happy Indians, that tea sales in the United States had shot up in the past year or two, since I had last been home. I asked about this, wondering what could be the reason for it.

"It's because the American housewives got mad at the price of coffee," Von Mecklenburg told me.

"Nonsense," Hindle said amicably. "It's because of Arthur Godfrey. He advertises it."

At that, I took my leave, feeling that I'd delved deep enough, for the time being, into the mysteries of trade.

—CHRISTOPHER RAND

•

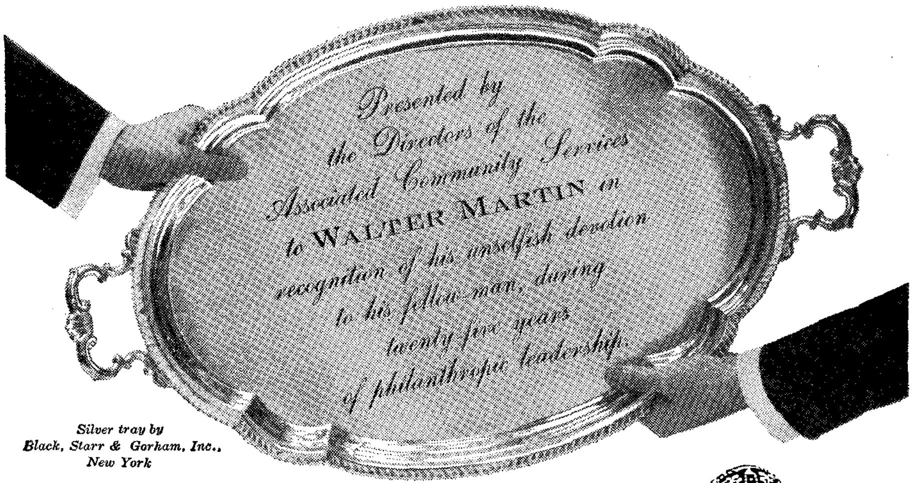
## EQUINOX

Yesterday, gray peals of light
Broke sullenly against a bare,
Stiff-backed afternoon. A stone
Sky shouted wind. The moon struck
Off ghosts on the cold ground.

But this morning's air shagged
Sleepily into the house through
The stale furnace breath that has
Smudged the ceilings since fall,
And the flowers on the mantel
Lifted with surprise. A belling
Sky swept at trees still caught in
Veined perfection. Children passed
In green shouts, and behind them
New puddles popped eyes in the
Immaculate mud. Birds, as if to
Minstrel such energies, poised
Yellow songs in the yard. In the
Field, spread like canvas to air,
The pond shimmied—and turtles,
Potentates of warmth, flecked the
Banks. Clouds rolled, round as
Stones, across the sunsmoothed hill.

Only the sleek, slippered firs—
And the armored rhododendron
Counting money carefully by the
Door—disdained this marvellous
Disarray, as though black winter
Were not taken by the secret
Surge that even now prepares the
Pompous-plump push of summer.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT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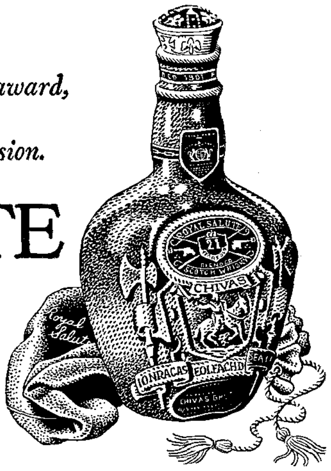

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This time of year, however, they
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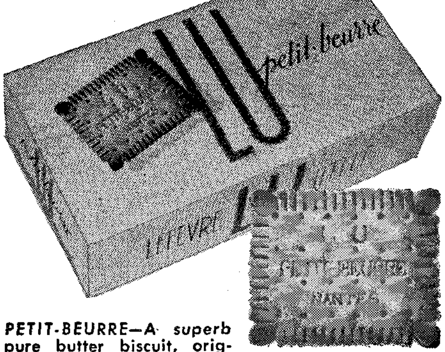

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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *Pretty Good Deal*

"MEET ME IN LAS VEGAS" is a big, bland tribute to the wonders of Nevada's gambling center, particularly the wonder called the Sands Club, a hostelry that makes Kubla Khan's place in Xanadu look like a lean-to. It is in the Sands Club that we meet Cyd Charisse, the ballerina who is the heroine of this musical. As the film would have it, she is capering about there for thirty thousand dollars a week. Footwork that can get you a million and a half dollars a year must be footwork indeed, and I must say that Miss Charisse is worth every penny of her fee as she moves nimbly through everything from classical ballets to low-down cootch dances. The picture slows down considerably when she isn't gambolling about, but it manages to keep up some sort of momentum in her absence by introducing various songbirds, among them Lena Horne, Jerry Colonna, and Frankie Laine. We are also diverted with brief views of such Hollywood eminents as Frank Sinatra, Debbie Reynolds, and Peter Lorre disporting themselves at the gaming tables. None of them looks particularly happy, but I suppose it's hard to laugh at the house percentage even at the Sands.

The story that "Meet Me in Las Vegas" has to tell when it isn't preoccupied with extravagant production numbers concerns a rancher (Dan Dailey) who makes one visit to Las Vegas every year to try his luck with his annual profits. He is convinced that if he grasps the right lady by the hand, fortune will be with him, but so far this notion has got him nowhere. However, when he takes hold of Miss Charisse's hand, the contact is so galvanic that in no time at all he is winning at every game in sight. There isn't much more to the plot than that, but it is stretched out enough to tie together a couple of hours of variety. About the best thing in the film is a lighthearted ballet based on the "Frankie and Johnny" ballad, in which Miss Charisse, John Bracia, and Liliane Montevecchi have a fine time spoofing the woes of the storied lovers while stepping to an arrange-

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"10 MYTHS ABOUT YOUR HEALTH" is the name of a remarkable magazine article based on the research findings of a great university. Men who would like a copy should write us on their business letterhead. No obligation. The Health Roof Club, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

ment by Johnny Green. Among others who turn up along the line are Agnes Moorehead, Lili Darvas, Oscar Karlweis, Paul Henreid, Jim Backus, and Mitsuko Sawamura. Miss Sawamura sings an amiable duet with Mr. Dailey. Miss Moorehead and the others do their damnedest to be comical, but they fight a losing battle.

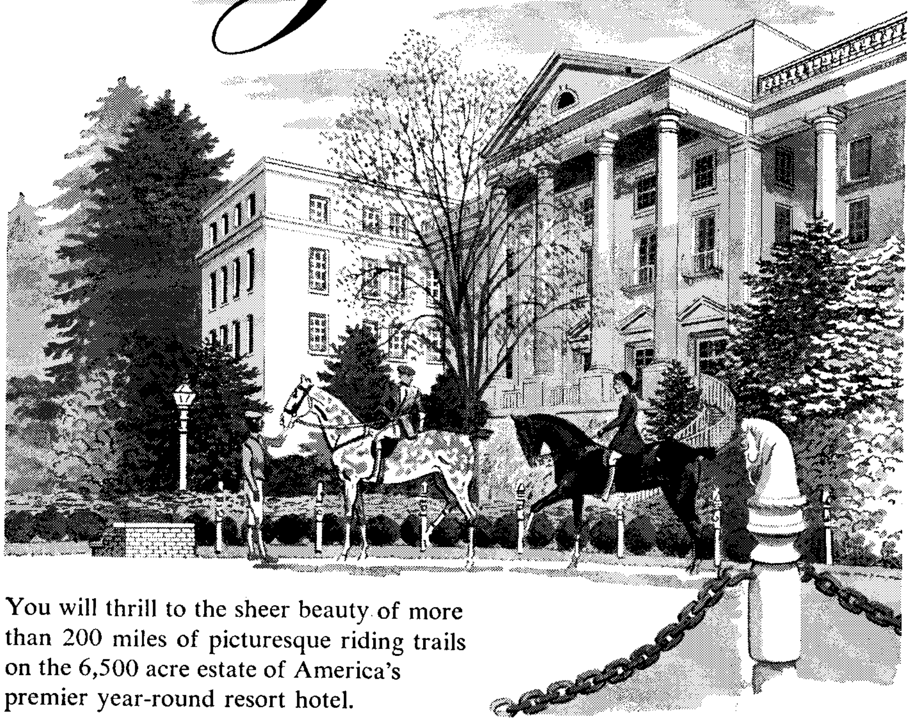
IN "Slightly Scarlet," which was adapted from a James M. Cain novel called "Love's Lovely Counterfeit," Arlene Dahl and Rhonda Fleming play a pair of sisters who are lamentably mixed up with a bunch of hoodlums operating in a West Coast town. Of the two, Miss Fleming has the more attractive personality, which isn't much of a compliment, since Miss Dahl is supposed to be a young lady who is simultaneously a kleptomaniac, a nymphomaniac, and a dipsomaniac. After completing a spell in a penitentiary, she inflicts herself on Miss Fleming, which is very embarrassing for Miss Fleming, since she is working as secretary to a big businessman of singular virtue and a yen to be mayor of his community. The big businessman loves Miss Fleming, but her heart is eventually captured by a gangster who is selling out his chief to the reformers in order to take over the mob himself. Working through Miss Fleming, the gangster, who is called Genius because he reads occasionally, soon has the head mobster on the lam; then, what does the swine do but set about undermining the reform administration? This goes on and on, with Miss Fleming looking stricken most of the time and Miss Dahl giggling daftly. It has a very gory windup. The gentlemen in the cast include John Payne, as the Genius; Kent Taylor, as the upright businessman; and Ted de Corsia, as the hoodlum Mr. Payne deposes. Mr. Taylor interested me especially, because in glorious Technicolor the distinguished gray hair at his temples turns out a distinguished blue. —JOHN McCARTEN

•

COLUMBIA U. PRESIDENT ON "THIS IS NEW YORK"

Dr. Grayson Kirk, President of Columbia University, will replace stage and night club star Cab Calloway as guest on Bill Leonard's WCBS Radio "This Is New York" *Friday, March 2* at 11:30 PM-12:00 Mid., EST. Dr. Kirk will discuss the scientific studies now going on at Columbia toward the city's attempt for a quieter New York. Mr. Calloway will be heard at a later date.—*Press release from C.B.S.*

When Dr. Kirk and his notions are long since forgotten.



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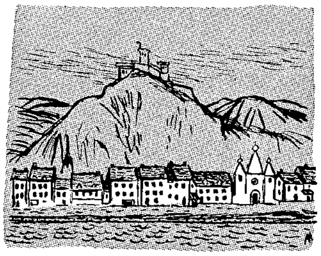
# LETTER FROM BEIRUT

MARCH 7TH

IT is difficult for even the most determined tourist passing through this part of the world today, however bent he may be on single-minded enjoyment of its splendid antiquities, scenery, and climate, to forget for a moment the highly explosive situation here. For one thing, you are right in it as soon as you cross the border into any of the Middle Eastern countries. It floats in snatches of conversation down the aisles of airliners and across the floor between café tables. Pretty soon you begin to try to pick names out of the quick rattle of voices that blare from the eternal café loudspeakers between interminable bouts of melancholy, warbling Arab singing, and then you try to read the expressionless faces of the men who are listening, sitting over their little cups of thick, sweet coffee while their fingers run up and down the ladder of a string of amber or carnelian prayer beads. Both efforts, of course, are profitless. But so is any attempt to keep your eyes on your guidebook and your attention on the pursuit of ancient mosques and Crusaders' forts, for the dangerous present keeps on blotting out the past, which was once equally lethal but now stretches calmly before you in terms of ruins.



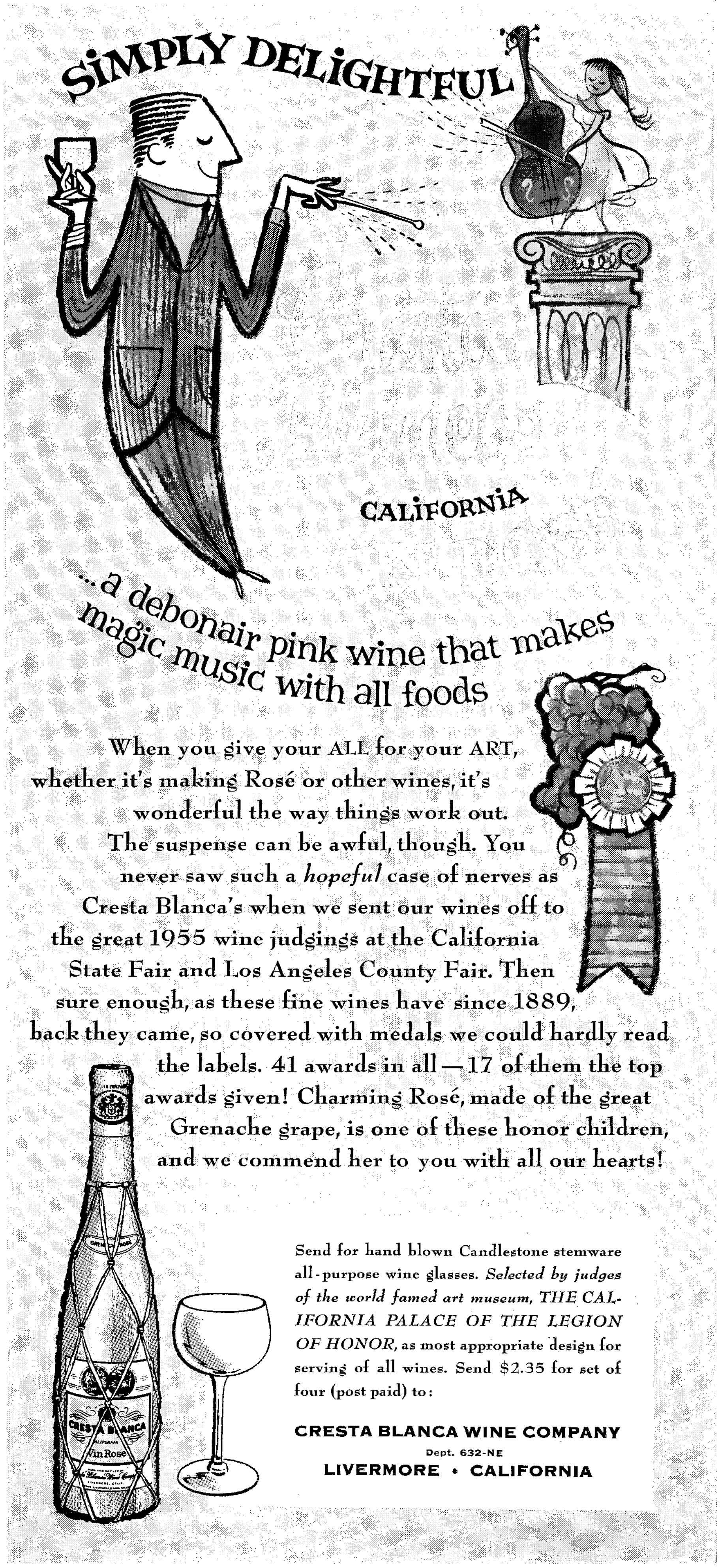
The Syrian countryside, when my husband and I rode in to Damascus from its nearby airport to spend a few days there before going on into Lebanon and then home to England, looked very green and springlike to us after snowy Teheran, from which we had just come. The peach and apricot trees were beginning to put out their frail pink clouds of blossom around the handsome modern section of the city, and the next day, when we took a walk in the old section, where muddy lanes wander off from the fine big motor highways into the little flower and vegetable patches, and hens, babies, and puppies scratch happily together in the puddles, the ground under the clumps of bushes all about was purple with cultivated violets, which women were picking for the market. Our hotel had not officially recognized spring, however, and its central heating was still going full blast for the benefit of foreign tourists like us. An American Express party arrived just before we did, and its members were being shepherded upstairs, cameras aswing, to the restaurant. Everything looked soothingly normal. From our room we looked across at a huddle of brown houses climbing the mountainside. A hum of distant street noises descending from them made a gentle background to the strident tootings of the big pale-yellow and turquoise American cars that slid along the streets below in an endless stream.

When we bought a local newspaper, the kind of normality it revealed was not calculated to soothe anyone. There are two foreign-language papers on sale in Damascus—one French and one English, and both published in Beirut—and, naturally, they give more space to the Arab-Israeli tension than to other aspects of the news. Most of the front pages during our stay were taken up with reports of new incidents on the Gaza Strip frontier, the angry local reactions to the Israeli threat of diverting the River Jordan, and the comings and goings of Major General E. L. M. Burns, the chief United Nations truce organizer, and of Selwyn Lloyd, the British Foreign Secretary, who was somewhat unhappily touring the Middle East at that moment. As an aid to interpreting these happenings, laconic little paragraphs were flung in giving the news that Syrian students had been "peaceably demonstrating" their wish to be given immediate military training, that the building of air-raid shelters was to begin forthwith, and so on.

It is hard for any visitor from Europe, reading his gloomy way through the all too familiar portents, to avoid the impression that trouble is on its way fast, but the local tendency—at least for tourist consumption—is to play this idea down. One man, an antique dealer who shows his goods in a lovely old palace with a courtyard in which a couple of Persian cats sprawl luxuriously on blue tiles under the lemon trees, complained bitterly that the Middle Eastern situation was having a terrible effect on business. It was a pity that people were being frightened away, he said, for there would be no war this year. At any rate, he added with emphasis, they—the Arab states, that is—would not start one. This opinion usually has one or two significant strings attached, however. Sheik Mohammed Bahjat al-Bitar, a professor at the Syrian

University of Damascus, was quoted in the Syrian press as having recently said to Canadian reporters, while on his way to keep a lecture date in the United States, that though the teachings of the Koran forbid any Moslem nation to take the first step in active war, "no sane man could expect religion to use its influence to stop people defending themselves or to militate against displaced persons trying to return to their homes." We were told much the same thing by an automobile salesman, an amiable fellow who invited us to take shelter in his showroom from a torrential downpour. The rain had caught us as we were returning from a walk that took us past one of the refugee camps of Palestinian Arabs—a depressing settlement of low, ragged brown tents, among which children wormed their way and women, each holding a fold of black wool across her face, stood gossiping in the twilight. "My brother is a refugee, my dears," said the automobile salesman as we sat dripping and smoking his cigarettes among the glittering sports cars. He used this affectionate form of address throughout our talk, and plainly cherished it as a bit of colloquial English. "My brother had good business in Haifa—a quarter-million-Syrian-pound business. Nice kids. Fine house. But suddenly he has to get out with only this—" He grabbed two handfuls of his immaculate white shirt and gazed at us sombrely. "The Arab people do not want to make war, my dears, but we wish to return to our lands—that is all. Why did the British allow the Jews to come there in the first place? I have always respected the British, for their word is good. Now, my dears—excuse me that I tell the truth—I respect them no more."

It sometimes seems to discouraged observers in these parts that the British and Americans are about even in the unhappy contest for being the most disliked nation. "They used to hate you British the worst, because of the Balfour Declaration and everything that followed," an American acquaintance of ours remarked, "but now we've pretty well caught up, because the papers here report prominently on everything the Zionists at home say and do, and they think it's going to be made an election issue. Most of the Arabs I talk to are convinced that the whole of the United States is pro-Zionist. They're terribly bitter about it. One thing you have to come out here to realize is just how much they hate the Israelis. Back home, it's just words in the paper, and you don't take it in properly. But here it's in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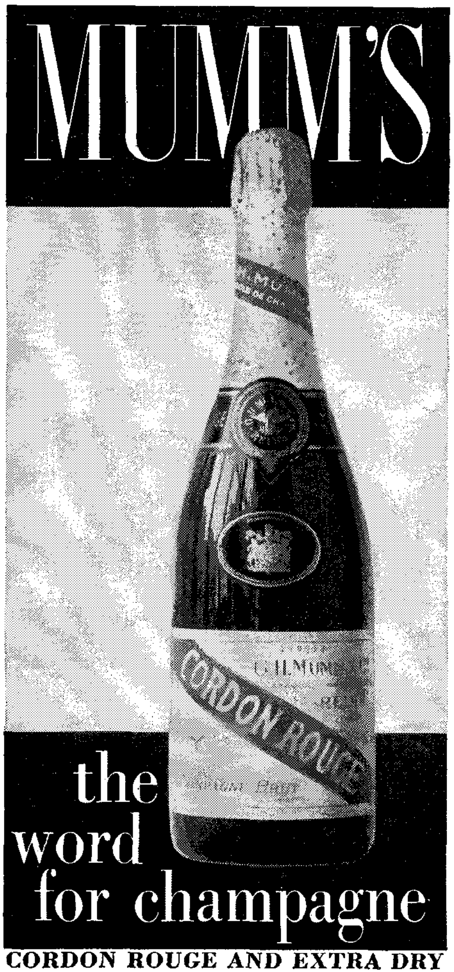
the air they breathe, the food they put into their mouths, and I guess the dreams they have at night, too."

HOWEVER unfavorably the urban Syrian may view the West—Communism has made bigger headway here than in any of the other Middle Eastern countries, and the Cairo radio keeps up a constant flood of needling propaganda—the country people, living their hard, monotonous lives in remote places, have not yet seen any reason to alter their pleasant custom of offering courtesies when a stranger turns up and creates a diversion in the village. As we set off by hired car for Beirut, we left the main road once or twice to take a look at out-of-the-way hamlets, and we were often waved to a halt by deputations of ragged, villainous-looking men, who, it turned out, wished us to stop and drink coffee with them. At one place, we came around a turn into the thick of a mob of yelling people progressing along the road with a young man riding on a white pony in the middle. Bedouin men were leaping excitedly, and still more wildly gesticulating women, in brilliant-pink, peacock-blue, and violet dresses, brandished knives in the air as they whooped and spun. This momentarily startling spectacle was merely a wedding procession taking the bridegroom, on his white horse, to the house of the bride, and when one of the village dignitaries detached himself from the scrum and came up to ask us politely to honor them with our presence at the wedding feast, it seemed a bad mark against the West, with its perpetual incomprehensible scramble after one objective or another, that we had to plead no time, and go on.

Now and again there were crowds of Arabs gathered silently around a speaker in the market place of a little town. Our Syrian driver, Abdul, would jerk his head toward them and say scornfully, "Demonstration. What about I don't know. Maybe politics, maybe more pay, maybe anything. I bet they don't know what it's about, either. Arabs love demonstration. Just stand there because it's demonstration."

Abdul was a nice man, and a fervent nationalist. Everything was good in Syria, and he compared it favorably with neighboring countries he had visited on his travels. He assured us that young lady secretaries in the embassies at Damascus could walk to cocktail parties at night as though they were in their own gardens, because of the vigilant watch the police kept over maiden virtue, and that it was very different in less



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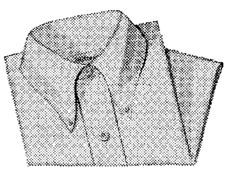

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well-organized Middle Eastern cities. He also shrugged away the idea that war between Israel and the Arab states seemed much closer. He was a sophisticated-looking man, who might easily have passed for a bank president, but at the moment he was suffering from a fine international cold he had caught while driving some Pakistani visitors to Palmyra and back. On the return trip, the Pakistanis had insisted on stopping in the chilly night air and brewing tea no fewer than four times. No matter how fond you are of tea, four times, as Abdul reasonably remarked, is too much. He had bought a box of Kleenex, and with deft flicks of the left wrist out the car window sent crumpled sheets of it winging across Syria in a sort of hygienic paper chase. Above the windshield, a string of turquoise-blue prayer beads was attached, and a tiny charm, a silver miniature of the Koran, joggled and swayed as we went along.

We drove through the great, spreading plains, where herds of satanic black goats roamed, and little goatherd boys and girls waved sprigs of a pink flowering thorn at us. Spring was coming here, too; the ground between the rocks was starred with scarlet anemones. The massing of clouds and the curious light and shade playing over the snow-capped mountains was immensely dramatic and beautiful. I could imagine why the old prophets had dreamed dreams and seen visions in such a landscape. It would be easy to discover the finger of God resting on a shepherd boy in those shafts of brilliant light pointing down out of the great swags of swirling purple vapor, or the elect being snatched up into a heaven that could be seen sparkling through a rent in the misty turban on the highest snow peak. The miraculous was somehow close at hand—in the very air.

Abdul heard the news of the dismissal of Lieutenant-General John Glubb by the young King Hussein of Jordan over the car radio as we crossed the border into Lebanon, where the frontier guards were shooing the passengers off a country bus and searching them and their bundles for smuggled hashish. Abdul was greatly excited as he told us about it. When we got to Baalbek, where we were going to spend the night and view the famous Roman ruins, we found an Englishwoman playing gin rummy with the hotel proprietor and his wife in the bar. Central heating was in the process of being put in, but meanwhile the little hotel, which had a pleasing air of provincial France

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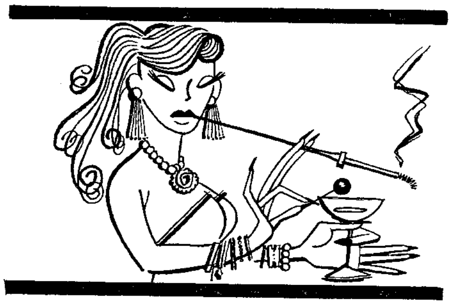

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THE MILWAUKEE ROAD

about it—possibly a leftover from the long French administration—was glacial, and the card party sat practically on top of one of the local kerosene stoves, which make ominous roaring and gurgling noises, as if some angry djinni were going to blow his top at any moment. The news about Glubb Pasha had not yet penetrated to Baalbek, and the English lady, who was wearing tweeds, a topcoat, a knitted cap, and long earrings, and brought an unmistakable breath of moist English air into the chilly little bar, received it with what sounded like a resounding hunting cry. Maybe this Britannic atmosphere is something that can be carried around indefinitely and will keep its identity, like a passport, for we subsequently learned that she was married to a Palestinian Arab who was in a job elsewhere in the Middle East, that she had lived and worked in Palestine and Syria for twenty years, and that she was now on her way back to England—for good, she hoped. "I say, perhaps I'm getting out just in time," she said. "Fancy Glubb gone. I can't get over it. Now they'll have the bit between their teeth, you'll see. Well, what I say is the sooner they get it over the better, for they'll never rest until they do. Thank the Lord I've finished with living on top of this volcano, anyhow. I'm going to go home and start a guesthouse in Devonshire." She added that she hoped her husband could join her; because of his work, they had not been able to be together for the past five years or so.

The hotel proprietor's wife managed to tune in on the news bulletins from Cyprus that evening, and we all clustered around the bar, straining to catch every syllable of the Oxford English voice as it gave the details of General Glubb's departure, King Hussein's announcement, and the jubilation in Jordan. "Egypt has been working this up for ages," the Englishwoman said. "Its Nasser who's the blue-eyed boy round these parts; when you go to a cinema, the newsreels are full of him. Well, they've managed to throw out Glubb Pasha, but I can't imagine the Arab Legion without him, somehow—I really can't."

Next morning, the six great honey-colored pillars of the Temple of Jupiter stood out against a dazzling blue sky. It was early when we visited it, and the local inhabitants who live on the tourists' strange passion for ruins had not yet reported for duty—the two Bedouins, for instance, leading inexpressibly bored-looking camels, which

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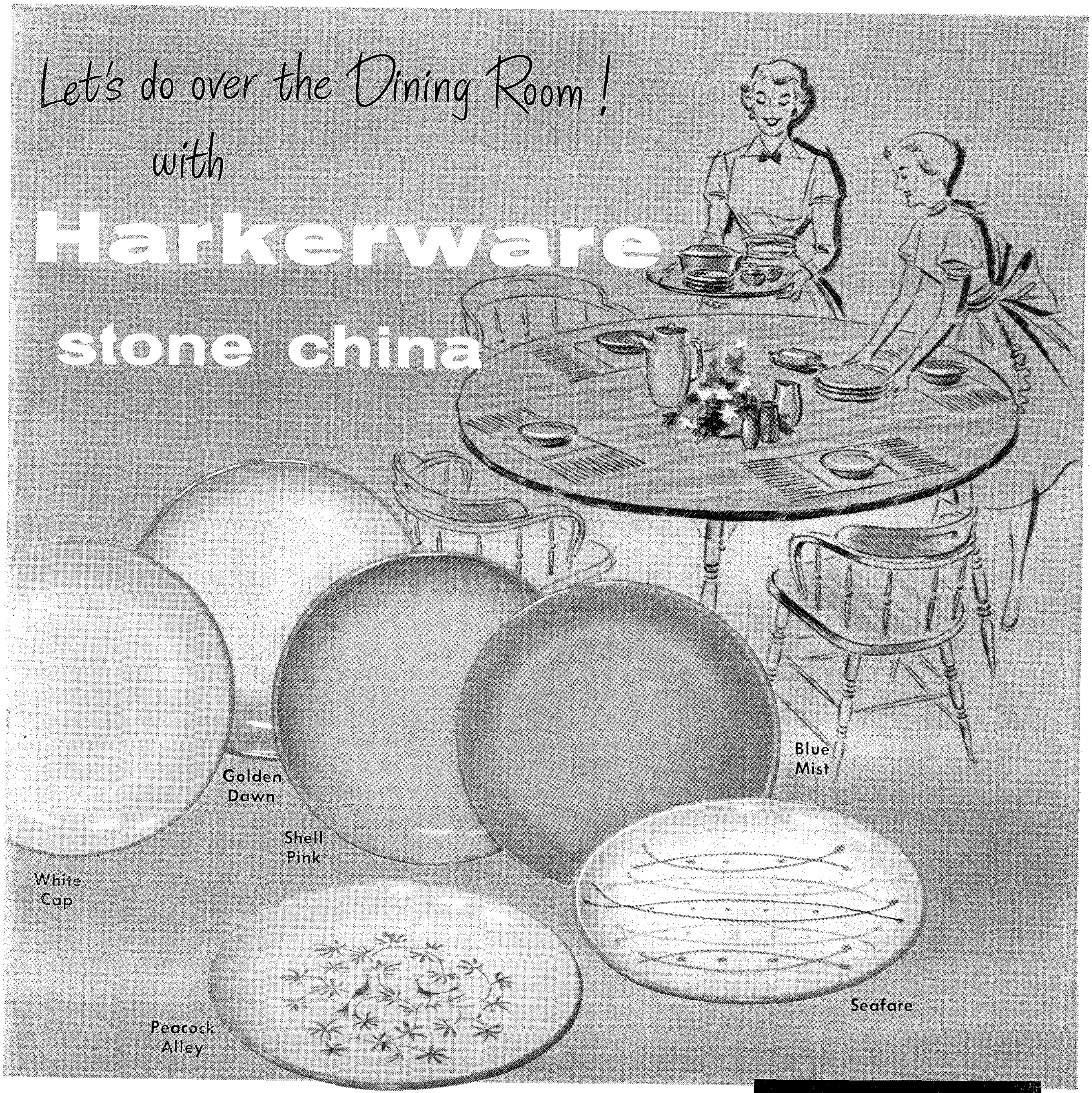
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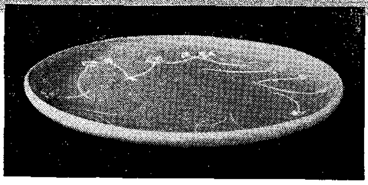

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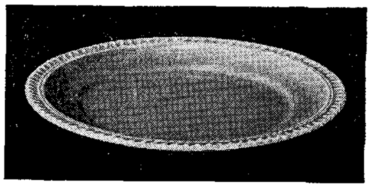

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they hire to visitors as props for exotic snapshots, the small girls hugging bleating kids to their chests in the hope of attracting someone's Leica, and the whiners for baksheesh, the postcard venders, and the rest. But a party of young Lebanese students, who had probably come from Beirut, were already scrambling up and down the broken steps and climbing among the fallen cornices, laughing and shouting. Some of the prettiest girls among them wore extremely tight scarlet toreador pants, ending at the calf, bolero jackets, and huge sombreros, and the boys were taking pictures of them leaning against a Roman column in a consciously *Vogue* pose or perched in a niche that perhaps had once held a Mercury or a lovely Diana. I wondered if these young men had also peaceably demonstrated their desire for immediate military training. Right now, at any rate, they seemed to be peaceably demonstrating their liking for pretty girls and a lot of splendid noise. One of them had brought a portable radio along, and, under the disapproving stare of a party of Germans who had shown up shortly after we did and were conscientiously slogging around the ruins, some of the boys and girls began to jitterbug in the shadow of the Temple of Bacchus.

HERE in Beirut, we bought all the local French and English papers and sat down to read them in the lounge of the hotel. A fashion show was about to start in the restaurant. Smart women in mink stoles and a number of accompanying men came up the steps clasping tickets and hurried in to get good tables. The Arab-Israeli tension, the papers said, was now more serious than it had ever been before, but *la haute couture* marches on. All the papers were full of pictures of Glubb Pasha stepping off the plane in London with his wife and children, and of comments from the American, English, and Turkish press. Over the weekend, Selwyn Lloyd's party had had stones thrown at one of its cars by shouting crowds in Bahrein, and the Beirut *Daily Star* took the opportunity to advise Downing Street in an editorial that the situation there, "like the situation in every British-controlled Arab emirate on the Arabian Gulf, is fraught with embitterment and dissatisfaction." The editorial went on, "The British authorities don't seem to realize the upsurge of National consciousness in these places, which continue to be ruled in a more or less primitive manner that

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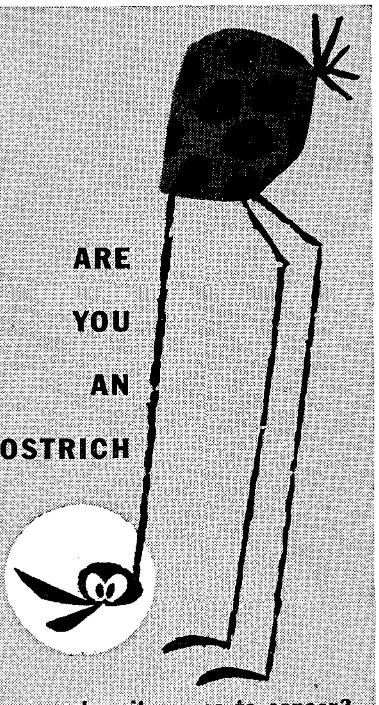

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is no more tolerable in any country, however underdeveloped it may be."

We took a taxi out to Byblos, where the archeologists have excavated a site that has been continuously settled since the Neolithic Age. In the rough grass close to the little harbor, they have carefully cut through this vast layer cake of time, and have brilliantly exposed it, layer by layer, with the social history of each epoch still sticking to the slices. After the newspapers, it was soothing for us to jump over a Phoenician wall, dodge the Roman olive presses lying among the weeds, and crawl down a pitch-black tunnel to peer, while the guide struck matches, at the marble sarcophagus of one of the kings of Tyre. It gave us, as one might say, the long view.

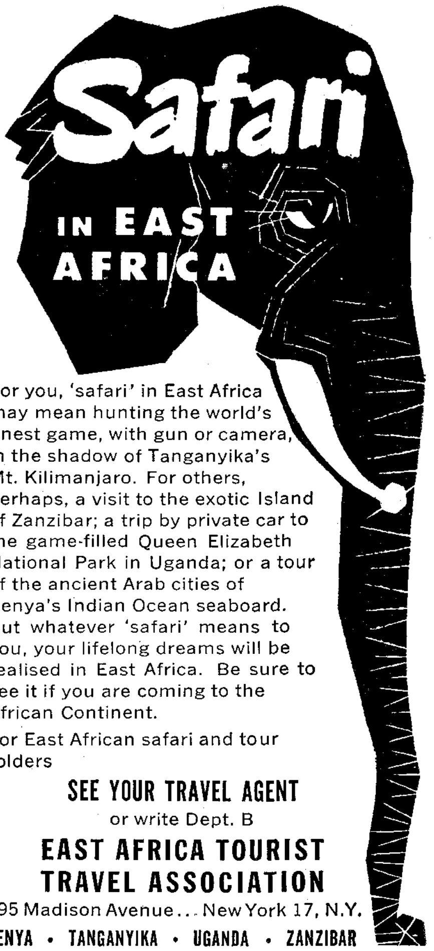
On the way back into Beirut, our taxi-driver, who drove on the principle (very successful, I must admit) that the other fellow would always give way at the last minute, shouted bits of local lore over his shoulder at us with horrible nonchalance as we hurtled past the orange plantations beside the sea. The United States Navy was paying a visit to Beirut, and he took us around by the docks, so that he could point out the four destroyers and two submarines lying alongside each other like well-behaved house dogs on someone else's hearthrug—quiet and gray, and watchful. The driver, gesticulating insanely out the window with both hands, informed us that one week it was the American Navy that turned up, and the next week it was the English Navy; that there were too much English and Americans in Beirut; and that the Americans had too much dollar. When we parted, he accepted a tip with great amiability, grinned, and shot away. The neon lights outside the bars and night clubs were beginning to glow, and American sailors were ambling along by the sea, their hands trailing Arab headdresses, shoddy embroideries, or carved daggers. Resisting a desire to rush to the hotel newsstand and ask for an evening paper, we came upstairs to pack. Tomorrow we catch a plane to London, and there we will stop being tourists wandering with guidebooks on the edge of disaster and again become part and parcel of whatever worries are around for all of us.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

From Exeter he went to Harvard, but he married a girl whom he first met when each of them was eight years old.—*From a review in the Saturday Review.*

Every college has its black sheep.



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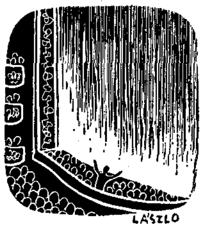
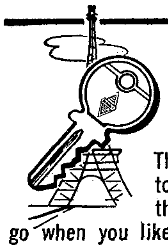
# MUSICAL EVENTS

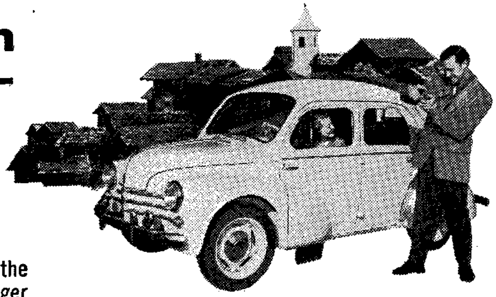
## *Mr. Creston's New Work*



Paul Creston's "Dance Overture," which received its first New York performance at last Thursday evening's Philharmonic concert in Carnegie Hall, under the baton of Guido Cantelli, stands apart from the general run of contemporary symphonic compositions in that it is an entirely pleasing work. It is pleasing because Mr. Creston is one of the most talented and skillful of today's American composers, and also, I think, because the aesthetic approach behind it is both modest and perfectly clear. It does not pretend to convey any high-flown metaphysical message or to demonstrate any historical theory about the evolution of modern musical technique. It is identifiably American in its exuberance and in the physiognomy of certain of its themes, but it is not plagued by any of the self-conscious mannerisms that afflict those American composers who seem bent on proving that American music must be different from all other music. Mr. Creston's technique is interesting precisely because it is his own method of musical expression. It does not represent a doctrine of any sort, or call attention to itself as an example of fashionable style. It is simply a vehicle through which Mr. Creston communicates certain ideas that are essentially musical, including his evident joy in cajoling his listeners with the adroit manipulation of engaging melodies and vigorous rhythms. While the "Dance Overture" is basically a light and unpretentious score—much easier and less ambitious than Mr. Creston's fine Second Symphony, for example—it contains, nevertheless, a very rare ingredient, which I am continually looking for in the work of modern composers. The ingredient is hard to define. The closest I can come to it is to say that it involves the unabashed expression of personal feeling.

On Tuesday evening, in the same auditorium, Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra presented the local première of another new American work—something called "Credendum," by William Schuman, who is also one of our more respected composers. This turned out to be a rather





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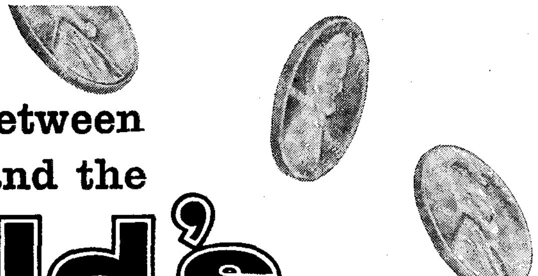

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more pretentious affair, and, to judge from its title, purported to convey a message of some sort. Just what this message was, Mr. Schuman rather pointedly avoided clarifying in his statement in the program notes, but since "credendum" means "article of faith," and since the composition was commissioned by the State Department at the invitation of the United States National Commission for UNESCO, I was led to infer that Mr. Schuman was bent on proclaiming his faith in certain of the objectives of this worthy organization, or perhaps in something more general, like peace or international good will, but I still think it would be nice to know exactly what he was driving at, even though such knowledge would have little bearing on the purely musical qualities of his composition. Considered as music, "Credendum" struck me as a fairly engrossing score, if not an overwhelmingly communicative one. In the chorale, which forms its middle portion, Mr. Schuman seemed at times on the point of expressing an emotion or two. Elsewhere, I found "Credendum" somewhat cluttered with the angular melodic mannerisms and percussive effects that are standard accoutrements of the chic composer. Mr. Ormandy, however, conducted the work with great care and eloquence, and the large audience seemed quite impressed by it.

It was a good week for people who like fine piano playing. On Tuesday evening, Mr. Ormandy brought along Rudolf Serkin, who played the solo parts of two great piano concertos, Schumann's A Minor and Mozart's E-Flat Major (K. 482). Although Mr. Ormandy used a reduced number of strings in the second work, I thought the performance of the orchestra a little overlush and heavy, and although Mr. Serkin performed his part with welcome heartiness and authority, his rapid passage work was not always as scrupulous as it might have been. The Schumann concerto, on the other hand, was the occasion for a magnificent display of dashing virtuosity on the part of all concerned.

Mr. Cantelli also had a pianist on his program Thursday evening—the venerable German artist Wilhelm Backhaus—and it was interesting to compare the workmanship of these two masters of the keyboard. Mr. Backhaus is a more austere performer than Mr. Serkin, and lacks the latter's sensuousness and emotional fervor. In fact, his tone seemed at times somewhat dry and harsh. Still, his performance of Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto was

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an unforgettable experience, technically clear to the point of absolute transparency, and infused with a sort of solemn, roughhewn dignity that to my mind is approached by very few other Beethoven interpreters. I wish that Mr. Cantelli had provided a suitably imposing accompaniment, but his contribution to the proceedings was, unfortunately, merely suave and elegant.

ON Wednesday evening, the Metropolitan Opera House brought Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" back into the repertory after an absence of several years, and though the production did not seem ideally cast, it was good to hear this vigorous and melodious opera performed again. What it lacks in psychological subtlety (it is far inferior in this respect to the French work on the same subject by Massenet) it makes up for in vitality and abandon, and on the whole the performance—conducted with veritable frenzy by Dimitri Mitropoulos—was a stirring one. The best singing of the evening was done by Richard Tucker, who used his stentorian tenor voice loudly enough to compete with Mr. Mitropoulos's very loud orchestra. Eleanor Steber managed some beautiful tones as Manon, though the part, somehow, does not seem temperamentally right for her. Fernando Corena was an adequate Geronte, and in the role of Lescaut, Frank Guarrera sang about as well as I have ever heard him sing.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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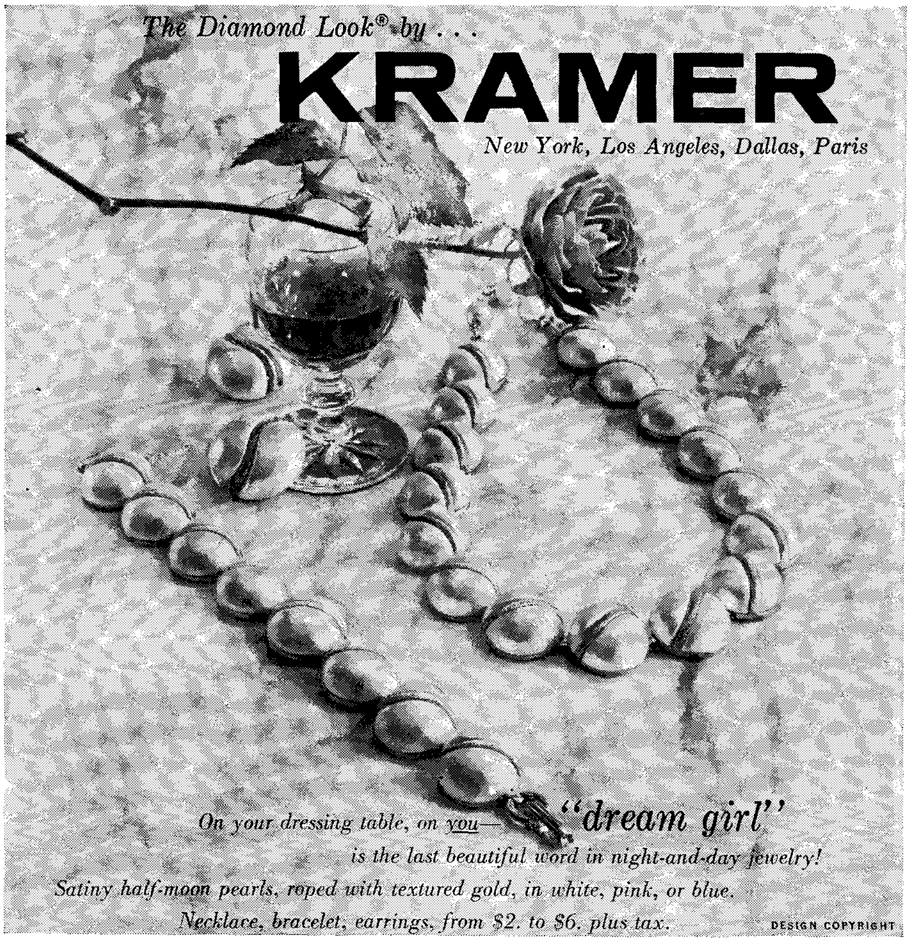
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# BOOKS

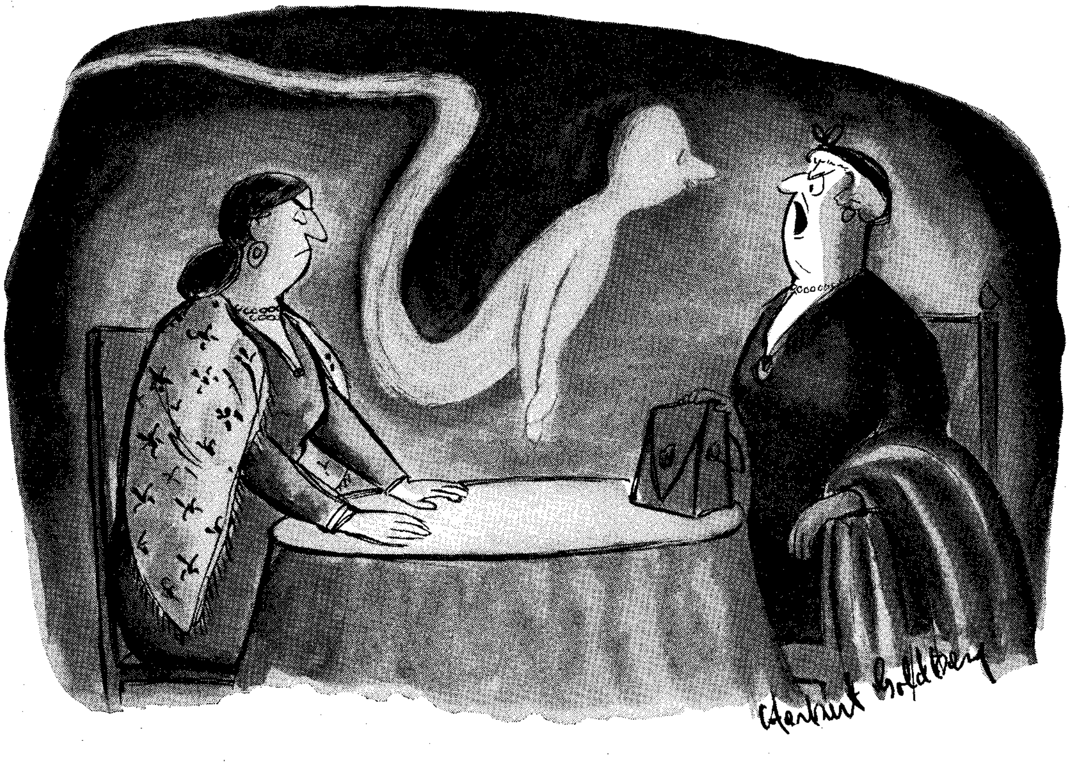
## Is It Possible to Pat Kingsley Amis?

"AFTER Evelyn Waugh, what?" this reviewer asked six years ago. The answer was Angus Wilson. Mr. Wilson is still doing well. He continues to add to his album of tart and trim little pictures of the English upper middle class, shaken in its self-sufficiency and stinging itself to death. But what is to be the next phase in England, and how will it be written about? The answer, already, is Kingsley Amis, the author of two novels: "Lucky Jim," published by Doubleday in 1954, and "That Uncertain Feeling," which Harcourt, Brace has just brought out. These books are in the same general comic tradition as those of Wilson and Waugh. Satirical and sometimes farcical, they are derived from shrewd observation of contemporary British life, and they occasionally imply social morals. Yet between Kingsley Amis on the one hand and Wilson and Waugh on the other, a definite mutation has occurred. In the world of Angus Wilson, the pressure is already felt of the Labour-run Welfare State; a new social promiscuity has already begun. But we have here hardly more than a glimpse of the survivors of the war generation making themselves a new kind of life in an England where the class structure is breaking up and the old orientations have been partly lost. In the work of Kingsley Amis, we see everything from the point of view of such baseless unoriented young people. "That Uncertain Feeling" may be said to be the theme of "Lucky Jim" as well as of the book to which it gives its title.

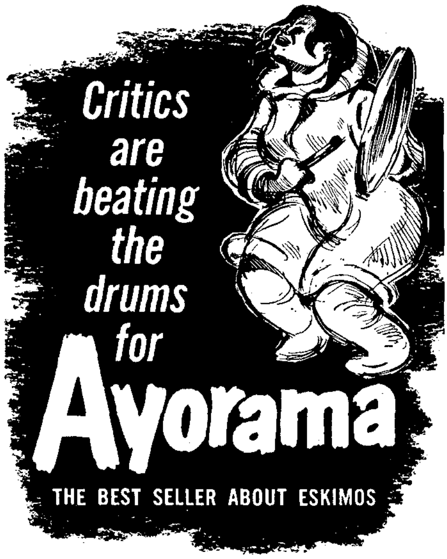
The effect of these novels of Amis's on the higher level of British journalism has, therefore, been curious to watch. They have become a subject of controversy, on which people sometimes fiercely take sides. "Lucky Jim" is extremely funny. Everyone was much amused, and since it is also a kind of male Cinderella or Ugly Duckling story, it left its readers good-humored and glowing. Jim Dixon, a young instructor in a third-rate provincial college, finds himself always out of key with its middle-class gentility and academic culture, and in mischievous, embittered revolt against them. He is apparently as unlucky as possible. He commits every possible gaffe; his attempts to do what is expected of him invariably end in fiasco. The lecture on which his promotion depends turns into a comic debacle. Yet his honesty, vitality, humor, breaking through the taboos he has tried to observe, in the end win him every triumph, procure for him every prize. He knocks down his pretentious rival, obtains the devotion of a beautiful girl, is relieved providentially of a feeling of guilt in connection with another girl with whom he has gone rather far, and is rescued by a rich connoisseur from the failure of his academic career by being offered a job as his secretary. The reviewers were jolly about "Lucky Jim;" they patted him on his blond, bushy, rumpled head. But when the second Kingsley Amis book appeared, they began to become uneasy. I shall discuss this new book in a moment. In the meantime, it is enough to note that the element of loutishness here is made somewhat harder to swallow by being combined with an element of the sordid. The critics now held their noses, and in retrospect complained that Lucky Jim, waking up in the morning with a hangover and hearing someone singing Mozart in the bathroom, had murmured to himself, "Filthy Mozart." Did not Amis, it began to be asked, really share the views of his hero? Did he admire the right things himself?

But this reaction to the second Kingsley Amis book had already been anticipated on the strength of the first alone by Mr. Somerset Maugham, writing in the December 25th issue of the London *Sunday Times*. Mr. Maugham praised "Lucky Jim," and he was the first to call attention to its significance as a social document, but he regarded this significance as "ominous":

> I am told that today rather more than sixty per cent of the men who go to the universities go on a Government grant. This is a new class that has entered upon the scene. It is the white-collar proletariat. Mr. Kingsley Amis is so talented, his observation is so keen, that you cannot fail to be convinced that the young men he so brilliantly describes truly represent the class with which his novel is concerned.
>
> They do not go to the university to acquire culture, but to get a job, and when



*"I told you sixty was too fast. And I warned you to stay in the right lane. But no, you had to weave in and out so you could get there five minutes earlier."*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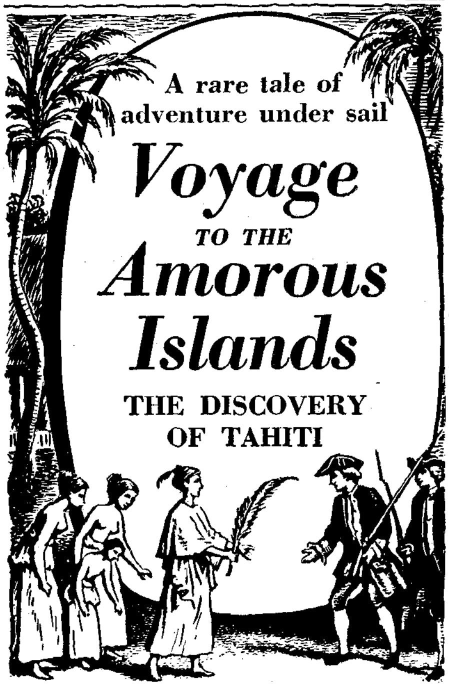
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they have got one, scamp it. They have no manners, and are woefully unable to deal with any social predicament. Their idea of a celebration is to go to a public house and drink six beers. They are mean, malicious and envious. They will write anonymous letters to harass a fellow undergraduate and listen in to a telephone conversation that is no business of theirs. Charity, kindliness, generosity, are qualities which they hold in contempt. They are scum. They will in due course leave the university. Some will doubtless sink back, perhaps with relief, into the modest class from which they emerged; some will take to drink, some to crime and go to prison. Others will become schoolmasters and form the young, or journalists and mould public opinion. A few will go into Parliament, become Cabinet Ministers and rule the country. I look upon myself as fortunate that I shall not live to see it.

This is much too black a picture of Jim, whose boorishness is partly the result of the recalcitrance of a homely sincerity against the frauds he is expected to practice. Though he is sometimes, in a youthful, neurotic way, certainly spiteful and mean, as when he gratuitously and secretly destroys the life-insurance policies of his fellow-lodger, he exhibits in other connections sympathy, dignity, and courage. And Mr. Maugham's penchant for the trashy cliché has here served him even worse than usual in inspiring the remark "They are scum." The result was to bring out a smart peppering of retorts in the correspondence columns of the *Sunday Times*, one of them from a grant-aided university graduate and another from a university teacher. Most of his students, this teacher says, "are not at a university to acquire culture but to get a job: this they share with the majority of students of whom we have record. A few are truly in search of culture and a few are 'mean, malicious, and envious': if one can judge from the university novels of the past hundred years, this means they are very like their predecessors. The main differences between them and the characters in 'Verdant Green,' 'Zuleika Dobson,' and 'Tom Brown at Oxford' is that they have less money and work harder."

There is evidently a class issue here. The characters of Kingsley Amis are sometimes, to be sure, ill-bred in a peculiarly obnoxious way, and if Maugham had read the second of the novels, he would no doubt have expressed himself even more strongly. In noting the reception of this second book, one gets the impression that British opinion is beginning to gang up on Mr. Amis. A marked chill in the tone of the reviews has set in. The hero of the new novel does not seem to be patted on the head

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as Lucky Jim was. A difference in the books themselves accounts for this. In the first, the repulsive people are the opponents of the hero and his beautiful girl, and the hero and his girl score. In "That Uncertain Feeling," all the characters are more or less unpleasant, and the hero is telling the story himself, instead of, as in the case of Lucky Jim, being told about by the author, so we are never allowed to escape from the squalors of his personality. We see only so much of the world as he knows, and this seems to make it hard for some readers to correct the illusions and distortions of his limited point of view, and to lead them more easily to attribute the character's reactions to the author, to suppose that the author is not aware how disgusting his protagonist's life is and how caddishly he and his friends are behaving.

John Lewis is assistant librarian in another provincial town, this time in Wales. He is married, and he and his wife, with a baby and a little girl, are living on his slender salary in unattractive lodgings. The young man, though he functions in the white-collar class, has originally come from the collieries, and cherishes a contempt and resentment toward the "Anglicized upper classes" at the same time that he cannot resist their appeal. For him, this superior world consists of a desirable girl married to a well-to-do businessman and surrounded by a crowd of gay friends. This girl and her group are horrible—noisy, drunken, promiscuous, and quarrelsome. But Mr. Amis is surely aware of this. It is a part of the satiric humor that these people should represent for Lewis the glamour of the privileged classes. The businessman's young bitch of a wife, for example, seems to me one of the most successful of Mr. Amis's comic characters. She seduces the young librarian and embroils him with his wife—assuring him, quite mendaciously, that her husband winks at her infidelities. This love affair is all involved with her offer to persuade her husband to get Lewis a better post that has just fallen vacant in the library and that is supposed to be filled by a candidate chosen on his merits, and a struggle goes on in the young man's mind between his desire for the job and his distaste at this method of getting it. This gradual enmeshment of Lewis in a sickening situation, his betrayal of his caustic, long-suffering wife and his relations with the hard-drinking smart set, his concealment from himself of his ignominy and his increasingly inflamed irritation with both sides of his divided

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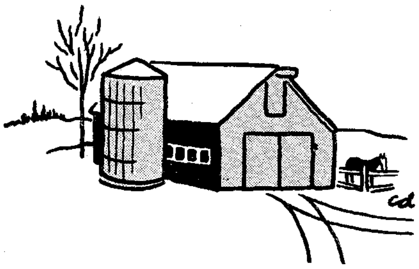
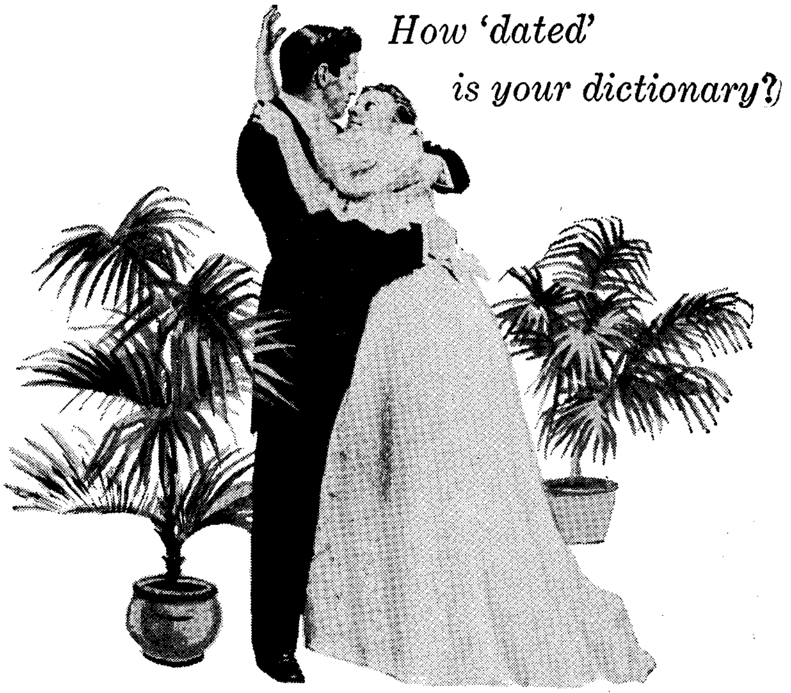
life—all this seems to me psychologically sound, and I get the impression that the author knows exactly what he is doing. This book has no fairy-tale ending, and, though not so enjoyable as "Lucky Jim," seems an attempt at a more serious study. "That Uncertain Feeling" ends in a mess, and, though the wires have been successfully pulled and Lewis has been chosen for the job, he refuses it and leaves the library, taking his family away to the house of his father, a checking clerk in the collieries, whom he very much likes and relies on and who now gets him a job "in coal sales." "The money wasn't bad:—not much less than I'd pulled in as an assistant librarian." This return to the collieries has a touch of Lawrence, and the whole attitude of Lewis toward the culture of the respectable world has something of a Lawrentian ring. But the upshot is not melodramatic. On this even lower social level, John Lewis is tempted again. He receives what his father calls "an invitation to the home of one of the premier hostesses in this part of Wales. Mrs. Edith Rhys Protheroe requests the pleasure." She is the wife of the big local butcher, and she has in her drawing room "the latest Graham Greene and Angela Thirkell lying, still in their jackets, on a copy of *Vogue*." At the party, very much as before, the wife of a professor at the local university makes a dead set for John, but this time he avoids the trap. He leaves the party at once and takes his wife out to a pub.

The occasionally repulsive details of this book, the indecent outbursts of the hero in his moments of lechery or fury, do suggest a certain coarseness on the part of the author as well as on that of his hero; and it contains one extremely weak episode, the one in which John Lewis, disporting himself with his mistress, is caught in the house by her returning husband and resorts to all sorts of expedients of hiding, impersonating the plumber and finally disguising himself in a female costume. All this is so clumsily implausible that it reminds us of one of those sequences of grotesque and impossible gags in a second-rate movie comedy. In other ways, American influence plays a conspicuous role in the





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book. The author has evidently been reading a good deal of American fiction, and the tone of his hero owes something to this, as well as the conversation of the other characters. They are full of American wisecracks and of language picked up from the movies. To an American, this is rather depressing. These young Britishers seem to have borrowed some of the worst things we have to offer, and even things that are amusing at home come to seem to us rather dreary on the lips of an Americanizing British middle class. But it is a world that, even imitating America, still carries, in an eroded and degraded form, the skeleton of its class stratification. The great problem of John Lewis and Jim Dixon both is to resist the inherited impulse to invade a superior stratum and identify their interests with it. The only things they have behind them to brace them are the victory of the Labour Government in 1945, the ideals of the Welfare State, and they hold out as best they can, at the cost of much nervous strain, much confusion of social relations, much sacrifice of individual dignity. Jim advances himself; John Lewis loses ground, but, after once having been sent sprawling, he gets up and remains on his feet. These characters are not always attractive, but they interest me more than the people, also rather unattractive though presented with better manners, in the novels of Anthony Powell. Uncertain and perplexed though they are, they have still something to build, to win.

One of the features of the English *New Statesman & Nation* is a weekend competition. The subject set a few weeks ago was "an unprovoked attack by Lucky Jim on Mr. W. Somerset Maugham." The results were extremely amusing and showed, on the part of the contestants, a readiness to enter with gusto into the spirit of Lucky Jim. The judge, by his tone, however, dissociated himself from this spirit: he referred to the winning entry as "a really outstanding bounderism," and this term points the issue involved. The word "bounderism" implies the whole system of standards against which Lucky Jim is revolting. If his boorishness and his infantile malevolence make him guilty of bounderism, what is the word for the obnoxiousness of Bertrand, the son of the professor of History in whose mediocre department poor Jim has been trying to make sure his appointment will be renewed? From the traditional point of view, of course, both these young men are bounders; but the

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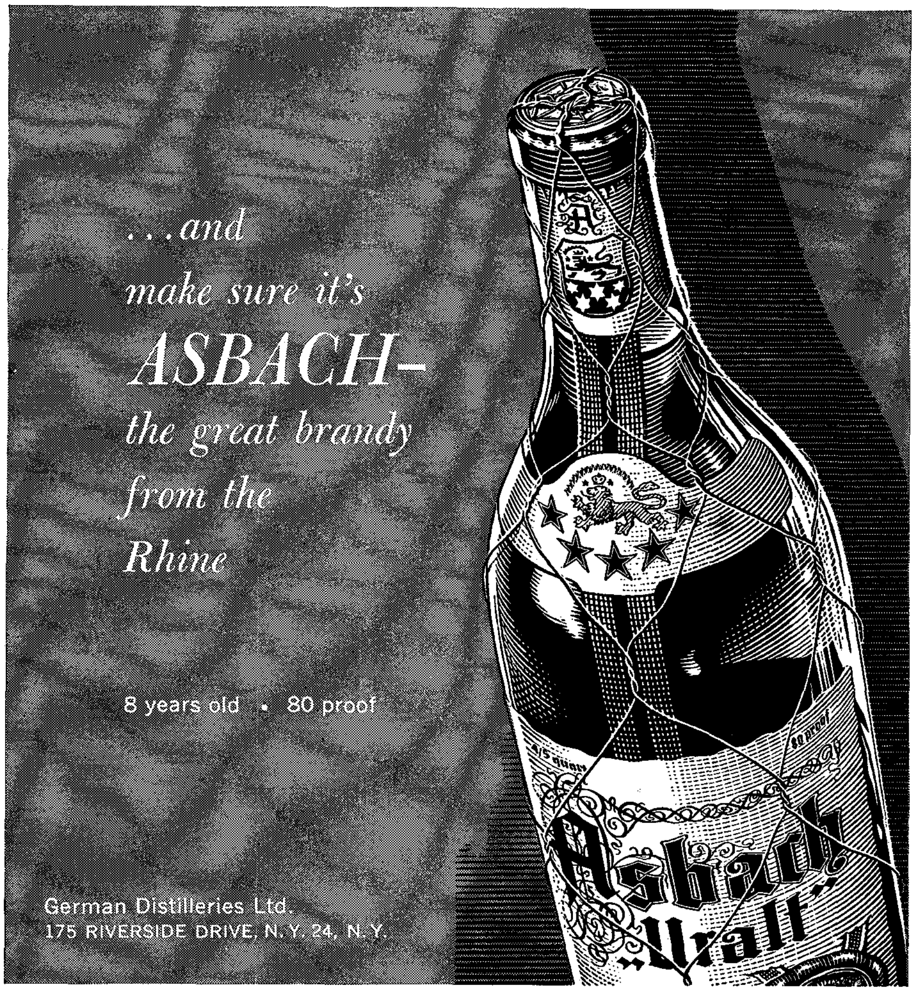
difference is that Bertrand will have none of this, he aims at the best connections, while the strength of Jim Dixon resides in his not wanting not to be a bounder. Like Alice, on her eruption from Wonderland, he finds at last that he is prepared to assert himself, to vindicate his own reality, against a pack of cards. —EDMUND WILSON

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

THE DARK GLASSES, by Francis King (Pantheon). Patrick, an English botanist married to a beautiful but unloving Greek landowner, becomes involved in the affairs of two fierce and pathetic teen-agers, Anna and Stavro, who live in fear and hatred of their brutal father, a neighbor of Patrick's in a remote village on the lovely island of Corfu. Anna and her brother seize upon Patrick not as a victim but as an object that they desire and cannot hope to have. To them he represents the salvation, or release, that might be theirs if they could be more ruthless than they are. Another writer might have taken the obvious way out and caused Patrick to be spectacularly destroyed by the natural passions that attract him and the children to each other, and that are ungoverned in the children. Mr. King permits his hero to escape, and to wrest a revelation from his experience. Unfortunately, the revelation is not conveyed to the reader, and the suspicion lingers that Patrick is a good deal less of a figure than his author imagines him to be. In the long run, Patrick seems to be one of those who flirt with life, always taking care that nothing will happen to damage them. The writing is good, there is no doubt about that.

A WOMAN OF BANGKOK, by Jack Reynolds (Ballantine). The wry, diffident, tenderly ludicrous, and frequently laughable young man who is rapidly becoming a stock figure in English fiction appears again as the hero of this novel about love, lust, and female camp-followers in Bangkok. Reggie Joyce, a twenty-seven-year-old Londoner who has already been made a fool of in England by one woman, tries to destroy himself and his future through his infatuation for a dancing girl whose attractions are ample and conspicuous but whose personality grows steadily more monotonous as we read about her. Mr. Reynolds' writing is always to the point, and all his characters, whether



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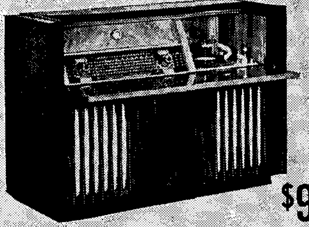

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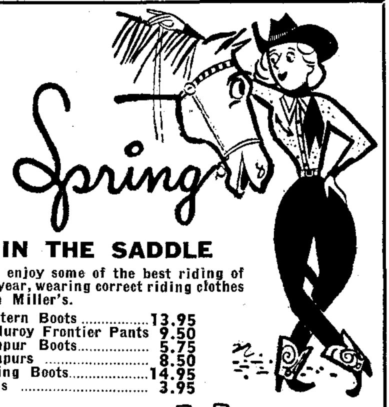

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you like them or not, are extremely well portrayed.

Love for a Convict, by Veronica Henriques (Dutton). Joan Reid, a nineteen-year-old newspaper reporter, falls in love with a convict she glimpses on an accidental visit to Dartmoor prison, and the convict falls in love with her. The convict stands a good chance of spending the rest of his life in and out of jail, but Joan is unable to believe that they can have no future together. This romantic and improbable tale is related with great honesty, in a definitely original style that is direct in expression and offhand in manner. A first novel.

Harry of Monmouth, by A. M. Maughan (Sloane). Mr. Maughan has written a highly imaginative novel about Henry V, and although the liberties he takes with his characters are evident, it cannot be denied that he offers a furiously colored picture of life at and around the royal court of fifteenth-century England.

They Fell from God's Hands, by Hans Werner Richter, translated from the German by Geoffrey Sainsbury (Dutton). In this ambitious, heavily planned novel, Mr. Richter tells of a decade or so in the lives of ten Europeans who are eventually brought together, in 1950, in a German D.P. camp. The book is constructed of dozens of short episodes, which slide past like the windows of a long, slow train and reveal a collection of stony, bedevilled people whose great misfortunes seem stupefying rather than pitiable.

A Contest of Ladies, by William Sansom (Reynal). A collection of brilliantly polished sketches and impressions by a writer who has mastered the art of physical description. Mr. Sansom has little regard for plot and apparently even less regard for the human figures that punctuate his work; it seems a great pity that he is not content to ramble on in his charming and cultivated way and leave the intricacies of storytelling and characterization to writers who have the respect and the talent that these difficult pursuits demand.

## GENERAL

The Gentleman and the Tiger: The Autobiography of George B. McClellan, Jr., edited by Harold C. Syrett (Lippincott). The subject of this frank autobiography (which could not be published

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until after the death of his widow, in 1952) is a fascinating figure—the son of the Civil War general, the mayor of New York who ran all the streetwalkers off Fifth Avenue, and the only Tammany sachem with blue blood and an independent income. Largely because he worshipped power, McClellan consistently guessed wrong on history; he adored Boss Croker and Joe Cannon, whooped it up for Imperial Germany until the United States got into the war in 1917, and thought Mussolini was wonderful. On lesser matters, such as how to get a small charitable contribution out of Russell Sage or how to distinguish between two organization stalwarts named Big Tim Sullivan and Little Tim Sullivan (if one of them sometimes told the truth or kept his word, it was Big Tim), McClellan is a delight, and Professor Syrett, who has cut the manuscript by about a third and edited it with explanatory footnotes, has given us an enormously readable book. Photographs, and reproductions of contemporary cartoons.

ELEPHANTS AND IVORY, by John Alfred Jordan, as told to John Prebble (Rinehart). Mr. Jordan is a remorseless seventy-five-year-old Englishman, and this is a tart, economical, and wonderfully melodramatic account of his career in Africa in the first years of the century as a notorious ivory poacher, a soldier, a hunter, a Frank Buck, and a planter. The usual big-muscled hunting stories are here, of course, but there are also descriptions of an early and unsuccessful attempt to film African wildlife, tribal wars full of the dust and clatter of medieval tactics, and an encounter with a monster the natives called a *dingonek*, which was "fifteen to eighteen feet in length, with a massive head, not a head like a crocodile's, but flat-skulled and round. It had two yellow fangs dropping from its upper jaw, and its back was as broad as a hippo's, but it was scaled in beautifully overlapping plates." At least half the credit for the sheer wiriness of the book must go to Mr. Prebble, who is an unblushing and highly accomplished admirer of Hemingway. The random photographs are reproduced in microscopic size.

VOYAGE TO THE AMOROUS ISLANDS, by Newton A. Rowe (Essential Books). An account of the discovery of Tahiti by Captain Samuel Wallis, commander of the British frigate

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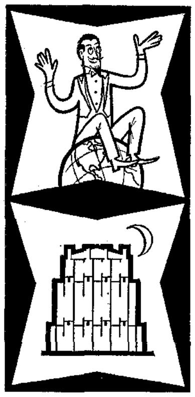

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Dolphin, on June 24, 1767. It is in almost every respect a model of historical reconstruction. For one thing, the author has resisted with unusual firmness the temptation to let his imagination and his assumptions carry him beyond the facts as set down in the record. For another, he has himself spent much time in Tahiti, an experience that enables him to describe at first hand its geographical, botanical, and climatic peculiarities. What really gives this study stature, however, is that Mr. Rowe has also taken the trouble to familiarize himself with the essentials of Polynesian culture as reflected in the works of modern anthropologists. The product of this fusion of observation and research is a moment in history recaptured with a vividness that can hardly be inferior to the impact of the experience itself. Illustrated with fine contemporary drawings.

A ROSE FOR WINTER, by Laurie Lee (Morrow). This flawless soufflé, the work of an English poet, describes a recent three-month ramble through Andalusia. Mr. Lee introduces us to an epigrammatic waiter (" 'God is a fable writ in holy water,' he would whisper, passing me with a bowl of soup"), he recalls an evening with a band of serenaders ("Sometimes a sleepy girl would drag herself from her warm bed, lean drowsily over the balcony, and scratch and yawn good-naturedly in our faces"), he gives us a glimpse of the elderly Archbishop of Seville ("Bent low, he climbed the altar steps, sat himself on a high-backed throne, placed his slippered feet on a gilded footstool, and gave himself up to the complicated ministrations of the serving brethren. In green, gold, scarlet and purple, they massed before him, advanced, retreated, bowed, knelt, touched his robes, kissed his rings and held up the Missal to his trickling eyes"). Trivial, perhaps, but also enchanting.

LIVING LIKE A LORD, by John Godley, Lord Kilbracken (Houghton Mifflin). Twelve largely lighthearted essays, in which a young and footloose Anglo-Irish peer (the third Baron Kilbracken of Killegar) tells of a motor trip from England to New Zealand, a search for Nazi treasure off the coast of Corsica, a hitch as a script-writer for John Huston during the filming of "Moby Dick," the mechanics of seating a new member in the House of Lords, a profitable excursion into the mysteries of extrasensory perception, and

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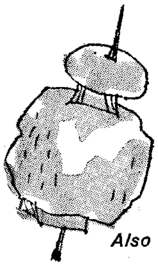

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other experiences that have enlivened his life beyond the ordinary. A delightfully merry and frequently instructive book. Three of the pieces were originally printed in this magazine.

TWO WORLDS: AN EDINBURGH JEWISH CHILDHOOD, by David Daiches (Harcourt, Brace). Nothing could be more misleading than the title that Mr. Daiches has chosen for this memoir. It is, to be sure, both provocatively odd and altogether accurate, but it entirely fails to suggest either the quality or the actual subject of the book, for Mr. Daiches is only ostensibly concerned with the impact of two totally different cultures on a sensitive child. What really interests him, and what he has almost flawlessly reproduced, is the stature, the personality, and the intellectual struggles of his late father, Dr. Salis Daiches, rabbi of the Edinburgh Hebrew Congregation and the accepted head of Scottish Jewry. A considerable part of one of the chapters first appeared in *The New Yorker.*

THE GANDHI READER, edited by Homer A. Jack (Indiana). A marvellous anthology that follows the Mahatma from birth to martyrdom, largely in his own words. At times, we get an unfamiliar Gandhi: the young dandy who bought evening clothes, took dancing lessons, and ate meat in secret; the rising barrister starching his own collars; and the mature man learning non-violence from his wife's reaction to his periodic mistreatment. This "Reader" makes it clear that if some of Gandhi's world views were childish—particularly his suggestion that Czechs and Jews employ non-violence against Hitler—his calculation of Indian political realities was in general brilliantly right, and that he was probably the world's greatest combination of holy man and politician since St. Paul.

NOTE: "Red, Black, Blond and Olive," a series of reports by Edmund Wilson on visits to New Mexico, Haiti, the Soviet Union (in 1935), and Israel, has been published by Oxford. Approximately half the contents of the book first appeared in this magazine, in somewhat different form.

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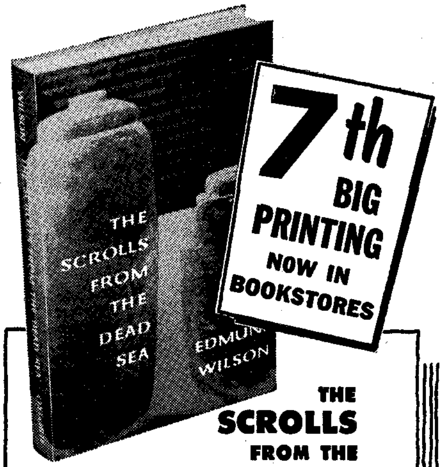
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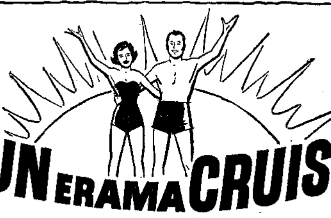

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find out what is troubling the thirteen-year-old boy she meets in the South of France. This, naturally, leads to all kinds of complications, especially with the child's father, who has reason to suppose that she is part of a plot to get him hanged on a murder charge. There is a great deal of riding around in low, fast cars (fortunately, the lady drives like a professional), any amount of gay Provençal atmosphere, quite a bit of love of one sort or another, and a most satisfactory burst of violence at the end. Mrs. Stewart is a young Englishwoman, and her first effort is very promising.

SQUARE IN THE MIDDLE, by William Campbell Gault (Random House). A highly respectable young California businessman sends his wife and children off on a vacation, and the first thing you know he is picking up girls in bars. Generally speaking, this would not be a dangerous occupation, but he picks the wrong joint and the wrong babe, and presently there is a very embarrassing corpse to explain away. Mr. Gault's hero seems a bit dense, even as California executives go, but his adventures are lively and they are brightly described. Better than average, on the whole.

THREE WITNESSES, by Rex Stout (Viking). In these three novelettes, Nero Wolfe and Archie are confronted with a murder in the office of a telephone-answering service, one that has something to do with a bigamous marriage, and one that focusses on an extremely bright dog. The boys may be a little too talkative and their methods too leisurely to be quite suited to such abbreviated treatment, but their rude charm and Mr. Stout's ingenuity are still impressive.

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LAS VEGAS, NEV. (AP)—Television Quizmaster Hal March and Candy Toxton Tormé, former model and movie actress, were married in a quite civil ceremony.—*Des Moines Register.*

It's the least one can ask.

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### MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Nogales (Ariz.) Herald*]

ANCHORS AWEIGH

TUCSON, Jan. 13 (AP)—The Chamber of Commerce of this desert community has received an inquiry from a man who wonders about employment possibilities here.

*Mr. Walpole is not at home*

He's in hiding at Manhattan Storage with family furniture, books, dishes, objets d'art and other cherished possessions. We're taking very good care of him while his folks are living on the continent.

CALL CIRCLE 7-1700 ASK FOR MR. CHASE

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Kentucky Tavern
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF
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